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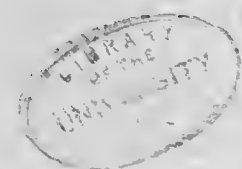
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THE Book-Lover

A MAGAZINE OF BOOK LORE



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JULY-AUGUST, 1902

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Shop Talk.

One might think THE BOOK-LOVER in itself of sufficient value to make premium offers in connection with it unnecessary and almost out of place, but it is not more than once in a lifetime an editor has opportunity to offer so much genuine literary value to his readers, without additional cost to them, as we have this month. "Ye Mountaineer," the poem by Mr. B. T. Wilson, which we offer without any addition to our regular subscription price, is a \$2.00 book in every way. It is handsomely gotten up and we believe a work of merit. "Childe Harold," if born to-day would meet with a cool reception, and we feel that in giving this circulation to "Ye Mountaineer," we may be sending out a book which promises to be one that will live. If it is such a book we shall feel well repaid for the sacrifice necessary to give it free to the limited number who will receive it together with this magazine

An Edition de Luxe.

Limited to FIFTY signed and numbered copies, printed on Sterling deckle-edge antique wove, pure white paper, the Third Yearly Volume of THE BOOK-LOVER will be a volume for collectors to covet and extra-illustrators to treasure. The margins are most generous, the pages being $9\frac{1}{2} \times 12\frac{1}{2}$. The front is a full deckle, something almost unique in a volume so large. This de luxe edition is folded and sent, otherwise unbound, to subscribers, or will be retained until end of year, when arrangements for binding may be made if desired. Visitors are welcomed at the publishing offices,

where the large-paper copies may be seen; or, a section will be sent for inspection to anyone interested.

The price of the edition de luxe is \$10.00 net, which includes the six numbers making up a complete year of THE BOOK-LOVER.

The third volume began with the eleventh number of the magazine.

Some copies of the edition de luxe volumes one and two remain. These are offered at \$7.50 for volume one (issue of 92 numbered copies), \$5.00 for volume two (issue of 100 numbered copies).

Twenty dollars (\$20.00) now will secure the THREE de luxe volumes, 1-2-3, in numbers, unbound.

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The Rubric.

There have been very many periodicals since the days of the *Chap-Book* which we mentally compare with that publication chiefly because it was the first in a new field.

Not one of them, however, has possessed the artistic merit and literary excellence of *The Rubric*, Chicago's aptly called "Magazine de Luxe."

The Rubric pages are much larger than those of the original *Chap-Book*.

It is beautifully printed in two colors all the way through and on choice paper.

BOOK-LOVER readers who send for a number will not be at all disappointed. We should like to know that every reader of this magazine has at least seen a copy of *The Rubric*.

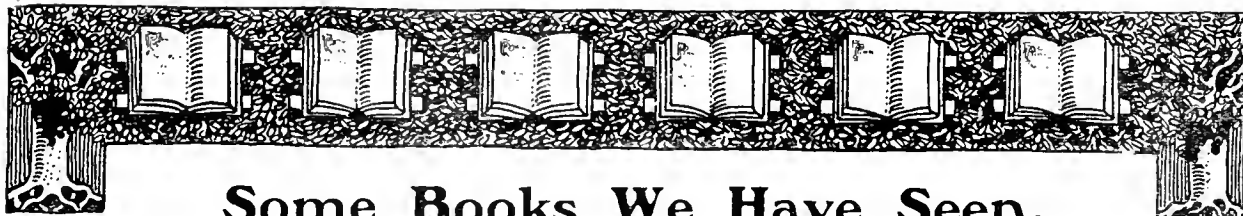
FINAL OFFER! A BOOK FOR THE ASKING!

We mean it, literally. Within a few weeks there has been published a beautifully produced book of high character and genuine literary merit; and in making it known to the audience which will most appreciate it, **The Book-Lover** believes it is doing well even if at some expense to itself. The title of the book is "Ye Mountaineer," and it is a narrative poem by Bingham Thoburn Wilson, a young West Virginian, of late years resident in New York.

"Ye Mountaineer" is a handsomely produced 8vo volume of 233 pages. The paper is choice, the binding silk cloth, the side and front stamping in gold. The illustrations are reproductions in full colors from original oil paintings done specially for this volume by J. A. Day. There is also a frontispiece portrait of the author. The price of the book alone anywhere is \$2.00. It cannot be bought for less. Yet between the present and next issues of **The Book-Lover** the book will be sent absolutely free to anyone sending \$2.00 for the magazine one year—the price of the magazine alone. Subscriptions will be received and forwarded by any bookseller or newsdealer, or may be sent direct to the publishers, but not via any one of the many so-called "subscription agents." Present subscribers sending \$2.00 may have the book free and their subscriptions extended, or the magazine will be sent for a year to any indicated address. There could be no more admirable gift for a book-loving literary friend.

IN BRIEF

"Ye Mountaineer" is a metrical story very skilfully constructed and highly entertaining in many respects. The scenes are laid along Lake George and Lake Champlain during that period of political history immediately preceding the war of the Revolution. It embodies local coloring of sufficient strength and quality to give fiction the realistic appearance of fact, and its diction and rhythm denote the man of good taste as well as musical ear. . . . The pen pictures are so deftly drawn to nature that the reader imagines himself a traveler journeying together with the author through varied and delightful scenery and holding on to his companion in imagination, as if fearing to interrupt the graceful and eye-deighting panorama. Indeed, it may well be said that the analogy between painting and poetry is here illustrated with wonderful effect. The author is a Southerner, born among the mountains of West Virginia, and possesses the fine poetic temperament of the Southern race. He appears also to have the instincts of a true artist, and does not overdraw whatever appeals to his senses by suppressing his judgment. The colors are laid on richly, but there is no evidence of daubing or slopping over.



Some Books We Have Seen.

Failure to comment on any book listed below is not to be considered as indicating it is not worthy of praise, but rather that the editor has not found time to notice it at length. Many of these will be referred to in this department again.

Aaron Crane. Henry Tate. 300 pages. 5x8. Cloth \$1.50. New York: The Abbey Press.

Among the Freaks. W. L. Alden. 163 pages. 4x5½. Illustrated. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Street & Smith.

There are few who do not take a lively interest in the dime museum and circus sideshow. Who does not love to gaze at the living skeleton, the fat lady, the sword swallower, the mermaid, the two-headed girl, and the other well-known characters? It has remained for W. L. Alden to take us behind the scenes when the day's work in the museum is done, and show us how the freaks really live and what they do. The volume is full of humor, and the tales of woe are genuinely amusing. Witness the efforts of the fat lady to clope, the marvelous workings of the mechanical tail invented for the gorilla by the dwarf, the two-headed girl who quarreled with herself, and the woes of the original wild man of Borneo, which were sufficient in themselves to fill a book. Well illustrated.

At Sunwich Port. W. W. Jacobs. 351 pages. 5½x8. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"At Sunwich Port" has the proportions, but hardly the construction, of a novel. It is continuous in appearance, but not in structure; it is made up of many minor incidents strung together and gradually drawing on to a destined end, but it cannot be called a story. All who enjoy clever fooling should read this tale.

Bits of Broken China. Wm. E. S. Fales. 171 pages. 4½x6. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Street & Smith.

The author has made a special study of the denizens of Pell Street and Mott Street, and has given us an entirely new view of life in Chinatown. One of the quaintest characters in the book is Poor Doc High. Although a wolf he wears the clothing of a sheep as to the manner born. He opens a very dirty drug store, and plays the part of the poverty-stricken chemist to perfection. But Poor Doc High is born with an elastic conscience, and a passion for money-making. He turns his talents to the manufacture of gin, and quickly amasses a fortune with a few illicit copper stills and receivers. His efforts to evade the watchful police make highly interesting reading. One day a fire breaks out and Poor Doc High's distillery is discovered. A search is made for the supposed druggist; but the wily Chinaman scents the alarm and—and, really, it is a most diverting book.

Boer Fight for Freedom. Michael Davitt. 603 pages. 6x9. Illustrated. Cloth, \$2.00. New York: The Funk & Wagnalls Co.

Not at all for pro Briton nor for seekers after the unbiased. It is frankly pro-Boer and a complete success in its field. Contains a great volume of reading and many score of pictures from convincing photographs.

Buell Hampton. Willis George Emerson. 420 pages. 5½x8. Cloth, \$1.50. Boston: Forbes & Co.

Of this book the publishers say: "It is the greatest story ever written by any American author." He can say no more.

Chiefs of Cambria (The). A Welsh tale of the 11th century. Morgan P. Jones. 250 pages. 5½x8. Illustrated. Cloth, \$.25. New York: The Abbey Press.

Children of Destiny (The). Fletcher Chenault. 152 pages. 5½x8. Cloth, \$1.00. F. Tennyson Neely.

Christopher. Mary F. Lockett. 328 pages. 5½x8. Cloth, \$1.25. New York: The Abbey Press.

Colonel Carter of Cartersville. The story of a typical Southern gentleman. F. Hopkinson Smith. 20 pages. Paper, 50 cts. R. F. Fenno & Co.'s *Idle Hour Series*.

Colonel Harold De Lacy. Frank A. Douglas. 300 pages. 5½x8. Cloth, \$1.50. F. Tennyson Neely.

Confessions of a Matchmaking Mother (The). Lillias Campbell Davidson. 254 pages. 5½x8. Paper boards, \$1.50. New York: J. F. Taylor & Co.

The narrative of the ingenious tactics of the widow of an Indian officer, who married off her eight daughters promptly and in chronological order. The book is clever, and is really a guide book, or a receipt book, if you prefer, on how to marry off a long series of marriageable and unmarried daughters to men who at first are absolutely unsuspecting. Having become so thoroughly ingrained with the marrying habit, this able mother, after having disposed of her daughters, gets married to an old sweetheart and immediately makes preparations to seek husbands for her newly-acquired step-daughters. As if this were not enough to frighten any male reader into mental insolvency, she hints at the possibilities opened up to her in the persons of her female grandchildren. It is admirably produced and will charm women folk of all ages.

Constance. Therese Bentzan. 250 pages. 5½x8. Cloth, \$1.50. F. Tennyson Neely.

Constance Hamilton. Lucy M. L. Wyatt. 190 pages. 5x8. Cloth, 50 cents. New York: The Abbey Press.

Craque o' Doom. Mary Hartwell Catherwood. 238 pages. 5½x7½. Cloth, \$1.50.

A novel by the now famous author of "Lazarre," which enters a rather unusual field, but one fully as interesting as any which she has yet depicted. It relates the story of a dwarf's love for a poor girl whom he aids in rising from a life of poverty to one of wealth. The tale is located in Ohio, and a wealth of local color and character-drawing is introduced, which raises the story far above the commonplace. The heroine, Tamsen, is truly a creation, and will be remembered, along with the ever-patient "Craque o' Doom," long after ordinary novel heroes and heroines are forgotten. The book is fully illustrated and handsomely bound, with a unique cover design.

Damsel or Two (A). By F. Frankfort Moore. 371 pages. 5x7¾. \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Those who have become acquainted with Mr. Moore's work through his "A Nest of Linnets," "The Jessamy Bride," etc., will find in it the same easy, crisp, seemingly spontaneous brightness which marked those stories. This, his latest work, deals with life of the present day, and the efforts of two daughters of one of the oldest houses in England to retrieve their father's fallen fortunes. In this they are aided by the keen journalistic sense and worldly knowledge of the rector's son. The way in which well-bred women are handicapped in the race as bread-winners is exposed with truth at once ruthless and sportive, and social meanesses are laid open to view without any hedging.

Diary of a Goose Girl (The). Kate Douglas Wiggin. 177 pages. 5½x7½. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Written in her usual sprightly and sparkling vein and tells of a young woman who, growing "tired of people and wanting to rest by living with things," retires to the English village of Barbury Green and adopts the profession of a goose girl. "In alluding to myself as a goose girl," she writes, "I am using only the most modest of my titles; for I am also a poultry maid, a tender of Belgian hares and rabbits, and a shepherdess; but I particularly fancy the rôle of goose girl, because it recalls the German fairy tales of my early youth, when I always yearned, but never hoped, to be precisely what I am now." The effervescent humor of the Penelope books continues to bubble through the many amusing experiences of the goose girl.

Eilene. Bessie Lee Blease. 160 pages. 5½x8. Cloth, \$1.00. F. Tennyson Neely.

Fables of the Elite. Dorothy Dix. 260 pages. 4½x7. Illustrated by Swinnerton. Cloth, \$1.00. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.

The style of modern fables is short, slangy, and much to the point. Modern readers being much like modern fables and greatly pressed for time, fables to-day find eager readers. Dorothy Dix, whose stories have been appearing in Mr. Hearst's sensational trio, has now gathered them together and they are remarkably clever reading. The stories concern themselves with members of the animal kingdom, but in the "foolish goat," the "wise owl," "the black bear," and the "silly hens" one sees the prototypes of our higher civilization. There are witty and clever morals to the tales, which tell the stories in themselves. The book abounds in slang—some as picturesque and glowing as Ade himself could produce. The illustrations are in keeping with the fables.

Girl from Mexico (The). And other stories. Dr. Miles G. Hyde. 184 pages. 5½x8. Cloth, \$1.00. New York: The Abbey Press.

Gleanings from Nature. Eva M. Carter. 150 pages. 5½x8. Cloth, \$1.00. New York: The Abbey Press.

Glenwood. Cathmer Kensington. 400 pages. 5½x8. Cloth, \$1.50. New York: The Abbey Press.

Graystone. Wm. Jasper Nicolls. 338 pages. Cloth, \$1.50. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co.

Refreshingly straightforward. The book is one to be turned to by those who have sickened of all the things that figure in the historical romance. The author has a Howells-like way of paying attention to seemingly unimportant things which are given a twist of real importance, as in every-day life. Will delight those who enjoy a story which depends for its interest upon its romance, its character-drawing, and its fidelity to life, rather than upon the bizarre or abnormal.

Guided and Guarded: Some Instances in the Life of a Minister-Soldier. Joseph S. Malone. 221 pages. 5½x8. Cloth, \$1.25. New York: The Abbey Press.

Hazel Gray; or, One Little Lamp. Susan M. Griffith. 318 pages. 5½x8. Cloth, \$1.00. Philadelphia: The American Baptist Publication Society.

According to the pictured cover the one little lamp was a candle, but, whether or no, the story of "Hazel Gray" is of good and for good and not goodly-good. It is pleasant reading for anyone and particularly suited to girls and young women.

Heralds of Empire. Being the story of one Ramsay Stanhope, Lieutenant to Pierre Radisson in the Northern Fur Trade. A. C. Laut. 372 pages. 5¼x7¾. Cloth, \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The author of "Lords of the North" has in this work again essayed historical fiction, and on a larger scale than in her first work. Leaders of the Hudson Bay Company again figure here, but the story opens in Boston and closes in London, while many of the important events are enacted on the high seas. The period is that of Charles II., and one of

the most prominent figures is Pierre Radisson, the world renowned explorer and buccaneer of meteoric fame and incalculable benefit to the founders of English empire in America. The story is handled with breadth of view, force, and discrimination.

Home Thoughts. Second Series. Mrs. James Farley Cox. 340 pages. 5½x8. Cloth, \$1.20. A. S. Barnes & Co.

A book such as this is a token of a literature which is sorely needed in America, a literature of the home and the heart; a literature which should not be purely ideal, but, above all, practical, a finding of the actual in the ideal. It is this feature which manifests itself so sturdily and clearly in this book. It is the utterance of a woman who knows life in many phases, and out of the richness of her experience gives guidance that is invaluable and timely.

Honor of the Braxtons (The). J. William Fosdick. 305 pages. 5x8¼. Illustrated, \$1.50. New York: The J. F. Taylor Co.

Its interest centers in the stirring pictures of student life in Paris ateliers, the jealousies which arise, and the French prejudice against foreign students. The main personages are two young American men—one from Virginia, the other from Boston—and an American girl student, all inseparable friends. Their relations to an incredibly wicked young Englishwoman and several French people furnish the dramatic episodes with which the story bristles. The scenes shift from Paris to Normandy and among the peasant class. The story is rich in illustrations of quaintly charming nooks in Normandy, which to many may prove much more interesting than the story itself. Very handsomely bound.

Infans Amoris. The Tale of a Once Sorrowful Soul. T. Everett Harry. 330 pages. 5½x8. Cloth, \$1.50. New York: The Abbey Press.

John Kenadie: Being the Story of His Perplexing Inheritance. Ripley D. Saunders. 295 pages. 5½x7½. Cloth, \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This is a story of more than average strength in character portrayal. It relates to a family feud between the Kenadies and Lathams during three generations in a Western town. The mother of young Kenadie, with prayers and kind offices to the orphan Hugh Latham, essays to make herself a guardian angel between the two boys, who ignorant of the fact that the father of one killed the father of the other, still feel instinctive hate arise whenever they come into each other's presence. Both love the same girl, a born coquette. After many stormy scenes and dramatic situations, in which human frailty and human strength are fairly balanced, the story ends in a spirit of justice.

Kindred of the Wild (The). A book of animal life. Chas. G. D. Roberts. Illustrated by Chas. Livingston Bull. 374 pages. 5½x7½. \$2.00. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Mr. Roberts is a skillful biographer of animal life. His portraiture is simple and sympathetic. There is no straining to catch the animal's point of view or to humanize him out of all semblance to his natural self. In these pages we catch glimpses of the animal as he is, wild and untamable; hunting and being hunted; keen in instinct without possessing intelligence. The style of the book is vigorous and clear, and the illustrations by Mr. Bull are unique and illustrative.

King's Gallant (The). Alexandre Dumas. 300 pages. 5½x8. Cloth, \$1.00. New York: Street & Smith.

This novelization of "Henry the Third and His Court" is by Henry L. Williams, the first translator of the "Count of Monte Cristo" and than whom there is no more competent man in the field to-day. "The King's Gallant" resembles "Du Barry" in parts, but it is a stronger and more convincing story. Dumas wrote it as a play, and under its original title of "Henri III. et sa Cour," it became exceedingly popular in France. This is the first time it has been novelized, strange to say; but age has not hurt it any, and the American public will be glad to have the opportunity of enjoying one of the best things Dumas ever produced. One of the powerful scenes in the book is that which describes the culmination of jealousy and love. A man of petty impulses loves a woman as madly as his sordid

soul will permit. The woman, however, loves and is loved by another. Just how the jealous rival plots the downfall of his enemy makes thrilling reading. The story is a dramatic one and absorbingly interesting.

Life Worth Living, The; or, Guides and Guards to Holiness and Heaven. Wilbur C. Newell. 326 pages. 5½x8. Cloth, \$1.00. New York: The Abbey Press.

Line-o'-Type Lyrics. Bert Leston Taylor. 64 pages. 4x6. Boards, paper labels, uncut, 50 cents. Evanston, Ill.: Wm. S. Lord.

Mr. Taylor's verses as they have appeared in his column on the editorial page of the *Chicago Tribune* have delighted thousands of readers who will undoubtedly be glad to have them in book form. Readers who have enjoyed the clever bits made by the "Bihoustine" books and the "Book Booster" will find even a keener enjoyment in these verses.

Love Story Masterpieces. Chosen by Ralph A. Lyon. 174 pages. Half cloth, \$1.00. Evanston, Ill.: Wm. S. Lord.

Contains an "Idyl of First Love" by George Meredith; a "Dream Life" story by Ik Marvel; "Sire de Malérot's Door," by Robert Louis Stevenson, and Holmes' "Autocrat and the Schoolmistress." Classics in soft-brown ink on a rich cream paper most treasurably gotten up. The selection speaks for itself, and the publisher is no less an artist than his authors. It should be a favorite gift-book for birthdays and anniversaries with lovers of all ages.

Love Story of Abner Stone (The). Edwin Carlile Litsey. 170 pages. 6x8½. Cloth, \$1.20. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

Not since Allen's best book have we read so beautiful a tale. The author, also a Kentuckian, has within him the true spirit of nature and weaves into his prose idyl a most charming story of love and the open air. The publishers have quite caught the spirit of the author and provided for his book a dress of great artistic beauty. Print, paper, binding, margins, edges, label and all are in fine keeping. The result is a volume fit for a gift-book with a tale worthy of a very wide reading.

Ministry of the Sunday School (The). T. Harwood Pattison, D. D. 272 pages. 5½x8. Cloth, \$1.00. Philadelphia: The American Baptist Publication Society.

A historic sketch of the institution and development of the school, and dwelling very extensively with the relation of the ministry to the school, while the closing chapter takes a rapid glance at it as related to the twentieth century.

Miss Petticoats. Dwight Tilton. 377 pages. 5½x7½. Illustrated in colors. Cloth, \$1.50. Boston: C. M. Clark Publishing Company.

Missionary Work of the Southern Baptist Convention (The). Mary Emily Wright. 412 pages. 5½x8. Cloth, \$1.25. Philadelphia: The American Baptist Publication Society.

A careful, painstaking, and adequate account of the origin of the Southern Baptist Convention and a full account of its mission work in China, Africa, South America, etc., with introduction by Lansing Burrows, D. D.

Modern Association and Railroading. A. L. Goodnight. 43 pages. 4x6. Cloth, 50 cents. New York: The Abbey Press.

Movable Quartet (A). Eleanor Guyse. 280 pages. Cloth, \$1.00. New York: The Abbey Press.

My Lord Farquhar. Thomas E. Moore. 250 pages. 5½x8. Cloth, \$1.25. New York: The Abbey Press.

Naval Heroes of Holland (The). J. A. Mets. 250 pages. 5½x7½. Illustrated. Buckram, \$1.50. New York: The Abbey Press.

Deals with the struggles of Holland against Spain when the latter was in the height of its national prosperity. The author has recorded the deeds of some of the principal naval heroes of Holland. The description of the devoted

patriotism and heroic courage of these brave Hollanders will be delightful reading, especially to the youth, and stimulate in them aspirations of a like character. It contains eight full-page illustrations.

New World and New Thought (The). James Thompson Bixby. 219 pages. 5½x8. Cloth, \$1.00. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

None but the Brave. Hamblen Sears. 309 pages. 5½x8. Cloth, \$1.50. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

A tale of adventure and a charming story of love, turning upon the attempt to capture Benedict Arnold after he has betrayed his country and escaped to the enemy, then in possession of New York City. It opens with the rescue of the heroine by means of a forced marriage, and after many exciting episodes closes with a voluntary repetition of the ceremony. In the working out of the plot, social life in New York under the British contrasts vividly with the horrors endured by American prisoners in the old Sugar House Prison.

On the Difficulty of the Correct Description of Books. Augustus De Morgan. 8vo. On Van Gelder paper, uncut.

Originally printed in "Companions to the Almanac;" or, Year-book of general information for 1853. Now reissued for the first time in a limited edition of 300 copies for the Bibliographical Society of Chicago. Supplemented with notes, a brief of the author and a list of his writings bibliographically interesting. No price accompanies this delightful first separate publication. As the edition is so limited probably none are for sale. We hope some time to include "On the Difficulty of the Correct Description of Books" in this magazine.

Outlaws (The). Le Roy Armstrong. 320 pages. 5x7½. \$1.25. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The life of early settlers in Indiana, with incidents relating to politics and canal-building, raids by outlaws, horse-stealing, primitive social enjoyments, and many phases of Western life sixty or seventy years ago. The literary workmanship is strong and rugged, and the material is distinctly new and interesting.

Phonographic Dictionary and Phrase Book. Ben Pitman and Jerome B. Howard. 552 pages. 5¼x8¾. Cloth, \$3.00. Cincinnati: The Phonographic Institute.

Poems. John McGovern. 48 pages. 4x6¼. Cloth, \$1.00. Evanston, Ill., Wm. S. Lord.

Mr. McGovern has for many years been connected with the great daily newspapers in an editorial capacity. This little volume of blank verse contains poems written and first published twenty to thirty years ago, but never until now brought between covers of their own. They are the ripe expressions of Mr. McGovern's best genius and have the vitality of true poetry.

Poems of Sixty-five Years. Ellery Channing. 178 pages. 5½x8. Cloth-boards, \$3.50. Philadelphia, Pa.: Jas. H. Bentley.

A "book-lover's book." By reason of Mr. Channing's intimate association with Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and Alcott, the publication of the present volume of verses has a peculiar interest and value to every lover of American literature. Of Mr. Channing's verses Emerson said, "Here is poetry more purely intellectual than any American verses we have yet seen." From the time of the publication of his first poem, in 1835, until his death, in 1901, Mr. Channing devoted himself faithfully to the art of poesy. The present volume is a selection made from his prolific writings. Some of the poems are now published for the first time, and all former publications are now out of print and practically inaccessible. For years the poet had lived with Mr. F. B. Sanborn, who kindly selected the poems for the volume now published. In addition thereto Mr. Sanborn has made interesting annotations throughout the book and has written a biographical introduction of decided literary interest. The book was printed at the De Vinne Press and has a portrait of the author. It is issued in a limited edition consisting of the following:—300 copies (of which 250 are for sale) on "Old Stratford" paper, at \$3.50 net; 15 copies (of which 10 are for sale) on Japan vellum paper, at \$10.00 net.

Poetical Works of Bayard Taylor. 361 pages. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$. Household edition. Cloth, \$2.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

We are glad his publishers found it worth their while to bring out a new edition of the poetical works of Bayard Taylor. This new edition is edited by the poet's wife, who has given it her careful revision, also contributing a preface, in which she tells the story of her husband's literary growth. Bayard Taylor is not as well known to the present generation of his countrymen as he should be. He was not one of our greatest poets, but we have few who wrote more virile verse than his, and his translations will always be standards.

Practical Compend of Electricity. Prof. James A. Beaten, A. M. 272 pages. $2\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$. Illustrated. Cloth, 25 cents. Leather, 50 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee.

Practical Forestry. A book for the student and for all who are practically interested, and for the general reader. Prof. John Gifford, New York State College of Forestry, Cornell University. 284 pages. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.20. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

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Princess Adelaide (The). Verse. Helen Corinne Bergen. 8vo, $\frac{1}{2}$ cloth, \$1.00. Washington, D. C.: The Neale Company.

Romance of Hellerism (A). Alice Sherman Gifford. 150 pages. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$. Cloth, \$1.00. F. Tennyson Neely.

Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes. Colonel D. Streamer. Square 12mo. Illustrated. Bound in picture boards. \$1.25. New York: R. H. Russell.

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Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, Jr. (The). Wallace Irwin. 50 pages. 6x9. Illustrated by Gellert Burgess. 50 cents. San Francisco: Elder & Shepard.

See long article about this bizarre book of genius in this number of THE BOOK-LOVER.

Sabertooth (The). A Romance of Put-In-Bay. Stephen Kinder. 270 pages. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. Illustrated. Cloth, 75 cents. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee.

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Science of Mechanics: A Critical and Historical Account of Its Development. Dr Ernst Mach. 605 pages. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$. 200 cuts and illustrations. Cloth, \$2.00. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

Searching for Truth. 580 pages. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$. Cloth, \$1.50. New York: Peter Eckler.

This is a great book of freethought. Temperate, logical and convincing. It is admirably put together in an easy paragraphic style, which is a novelty. The author gravely announces that those who have a "faith" and do not wish it broken must not venture beyond the preface, and the warning is not given a page too soon. We regard this as the most important addition to the world's library of liberal literature made within several years.

Silken Snare (A). A love story. William Leroy. 120 pages. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: The Abbey Press.

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Tale of a Cat (The). Margaret Kern. 92 pages. 5×7 . Cloth, 50 cents. New York: The Abbey Press.

That Old Kitchen Stove. Verse. David H. Judd. 21 pages. 5×8 . Illustrated. Cloth, 50 cents. New York: The Abbey Press.

True Aaron Burr (The). Charles Burr Todd. 80 pages. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7$. Cloth, 50 cents. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

True Napoleon (The). A Cyclopaedia of Events in His Life. Charles Josselyn. 437 pages. $5\frac{3}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$. Illustrated. Cloth, \$2.00. New York: R. H. Russell, Publisher.

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War Poems. H. Pleasants McDaniel. 112 pages. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$. Cloth, \$1.00. New York: The Abbey Press.

Welsh Witch (A). Allen Raine. 495 pages. Paper, 50 cents. Appleton's Town and Country Library.

Westcotes (The). A. T. Quiller-Couch. 280 pages. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$. Flexible cloth, \$1.00. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co.

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What Think Ye of Christ. Verse. J. L. Eldridge. 112 pages. 5×8 . Cloth, \$1.00. New York: The Abbey Press.

When Old New York Was Young. Charles Hemstreet. 354 pages. $6 \times 8\frac{1}{2}$. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Those who remember Mr. Hemstreet's "Nooks and Corners of Old New York," published two years ago, will be interested in this new and more elaborate volume. It begins with an autobiography of Bowling Green, and then rambles along pleasantly through descriptions of the ancient aspect of Golden Hill, Kip's Bay, Spring Valley Farm, Chelsea, Greenwich and the Bowwerie villages, forgotten byways, some islands in East River, old St. Paul's, the Battery, the Mouse-Trap, the inland road to Greenwich, the town markets, and the old-time theatres, with anecdotes of his-

toric characters, and much incidental information. The book is illustrated with scores of reproductions of old prints, and is finely printed on heavy paper. New York has long been the metropolis of the Western Hemisphere, and the time may not be distant when it will become the metropolis of the world. It is well that every scrap of its history and its changeful topography be preserved as so much of them is preserved in this volume.

Where Is Ray Brown? Kirk La Shelle. Asheville, N. C.: The Bandar Log Press.

This is another of the Bandar Log Press limited editions—we printed an illustrated article on one of them in the May-June BOOK-LOVER. This pathetic and melodic heart throb of one good fellow for another was done into type all unbeknownst to either of them and sumptuously embellished with wood engravings done with a jack-knife on poplar lumber by F. Holme at Asheville, N. C. The number of copies printed was 174 and we mistrust it were useless to write with a view to beg or buy a copy now.

Works and Days. Hamilton Wright Mabie. 299 pages. 4½x7. Cloth, \$1.00. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Several score brief papers, all of which were apparently published originally in *The Outlook*. They deal with various aspects of character and conduct, in the author's well-known manner, and the general lesson which they inculcate is that disappointment and a sense of failure must not be allowed to embitter life, but that a resolute striving for higher things is the panacea by which the recollection of the past is to be blotted out of the mind. The essays are of a kind to give help and encouragement to many by pointing the way to a higher ideal of life, and by bringing into a true perspective the petty annoyances and troubles to which human nature oftentimes bends unnecessarily.

You. E. L. C. Ward. 270 pages. 5½x8. Cloth, \$1.50. F. Tennyson Neely.

Concerning an Error.

On page 12 of No. 11 of THE BOOK-LOVER there appeared an exasperating error rendered more so by the fact that it indicated an ignorance to which the editor cannot plead guilty. Strangely enough, it passed practically unnoticed, and in our last issue, on page 15, we offered "a desirable book free" to the first ten persons writing and telling us what the error was.

Very many letters came in response to the offer, and, odd to relate, the greater portion of the writers did not detect the real error.

One said the error was "in the author of 'Under Two Flags'; it should be Ouida instead of De La Ramée."

Another said, "I think I have it, namely, the word 'work' should be substituted for the word 'character' as used in the text on that page."

Another said, "I find that 'Rabelais' is printed with quotation marks," but did not explain just wherein this was an error.

A gentleman in Montreal said, "The error on page 12 of the March-April number consisted in mentioning the author 'Rabelais' as a work of fiction."

Quite a number discovered that the name of Brontë was printed without the usual diæresis.

The most hopelessly astray man reported from Des Moines, Iowa. He said, "The error

referred to in THE BOOK-LOVER, No. 2, Vol. 3, I have found in the word 'Newsdealer' in the advertisement of the *Goose Quill Magazine*."

A greater number gravely informed us that the error was in crediting "John Halifax" to Craik instead of to Miss Muloch.

By far the greater number set upon "Mr. Midshipman Easy," saying that Captain Marryat wrote it without the "Mr."

However, an encouraging number detected the error promptly, and the "desirable volume" goes to each of the ten following, who were the first to announce the discovery:

Amelia McCabe, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Clarence Adams, Chester Depot, Vt.
Charles A. Fisher, St. Paul, Minn.
Madge Flynn, Atlanta, Ga.
Mrs. M. E. Smylie, Montpelier, Vt.
Edgar Allen Forbes, Louisville, Ky.
F. M. Young, Wheeling, W. Va.
E. N. Hewins, Jamaica Plains, Mass.
Thomas W. Heatley, Cleveland, Ohio.
Matthew S. Groves, Chama, N. M.

The first response came from the first one named in the list. She wrote, "Irving Putnam is a bookseller, and wrote the list of books on page 12. Herbert Putnam is the Librarian of Congress. If this is the error, and I can discover no other, and I am among the first ten, as I sincerely hope, please advise."

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PRICE, \$1.50, NET.

Robert Louis Stevenson went into ecstasies over Marcel Schwob's "Mimes," and as for that, Mr. William E. Henley, who found a strange delight in the work, was an advocate for the Englishing of the original French. When the Greek terra cottas, known as Tanagra, were first seen, then there came to us some more certain idea of antique art, for in the little figurines there was no standoffishness but that familiarity which seemed to arise from actual acquaintanceship. Marcel Schwob is saturated with the Greek spirit. It may be in Athens that the scenes, the incidents, the characters have an existence. There are beautiful girls, cocks, slaves, flute players, wine drinkers, and a wonderful description of the sailor who passed beyond the Hercules' pillars . . . Marcel Schwob, bent on recapturing Greek life, forgets the world of to-day, and revels in the classic age. Laudation of the publisher, Mr. Mosher, has to be often repeated, for the books which issue from his press are past perfect—*The New York Times Saturday Review*, December 14, 1901.

"Deirdre Wed, and Other Poems" is also a failure as an attempt to prolong interest in the somewhat hackneyed story of Deirdre. But that and all Celtic legends become immortal through the magic hands of Fiona Macleod, who is as much the queen of the Gaelic branch of the legend as is Mr. Yeats king of the Erse. If poetry is a vision of the imagination this little volume of a hundred pages, entitled "From the Hills of Dream," is worth all others which we have been describing; and how easy it must be to write dreamy verse if one's cradle has been rocked by such a wondrous lullaby as this (*Invocation of Peace*).—*The Nation* (N. Y.) Dec. 5, 1901.

Mr. Thomas B. Mosher is at his best in the production of this book. He has followed the graver old style, and the initial letters, in a fine red ink, are most impressive. There is on the pages with wide margins, the antique style of ruling. To sum it all up, "The Blessed Damsel" is a great little book, and to be treasured by the collector.—*The New York Times Saturday Review*, December 14, 1901.

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Descriptive matter on application.

1540 Howard Ave., Washington, D. C.

Mount of Olives (The). Poem in 92 stanzas, by Francis S. Saltus. The Book-Lover Press, 30 East Twenty-first street, New York City.

Where it had lain in a trunk, in storage, for no one knows how long (the brilliant author died ten years ago), there was recently discovered the complete manuscript of a long, unpublished poem by Francis S. Saltus, entitled by the author "The Mount of Olives." We have been permitted to print a very limited edition of this poem, which will, we believe, take its place among poems that live, as it is one of the most remarkable creations to be found in verse. It is one of the most striking and powerful narratives ever woven around any real or fancied episode in the life of Christ, and is destined to rouse fierce discussion as well as find most ardent champions among both the believing and the unbelieving. It is written in a most reverent spirit, and the conception of the birth of Genius as the flesh-child of Christ, born and reborn through the ages, is far more striking and wonderful than the legend of the Wandering Jew. 605 copies have been printed and done up in a most beautiful form from old-style type, as follows: 500 numbered copies on Sterling deckle-edge paper, bound in enfoldng paper wrappers, 30c. each, *net*. 105 numbered copies, bound in boards, stamped in gold, at \$1.00 *net*.

It will please many of THE BOOK-LOVER subscribers to know that California's unique magazine, *The Muse*, is to be revived, and the first number of the new series will be ready almost at once. The publication offices remain in Oakland.

A New Poe and Whitman.



EDGAR ALLAN POE.

It is eminently proper that Putnam's Sons, the original publishers of Poe's "The Raven and Other Poems," in 1845, "Tales" in the same year, and "Eureka" in 1848, should publish a complete edition of the author's works.

It is the special purpose of the house to arrange the edition for the readers' comfort, and to this end

Poe's writings have been arranged in chronological order for the first time, under the headings of "Poems," "Tales," "Criticisms," and "Miscellaneous," in this way showing the progressive development of the author's mind during the twenty-two years of its expression.



WALT WHITMAN.

Putnam's Sons also announce an absolutely complete, in fact a definitive edition, of Walt Whitman's poems.

Whatever may be one's individual opinion concerning the publication of certain of these poems, no one can reasonably deny that the time has come when the unabridged work of a writer so world-famed, so universally discussed, should be available to the library, the student, and the poet's many admirers.

The Art and Literature of Business

THIS is the title of a publication that I have had in mind for several years. It was my thought to make a complete and comprehensive story of advertising, readable and interesting with the vitally interesting facts of business achievement.

My present purpose has been to take up the advertising problem in all its phases. As near as I can estimate, there are expended for advertising each year in this United States of America approximately 600,000,000 of dollars; and the entire annual corn crop of the country represents a value of about \$620,000,000. Wheat is worth \$310,000,000 annually. The production of pig iron is valued at \$91,000,000. All the coal produced in the United States in one year is worth only \$210,000,000. The maximum amount of money ever involved in the shipbuilding of this country in one year was \$350,000,000.

But advertising is comparatively a new business. It is not over fifty years old in this country, and it is only within the last thirty years that it has in any way been recognized as a business. And it is little understood even by those to whom such knowledge is most important.

The Art and Literature of Business discusses advertising intelligently and practically in all its varied phases—newspapers and magazines, their production, and the cost of advertising therein in different sections of the country; billboards, their distribution and location, the production of the artistic and inartistic paper which is pasted upon them, and the manner in which the entire business is conducted; the method, development, importance and cost of street-car advertising; advertising through the mails, and, in short, advertising in all ways, including the practical details of each way.

I believe that this work is sufficiently interesting to hold the attention of any business man, and of any young man who has any idea of embarking in business, so that he will be content to read it from start to finish as he would read any book for mere entertainment. I think the book can be made to serve the purpose of entertainment, and at the same time take its place as an authoritative reference book suitable for introduction into libraries, both public and private.

Let me tell you why I felt prepared to do this thing and to do it right.

In 1882 I left Indianapolis High School and entered the employ of a book and stationery house, one of whose important departments was the sale of cardboard and paper stock to printers. There I acquired a knowledge of paper which has been useful to me ever since.

In 1886 I became the publisher of the theatrical programs of all the theaters in Indianapolis, and shortly purchased a printing plant with which to produce them. During the succeeding seven years I printed and published programs and advertising schemes of almost every legitimate description, and I published or did work on all varieties of newspapers, from a society weekly up through literary monthlies, local small town weeklies and trade papers to a daily. I wrote advertising matter, solicited advertising from merchants and manufacturers, and placed advertising in publications other than my own. For nearly a year I was advertising manager for the largest department store in the State.

In 1893 I came to New York and adopted advertisement-writing as my sole business. Shortly afterward I began editing a "Department of Criticism" in "Printer's Ink" and in a number of other trade journals. This brought me immediately into correspondence with advertisers, big and little, all over the United States. My technical knowledge of advertising helped them, and a recital of their experiences, and the results of their advertising efforts, widened my knowledge.

In the past eight years I have come into direct practical and intimate contact with every conceivable sort of advertising problem—with every conceivable branch of business. These have been about the busiest eight years that any man ever had, and during this time the thoroughly fascinating subject of advertising has been with me at least fifty-nine out of every sixty waking minutes in the day.

The advertisement-writing business, started in October, 1893, with desk-room in a little office on the sixth floor of the Vanderbilt Building, has grown into the general advertising business now carried on under the name of CHARLES AUSTIN BATES, and which occupies the entire top floor of this building and part of another floor, and which operates eight branch offices in eight principal cities of America, and a printing plant in Franklin Square employing nearly one hundred people.

We publish a trade paper—"CURRENT ADVERTISING," devoted to the problems of the manufacturer and jobber, having a larger paid circulation than any other publication devoted to general advertising.

Our Department supplying advertising matter to retail merchants, has on its books, and is in constant correspondence with more than four thousand merchants in all parts of the country, who come to us with their problems and experiences, seeking advice and assistance. Each one who comes makes us better able to take care of the next one, and this is also true in the general agency and advertisement-writing departments of the business, in which we have a clientele numbering nearly three thousand.

There are nearly one hundred people here, each with some definite knowledge of advertising. They come from all parts of the country, and have been employed in printing offices, on newspapers, as advertisement writers for various sorts of business and in other ways, and each one's knowledge and experience add something to the general equipment.

Let me emphasize. This work, "THE ART AND LITERATURE OF BUSINESS," is the product of the only organization on earth that treats advertising primarily as a professional proposition—an institution that has demonstrated its right to publish an authoritative work on advertising.

The price is \$25.00 per set of six volumes, handsomely bound in cloth and gold. Send one dollar only with attached coupon and Vol. 1 will be sent on approval.

Find enclosed \$1.00, for which send me for examination, charges prepaid, on special payment terms. Vol. I, A. L. B. If satisfactory, I will remit you \$2.00 each month thereafter until the entire set of six volumes is paid for. It is understood that the succeeding volumes are to be sent me as published and that the entire set will be delivered before Jan. 1, 1903. If unsatisfactory, volume will be returned within ten days at my expense, money paid to be refunded.

Bates Advertising Company

132 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

The Mazarin Bible.

When Johann Gutenberg, or Gānsfleisch, discovered the art of printing with movable types, and set up his crude press at Mentz, about 1450, the first book he printed was a Bible. Just what Bible it was is not a certainty, for the early printers were far too modest to allow their names to appear upon their work; but a large proportion of bibliographical authorities, among them J. Patterson Smith, B.D., LL.B., unite in asserting that it was none other than the famous *editio princeps* known as the Mazarin Bible, from a copy of it having been found by DeBure in the Paris library of Cardinal Mazarin. It is in Latin, of course—Tyndale had not yet taught that the press was for the common people—and it is one of the best specimens of the curious, though natural, adherence of the first printers to calligraphic principles. A glance at the *fac-simile* page reproduced as the frontispiece of this number (through the kindness of *The International Printer*) will show the Gothic character of the letters and the care and skill bestowed on the ornamentation and illumination of the page.

The reason for the religious character of the output of the early printers is not far to seek. For centuries the making of books had been a monkish trade. From the cloistered cells of abbey and monastery had come all the literature of Christendom, until the book was almost synonymous with the Church. When, therefore, the new era of printing dawned, it was only natural that its votaries should at once turn their attention to the production of Bibles, missals, lives of the Saints, and the writings of the Fathers of the Church.

As printing became more common, however, the character of the books developed more latitude, and, even in the incunabula, there are instances of deviation from the general ecclesiastical nature. The National Library, at Washington, contains some rare and magnificent specimens of these first attempts at combining printing with hand-ornamentation, specimens which delight the heart of a bibliophile.

There is a series of old books arranged in chronological order, beginning with the year 1467, only about fourteen years later than the date assigned for the first book of any magnitude. There is a book for every year down to the sixteenth century, when books became less rare and the specimens correspondingly more numerous. The first of the series is a large volume of the constitution of Pope Clement V. It is rubricated, and, as was usual in the early books, the title-page is at the end, in the form of a colophon. A quaint old book is by Rolevinck, entitled "*Fasciculei's Temporum*," and

published by Peter Drach in 1477. Among its illustrations is a woodcut of Noah's ark, with all of the compartments labeled, so that the habitations of birds, animals, and men are clearly indicated.

A beautifully illuminated book, "*The Life of Christ*," was done by a learned monk, Ludolphi di Vita.

A number of books bound in richly wrought leather, with coronets and armorial bearings stamped thereon, are from the libraries of famous noblemen and princes.



Two Extremes.

Above is a half-tone reproduction from the photograph of a set of "*The Jesuit Relations*," published by The Burrows Bros. Co., of Cleveland, Ohio.

It is referred to in the inset of *The Imperial Press* which will be found in the present issue of *THE BOOK-LOVER*.

The wee spot in the middle of the picture is a copy of "*The Rubáiyát*," also referred to in the same inset.



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Engravers, Printers, Binders

521 Wabash Ave.

Chicago



Incipit epla beati jeronimi p ad pauli-
nu presbiteru. de studiis diuine sci-
entie libris. Capitulum primum.

Pater ambrosius
tua michi munuscu-
la perferens. deculit
siml et suauissimas
litteras. que a prin-
cipio amicitias huc
probare iam non et veteris amicitie
pferbant. Quia tui illa necessitudo et
et spū glūino copulata: quā nō vili-
tas et familiaris. non pſentia tantū
corporis. nō subtila et palpās adulaō:
sed dei timor. et diuinatū ſcipturaru
ſtudia conſolant. Regim⁹ in veteribz
hiſtorijs. quosdā lubſtalle puincias.
nouos adiple pſos. maria trāſſe:
ut eos quos et libris nouit. et coram
q̄ vident. Sic pitagoras memphi-
cos uat. ſic plato egiptum. et acchi-
tam tarentinū. tamq̄ orā ytalie. que
quondā magna grecia dicebat: labo-
rioliſſime peraguerit ut qui athenis
nate erat. et potens. cuiuſq̄ doctrinas
achademie gignalia pſonabāt. ſic et
pergrinus atq; diſcipulus. malto a-
liena uetunde diſce: q̄ ſua impu-
deper ingreſſe. Deniq; cum litteras
quali toto corp̄ fugientes perſequitur.
captus a piratis et uenidatus. oran-
no crudeliſſimo parit. dudus capti-
uus uind⁹ et ſecurus. tamen quia phi-
loſophus. maior emere ſe ſuit. ad ex-
cūlūm. ladro eloquentie ſone ma-
nanti. de vltimis hispanie galliarū
q̄ ſubitus quosdam uenille nobiles
legimus. et quos ad cōtemplationem
ſui roma non traxerat: uanis homi-
nis fama perduxit. Habuit illa etas
inauditum omnibus ſeculis. celebrā-
dumq; miraculum: ut uerba ſcām

ingreſſi: aliud extra urbem querebant.
Apolloni⁹ ſive ille mag⁹ ut uulgus
loquitur. ſide pſus ut pitagorici tra-
dunt. itauit pſas. pſuſit calcalū.
albānos. ſciſas. mallāgetas. opu-
lenſiſſima indie regna perrexit: et
ad extremum latitimo phyſion amne
trāſſiſſo puenit ad bragmanas: ut
hyrcanum in throno ſedente auro. et
tantali ſone potantem. inter paucos
diſcipulos. de natura. de moribz ac de
curſu diei et ſiderū audiret docentem.
Unde p elamitas. babylonios. chalde-
os. iudeos. aſſyrios. parthos. ſyros.
phenices. arabes. paleſtinos. reuer-
ſus ad alexandriā. perrexit ad ethio-
pian: ut gignoliſtiſas et famoliſſi-
mam ſolis meſam uideret i ſabulo.
Inuenit ille uir ubiq; quod diſceat: et
ſemp̄ pſociens. ſemper ſe melior ſe-
re. Scripſit ſuper hoc pſeuſſime qdō
uoluminibus. phyſiſtatus.

Quid loquar de ſeculi hominibz:
tum apoſtolus paulus. uas re-
ſedionis. et magiſter gentium. qui de
conſcientia tant in ſe hoſpitis loque-
batur. dicens. An experimentum que-
ritis eius qui in me loquitur caſtus.
poſt damalcum arabiāq; luſtratam.
aſcendit iheroſolimā ut uideret petru
et māſtre apud eum diebus quindē.
Hoc enim miltis ebdomadis et o-
pōadis: futur⁹ gentium predicator
inſtrudus erat. Kurſumq; poſt an-
nos quatuordecim aſſumptio barna-
ba et tyro. reſoluit cum apoſtolis eu-
angelium: ne forte i uacuum ueniret
aut euacillet. Haber neſcio quid la-
tentis enregie uir uocis adus: et in
auro diſcipuli de audore ore man-
ſula ſoni ſonat. Unde et aſchipses cū
rodi egulat. et legat illa demotionis

THE FIRST PAGE OF THE MAZARIN BIBLE

The Book-Lover

Number 13.

July - August, 1902

THE FINEST LIBRARY IN THE WORLD.

By René Bache.

I.—The Artistic Beauties of the Library.

There is a certain feeling of satisfaction in knowing that in one respect, at all events, the United States is indisputably ahead of all the other nations of the earth. Its plant for a National Library is incomparably superior to that of any other country. Incidentally, its building, while comparing well externally with any struc-

ture, might be tawdry. In fact, however, it is a dream of beauty, delighting the eye. Everywhere are gold and bright hues, the general effect finding its expression, to the intelligence, in almost innumerable mural paintings which allegorize the progress of mankind. The decorations of the Library of Congress epitomize



ture of ancient or modern times, possesses an interior more beautiful than that of any public edifice abroad.

The interior of the National Library building, at Washington, is a marvelous display of color effects. Without, the building is exquisite, but severe—a granite monument to literature, stern of aspect, and having the air of imperishability. Within, it reveals a gorgeousness which, less tastefully carried

history; they tell the whole story of the growth of man, from the babyhood of savagery to the adult condition of civilization.

Before giving any more descriptive details it may be as well to say something about the evolution of the new Library, which has required a full quarter of a century to come into being. As far back as 1872, the Librarian, Mr. Ainsworth R. Spofford, recommended the erection of a separate building to contain the

collection, but not until 1886 was an appropriation made for the purchase of the site, which is a plot of ten acres, including three city blocks, on the plateau southeast of the Capitol. The foundations were laid in 1888, and the structure was completed in the spring of 1897. The net cost of the building, excluding site, was \$6,032,124.

The building faces upon four streets, and, with nearly two thousand windows, is the best-lighted library in the world. It is of the Italian Renaissance order of architecture, and has three stories, with a dome. In area it is four hundred and seventy feet by three hundred and forty feet, covering three and a half acres of ground. Embraced within it are four large courts. The dome is finished in black copper, with panels gilded with a thick coating of gold leaf. Above the dome proper is a great lantern surmounted by a smaller dome of shining gold,

which uplifts a golden torch to a height of one hundred and ninety-five feet from the ground. It is the torch of Science, ever burning. The general plan of the structure consists of a central rotunda, from which radiate the book-stacks, the whole being inclosed in a parallelogram of galleries and pavilions.

Immediately on entering the Library by the main door the visitor finds himself in a magnificent apartment, which is said to be unapproached by any other entrance hall in the world. It rises seventy-two feet to a skylight,

and, with its vaulted ceiling and grand double staircase, exhibits an architectural effect which may fitly be termed imposing. But what strikes the eye most of all is the brilliant color scheme of the decoration. It is like a fairy palace, lined with fine Italian marbles, and adorned with all the hues of the rainbow. At the same time, the whole is so admirably harmonious as to afford no suggestion of gaudiness.

It is literally a vision in polished stone and color. The newel-posts of the stairways are surmounted by two colossal female figures in bronze, bearing electric lights, and the white marble balustrades are ornamented with figures by Martiny, exquisitely carved in relief, representing, in emblematic sculpture, the various arts and sciences.

Through the great entrance hall one passes directly to the central rotunda, which is the reading-room of the Library. Certainly there has never been an-



Rotunda (Public Reading-Room)—From the Gallery

other such reading-room in the world. For its ceiling it has the dome of the building, which is lined with exquisite sculptures, set off with brilliant effects in gilding. The walls are of colored marbles, and are surmounted by groups of statuary and by colossal allegorical figures. This circular room is one hundred feet in diameter and one hundred and twenty-five feet high; around it runs a gallery, and it is lighted by eight enormous windows, each of them thirty-two feet wide. The sills of the windows are fifty-five feet above the floor, and the arrange-

ment is such that no shadows are cast in any direction. At the same time, the amount of daylight is sufficient on the darkest days. The interior is yellow Sienna and quiet red African marble up to the gallery, above which the color is lighter yellow, merging into ivory and gold in the vault of the dome. These colors give an appearance of greater height to the room.

In the center of this great room is the elevated desk of the Librarian, who is thus enabled to survey everything. Surrounding the desk is a circular counter, at which his assistants are stationed for the purpose of transacting business with readers. For the accommodation of the latter there are three concentric circles of tables, occupying the remainder of the floor and affording ample desk-room for fully two hundred and fifty persons. Beneath the gallery, and running all around the room, are two tiers of alcoves, subdivided into spaces wherein special students, or readers desiring privacy and absolute quiet, may enjoy those privileges. There are forty-three such spaces, each eight to ten feet square, and each reader may have a table and facilities for writing and extended investigation. A stairway in each of the eight main piers, which surround the reading-room and carry the dome, gives convenient access to the alcoves.

For the convenience of readers, ten thousand books are exposed in open cases—volumes of reference these—which anybody may take and examine without signing a card or going through any formality. Any other book must be ordered at the central desk. This desk is, in fact, a central station, from which communication is had with all parts of the building. It contains a set of twenty-four pneumatic tubes, by which written messages may be conveyed

in leather tubes to any tier of the book-stacks. Also it contains the terminals of mechanical carriers, which fetch and carry volumes from and to the book-stacks, receiving and delivering them automatically. It is connected by telephone with both Houses of Congress, so that Senators and Representatives can readily order whatever books they require, and wires are so laid that intelligence can be exchanged by electricity with all parts of the building. The underground conduit-way, through which volumes are sent to the Capitol and received from thence, has a terminal station beneath the central desk.

Radiating from the rotunda, or reading-room, are three great book-stacks—one on the north,

another on the south, and a third, smaller one, on the east. The stacks are cast-iron frameworks supporting tiers of shelves, and rising in nine stories of seven tiers each to the roof. Each of the two larger stacks is sixty-five feet high, one hundred and twelve feet long, and forty feet wide. The



Central Corridor and Light Well

shelves are of steel coated with magnetic oxide, and are as smooth as glass. The floors separating the tiers in the stacks are of white marble. The interior courts, into which the stacks look on both sides, are lined from ground to roof with enameled brick of the color of ivory, and four hundred windows pour a flood of light into each stack. The bricks which line the courts are glazed, so as to cause them to reflect as much light as possible.

Each of the two large stacks has a shelving capacity for eight hundred thousand bound volumes; the smaller stack, with room for one hundred thousand books, is devoted to the special collection of the library of the Smithsonian Institution. The three stacks together have 231,680 running feet, or about forty-four

miles, of shelving, furnishing accommodation for 2,085,120 volumes of books, reckoning nine to the foot. The capacity of the additional shelving, which may be placed in the first and second stories of the curtains of the northeast and south fronts, is about 2,500,000 volumes, and the ultimate capacity of the building for books without encroaching upon the pavilions, museum halls, or any part of the spacious basement section, is therefore upward of 4,500,000 volumes, or a trifle less than one hundred miles of shelving. The shelving now in place, be it observed, would stretch from Washington to Baltimore, and four miles beyond. The stacks, structurally speaking, are independent of the building, and it would be perfectly practicable to uplift them from the present nine stories to nineteen, or even twenty-nine, without strengthening the supports. In this way room could be made actually for 15,000,000 books! It is hard for the mind to realize such immensity.

The method of construction of the book-stacks is in itself a marvel. They are like gigantic honeycombs of iron, made in lattice-work pattern for lightness. The metal is proof against rust, thanks to a patent process. Combustible material being entirely absent, there is no possibility of fire. Books by themselves will not burn; they only smolder. The shelves are made gridiron-fashion so as to afford no lodgment for dust. They will harbor no cockroaches or other insects that attack books. Bookworms, by the way, which make little round holes clear through a volume, from cover to cover, do not live on the pages, but on the paste of the binding. They are the larvæ of a very small, brown-winged beetle. The stacks being mere skeletons of iron, the books are kept cool, and well ventilated, which is very important, inasmuch as heat causes them to decay, and bad air makes them moldy and ruins their bindings.

It seems altogether likely that the Library of Congress will have the biggest book collection in the world some day. At present it stands only fifth, with 787,715 bound volumes and 218,340 pamphlets. The Bibliothèque Nationale, in Paris, stands first, with 2,225,000 volumes, including unbound works. Next comes the Library of the British Museum, which claims 1,700,000 volumes. The Berlin Library and the Imperial Library of Russia are about equal, each owning somewhat over 1,000,000 volumes. None of these great libraries is housed in a building that bears any comparison to the home of our own National book collection. The building occupied by the Bibliothèque Nationale is very well in its way,

but not at all comparable to the structure at Washington, either in size or in convenience of arrangement. The same may be said of the building of the Library at Berlin. The British Museum is merely an assemblage of antiquated and unrelated structures, in the midst of which an iron reading-room has been constructed without consideration for art.

Eight years were required for building the new Library of Congress, and the average number of men employed in the work, from beginning to end, was 500, including workmen in quarries and ironworks. From 150 to 400 were kept busy all the time on the actual construction of the edifice. When it is said that 23,000,000 bricks were required for the structure, the mind fails adequately to grasp the idea. The contract for granite alone called for a payment of \$1,250,000. Some of the blocks of stone weighed more than ten tons. The exterior walls are of New Hampshire granite, the court walls of English enameled bricks, the roofs and dome of iron and steel, and the floors, of brick and terra-cotta, are carried by iron beams and girders of heavy proportions, and corresponding strength. The only combustible material is a carpet of boards in the office-rooms and working-rooms, the window-sashes of mahogany, and the doors of mahogany and oak. Thus the building is as nearly fire-proof as any structure can be.

The new building is ornamented and enriched by the works of the most eminent artists of the country. Twenty-three sculptors and twenty mural painters have been employed, and their works have a magnificent setting of the most beautiful and appropriate decorative designs in colors. One notable series of paintings tells the story of the Evolution of the Book. The first of the series represents the building of a cairn on the seashore by prehistoric man—a mere heap of boulders to commemorate some remarkable event. The second, emblematic of Oral Tradition, shows an Oriental story-teller relating his tale to a group of absorbed listeners. The third painting illustrates Hieroglyphics, which are being chiseled on a monumental tomb by an Egyptian stonecutter. A pyramid rises in the background. The fourth is Picture Writing—a primitive American Indian recording on a painted buffalo robe his story of the war-trail and the chase. Fifth is the Manuscript, engrossed and illuminated by the mediæval monk. Sixth, and last, is the Printing Press, a fresh proof from which is being read by Gutenberg, the inventor of printing.

Above the thirty-three windows of one of the corner pavilions, and of the west façade, are

carved heads representing the various races of mankind. These, as shown in order, are the Russian Slav, the blonde European, the brunette European, the modern Greek, the Persian, the Circassian, the Hindu, the Hungarian, the Jew, the Arab, the Turk, the modern Egyptian, the Abyssinian, the Malay, the Polynesian, the Australian, the dwarf Negrito, the Zulu, the Papuan, the Soudan Negro, the pigmy Akka, the Fuegian, the Botocudo, the Pueblo Indian, the Eskimo, the Plains Indian, the Samoyed, the Japanese, the Korean, the

time, he and his assistants used to do much of their modeling for bas-relief in the soft plaster-of-Paris direct. That is to say, the artist would slap a lump of it upon the surface to be decorated, molding it in the proper shape before it got hard. No processes were then understood for multiplying designs by means of casts. The sculptor in charge at the Library building made his molds of glue. The material being elastic, the mold could be separated from the clay pattern, and served for making a large number of casts.



Looking Across the Main Entrance Hall

Aino, the Burmese, the Thibetan, and the Chinese races. These are fully shown.

While the new Library was in process of building there was a great marble yard shut off in one corner of it, where forty workmen were engaged in carving ornamental designs with mallet and chisel. In another corner modeling was done for bas-reliefs, many of which now adorn the inside of the dome. Many of the patterns were taken from the ancient Pompeian art works. The designs were first made in clay, and then were reproduced by molds in a very hard stucco composition. Mechanical contrivances of modern invention have made this sort of work much easier than it was in former days. In Michael Angelo's

The Library of Congress is not merely a collection of books; it embraces various collateral departments, among which the Division of Copyrights is the most important. Then there is the Division of Maps, the Section of Music, the Department of Manuscripts, and a Gallery of the Graphic Arts. In the second story of the building is a special exhibit of Americana, comprising many rare and precious editions. Kept by itself is a very valuable assemblage of Washingtoniana. Hitherto all printing and bookbinding for the Library has been done outside, there being no space for such work in the Capitol, but now these things are done in the basement of the establishment.

Until recently the Librarian of Congress was,

at the same time, Register of Copyrights. This plan was disadvantageous obviously, inasmuch as it imposed a great amount of extra work, of a routine kind, upon the official whose sole business it should have been to take care of the books. It was owing to this unfortunate arrangement that Mr. Spofford found himself involved in such serious embarrassment a couple of years ago. Cramped by insufficient quarters, and hampered by lack of clerical help, the business of the Copyright Department got considerably mixed. Money was missing, and an investigation resulted in a demand upon Mr. Spofford for somewhat over \$20,000, which he promptly paid. Though technically responsible, it was never imagined that he had been at fault, except in respect to strictness of book-keeping. When the books were moved from the Capitol to the new Library building, there turned up great numbers of money orders for small sums, which had been stowed away by Mr. Spofford in desks and all sorts of out-of-the-way places. Most of them were for \$1 each, and the aggregate was over \$20,000. This was the missing cash, and the Government paid it over to the Librarian.

The offices of Librarian of Congress and Register of Copyrights were separated by an Act of Congress passed in February, 1897. At the same time, it was directed that the Copyright Department should be under the control of the Librarian, to whom the Register gives bond in \$20,000. The Register of Copyrights makes monthly reports to the Librarian and to the Secretary of the Treasury, and he is required to deposit in the Treasury, monthly, all the moneys currently received by him. This bureau is a source of quite a little income to Uncle Sam, the total expenditures being about \$37,000 a year, while the receipts are \$60,000 per annum, approximately.

Copyrights are granted only to citizens of the United States, or to citizens of those countries with which this Government has copyright relations. An Austrian, or a Russian, cannot get a copyright in this country. Our copyright relations, as extended by Presidential proclamations, are only with Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Belgium and Switzerland. And only in those countries can Americans secure copyrights.

Of the two copies of each work copyrighted, one is kept on file in the Copyright Department, and the other is deposited in the Library of Congress proper. In this way the National book collection receives steady accretions, while from no other source has sprung the immense collection of musical compositions possessed by

Uncle Sam, this latter amounting to over 1,000,000 pieces. In the same manner large collections of engravings, photographs and maps have been built up. There are enough games and toys stored away in the new Library building to stock several large toy shops.

Not a little of the printed matter submitted for copyrighting is immoral, and so unfit for publication as to render it liable to seizure under the laws. But, oddly enough, the Librarian of Congress has no discretion in this regard, and is compelled to grant the copyright in every instance, so long as the material is original. A common fraud attempted is the request for a copyright on an old book, published under a new title. In order to guard against this, the assistants in charge of the copyright business must be familiar with everything that has been issued from the press. Obviously this is not wholly possible, but it is very rare for such a cheat to pass undiscovered.

One of the most beautiful features of the new Library building is its golden dome, which may be seen shining and glittering in the sunlight from a distance of twenty miles on a clear day. More gold was used on it than on any other gilded dome in the world, 10,000 square feet of surface requiring to be covered. There are not many golden domes in existence. Those of the Hotel des Invalides, at Paris; the Connecticut State House, at Hartford, and the Massachusetts State House, at Boston, are the best known, but none of them approaches in size the gleaming dome of the Library of Congress.

Gold is worth at the mints about \$20 an ounce. Purchased by the Government in the form of gold leaf, it came to \$27 an ounce. In this shape it had to be spread over the dome bit by bit, the workmen toiling at the dangerous altitude, under protection of canvas to keep the wind from blowing the precious stuff away. One ounce of gold makes 2,000 sheets of leaf, each sheet being four inches square, and will cover thirty square feet with an enduring film. This golden film is useful as well as beautiful. Despite its extreme thinness, it will defy the weather for years and years. It preserves the material beneath it from decay. In a climate like that of Washington, the gilding of a dome will last as long as the building itself.

The original architectural plans of the new Library were drawn by John L. Smithmeyer and Paul J. Pelz. The wonderful book-stacks were invented and designed by the present Engineer-in-Charge, Bernard R. Green. The cost of the structure, including site, came within the \$6,500,000 appropriated by Congress.

(To be Continued.)

AN UNFURROWED FIELD.

The Art of Inlaying Prints and Manuscripts.

By Lida Rose McCabe.

In a quaint shop in Nassau street, into which the light of day steals furtively—a shop which the family has retained for thirty-five years—the only professional women inlayers of the metropolis, if not of the United States, ply this unique and fascinating art.

"There are few bread-winning pursuits," maintains a veteran collector, "better adapted to woman's delicate touch, innate taste, and artistic feeling than print inlaying and extra illustration. The pioneers of the art in this country are passing away, and there are few equipped to take their place."

Not until after the death of their father, one of the pioneer trio of extra illustrators—Messrs. Trent, Toedteberg and Lawrence—did the Misses Carrie and Sophie Lawrence take up the work seriously. It is characteristic of the inlayer to guard his art jealously, and to feel that no hand but his can do it justice. The elder Lawrence, like his contemporaries, never encouraged his daughters, and strenuously resisted their tendency in that direction until illness in his declining years forced him to accept their assistance at home.

"Not until I had worked two years in the shop with my brother, who succeeded to the business," said the elder Miss Lawrence, "was I competent to inlay an entire book. Inlaying requires much preparatory work, such as my sister Sophie continues to do—sorting out, cleaning, mending, pressing and trimming prints and manuscripts. It's not unlike making over an old gown, but, to the woman of bookish taste, it's infinitely more interesting."

The art of extra illustration, or Grangerizing, as it is called, from the man who invented it more than a century ago, originated in England, to reach its highest perfection in France. Granger was a collector of portraits of historical characters. Not finding in print a book which his portraits would fittingly illustrate, he conceived the idea of arranging them in chronological order, and writing a story round each print, a process of "copy" production that obtains to-day in American newspapers and periodicals. The extension of a one-volume book to innumerable volumes by means of copious illustration inserted in the text has since been known as Grangerizing, or the art of extra illustration.

The preparation of the prints to insert as illustration constitutes inlaying.

"My first extra illustration," said Miss Lawrence, pausing in the beveling of a rare and costly print of George Washington, "was done long before I took it up professionally. Naturally, we girls at home were always on the lookout, for father, for books that would lend readily to extra illustration. One day I called his attention to the 'Life and Letters of Louise Mccott.'"

"'Why don't you illustrate it yourself?' he asked banteringly.

"After a careful reading of the book I began to index it. That is, I marked in a note-book the number of each page where I found sub-



ject for illustration. When the index was completed, I set about gathering the prints. Some illustrators read a page or two, mark the subject to be illustrated, then go in pursuit of the print, but it's more satisfactory, if not professional, to first index the volume. After the prints have been gathered, then comes the preparatory work, finally the splitting of the pictures from their background, the beveling of the edges, and the insertion of the same into the windows likewise prepared for them. The windows are cut out of fine drawing-paper and

previously trimmed to the size of the page of the text. The whole must be so daintily and deftly done that, when dried, the surface is perfectly smooth and only the most skilled eye can detect where print begins and margin leaves off."

The cleanliness that is next to godliness is imperative in the workshop of the inlayer. The tools are simple: A large, smooth table, a lithograph stone, a sheet of zinc, scissors, assorted knives, paste-pot and drying press.

On the zinc the prints are trimmed and beveled, and the windows for the insertion of the prints are cut to the desired size and beveled to the requisite depth—one-sixteenth of an inch. The pasting and inlaying are done on the lithograph stone. A smoothly finished pine board may take the place of the stone. Often when a wood or steel print is split or separated from the paper upon which it is printed, it is as thin as a wafer and permits of effective mounting without inlaying.

Success in separating a wood, steel, or lithograph print from its background depends largely upon the quality of the paper upon which it is printed. Since wood pulp has supplanted rags in the manufacture of paper, it has become more difficult to preserve intact the modern magazine prints, for when both sides of a page are covered, one print must be sacrificed to the other, while the rag-made paper enables the inlayer to save the prints on both sides of a page.

"With a sponge," states Miss Lawrence, "it is easy to wipe off the back of a modern print, but almost impossible to split the page and preserve both sides. The type of the text impresses only the glazed surface of the paper, and a wet sponge will wholly erase it."

There is no unimportant detail in the preparatory or finishing stages of the inlayers' art. Often in the trimming of a print, for instance, the sharp knife may clip off, unnoted by the worker, the title of the print or the name of the engraver—the very talisman upon which the value of the engraving may largely depend. Sometimes, in the washing of the printed text or written manuscript, one letter or a syllable may give way; then the tub must be microscopically searched until the lost is found and restored.

As the mosaic worker or tapestry weaver of

old repaired the ravages of time to deceive the eye of the connoisseur, the skilled inlayer cleans, patches and inserts until the whole is a veritable work of art, preserving what otherwise might be irreparable loss.

"Given natural taste for books and pictures," asserts Miss Lawrence, "the work is well adapted to women. Then it can be done at home. Some women inlay for the love of it and to enrich their own libraries. Occasionally such a woman seeks instruction of us, but we have not the time to give it, so steady are the demands of our regular customers.

"The work itself is liberal education, especially in history and the arts of wood, steel and lithograph, and the quality of papers and inks.

"As a business, the associations are pleasant, while the compensation, I think, compares favorably with that of kindred pursuits in which women are successfully engaged. The demand is reasonably steady throughout the year, but owing to the great expenditure of time—a single print is handled from eight to fifteen times—and the impossibility of calculating in advance how long any one piece of work will take, no woman, however clever, could hope to amass a fortune unless a promoter were met in the guise of a collector, willing to intrust to the inlayer not only the actual work but the buying of the prints. Like every other business, patronage must be built up, and upon the superior excellence of the inlayer's work."

"Authors' Copies."

In acknowledging the receipt of a book by Charles Henry Webb ("John Paul") Mr. James Russell Lowell, writing to the author, from 68 Beacon street, Boston, under date of 16th of May, 1889, adds this P. S.:

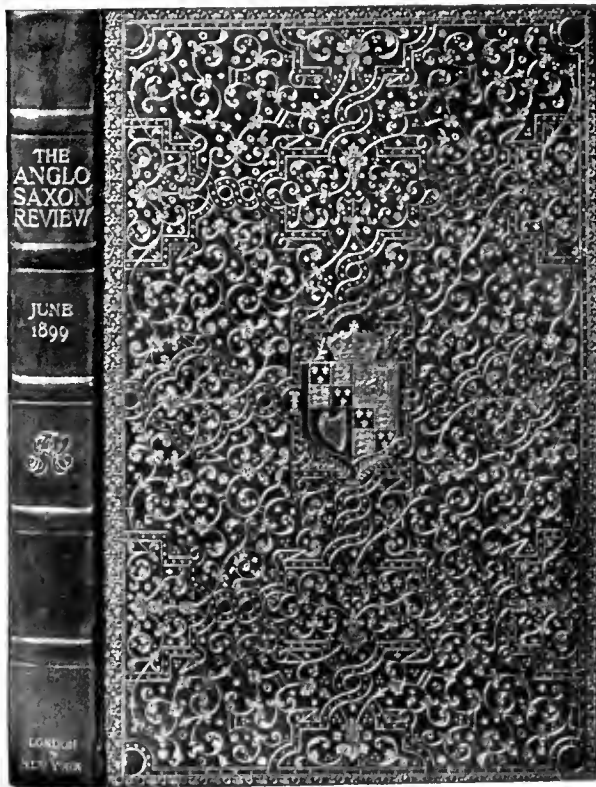
"I re-open my letter again to say that you need fear no such fate for your book as befell Charles Sumner's. I long ago gave instructions to my representatives that no book presented to me by an author should ever run the risk of the book-stalls. Oddly enough it was on the Quai Voltaire that I learned the lesson."

On the Quai Voltaire Lowell probably saw for sale one of his own books containing his autograph.

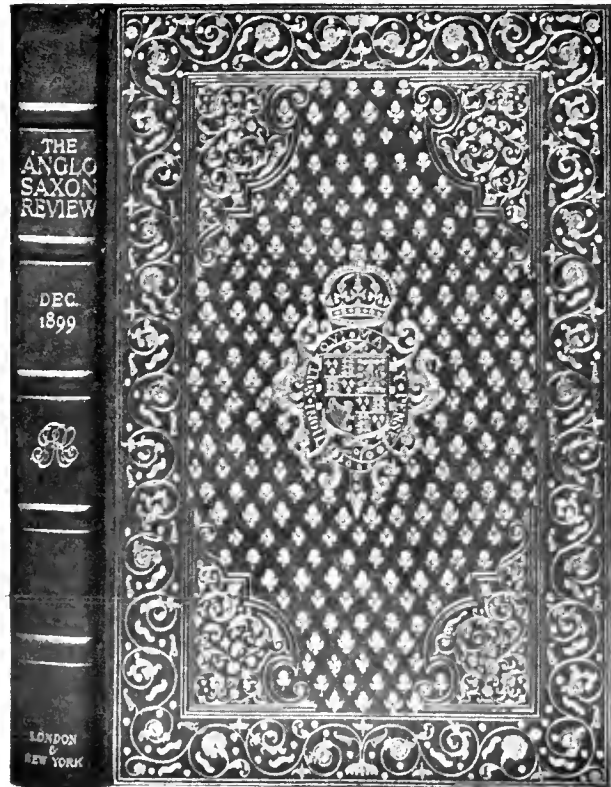
"THE ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW."

The BOOK-LOVER presents herewith a facsimile set of the covers of Lady Randolph Churchill's magazine, "The Anglo-Saxon Review." These are particularly interesting, for each is a reproduction of a rare and valuable

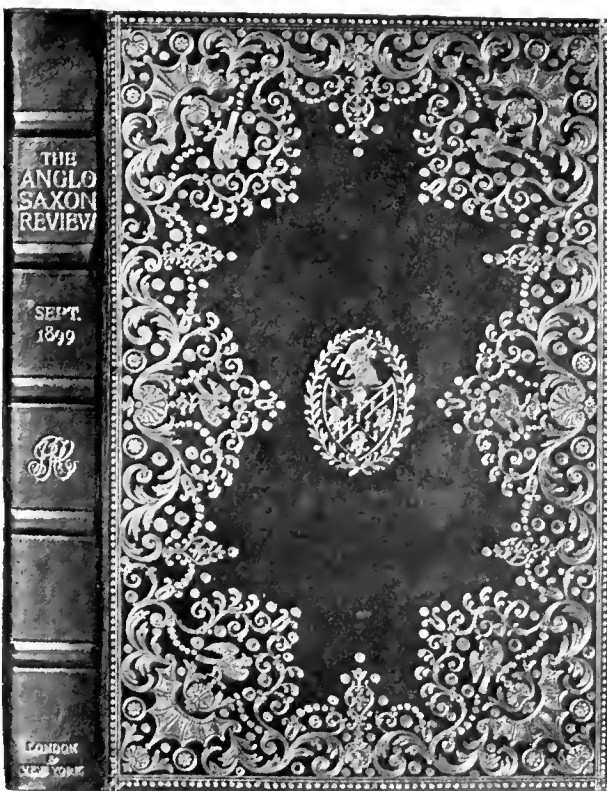
binding, as noted below each miniature. For allowing us to photograph the volumes we have to thank Mr. Edwin S. Gorham, the publisher and bookseller, of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, this city.



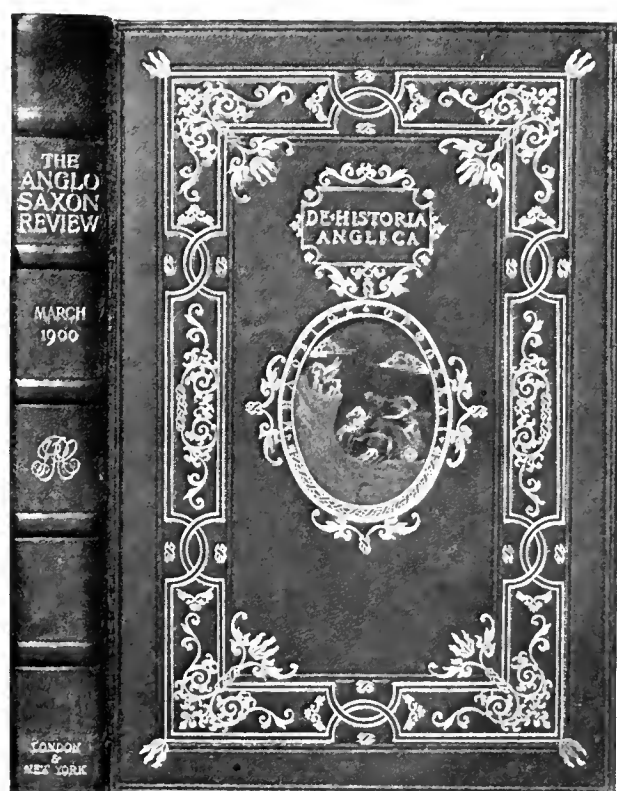
Vol. I.—Facsimile of the binding of Thevet's *Vies des Hommes Illustres* (Paris, 1584).



Vol. III. Facsimile of the binding of Raderus' *Bavaria Pia*, printed at Munich in 1628.



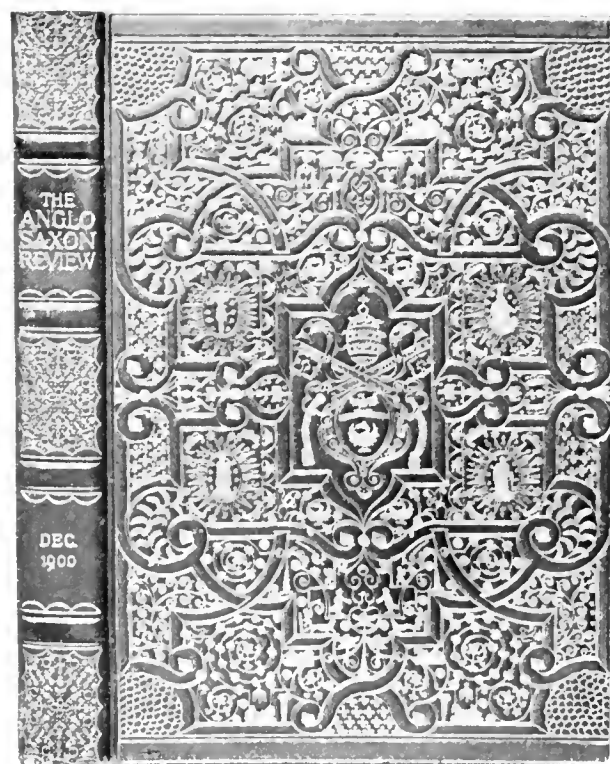
Vol. II.—Facsimile of the binding of the *Morgante Maggiore* di Luigi Pulci, Venetia, 1546, bound about 1777-80, by Derome le Jenne.



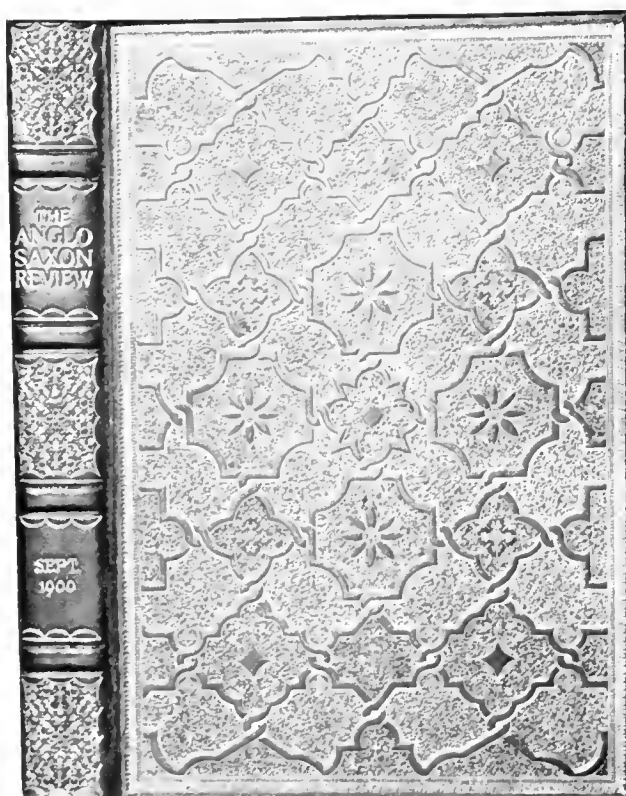
Vol. IV.—Facsimile of the binding of Polydorus Vergilius' *De Historia Anglica, libri xxvi*, Basilie 1534, formerly the property of Demetrio Canevari, and now in the British Museum.



Vol. V.—Facsimile of a *Book of Common Prayer*, printed in London in 1704, bound for King Charles II. by Samuel Mearne, and given to the British Museum with the rest of the Old Royal Library by King George II, in 1754.



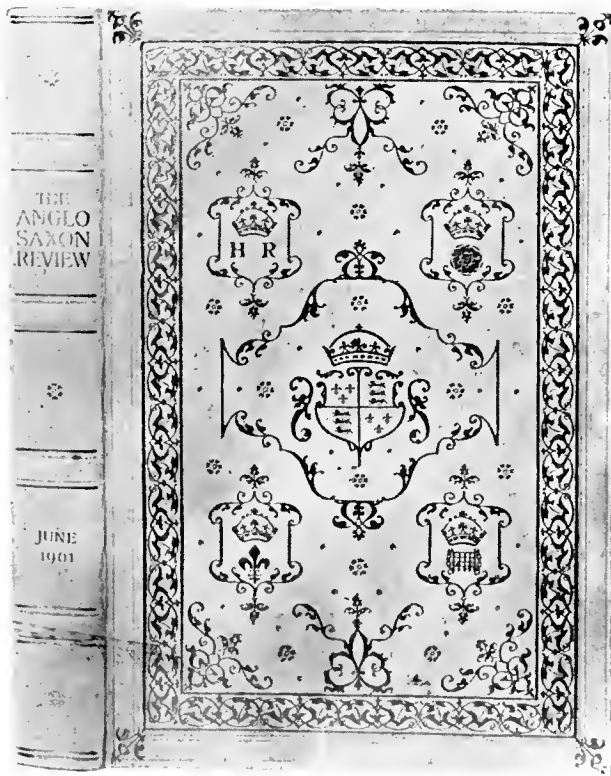
Vol. VII.—Facsimile of the binding of F. Soriani's *Missarum Liber, etc.*, Roma 1699.



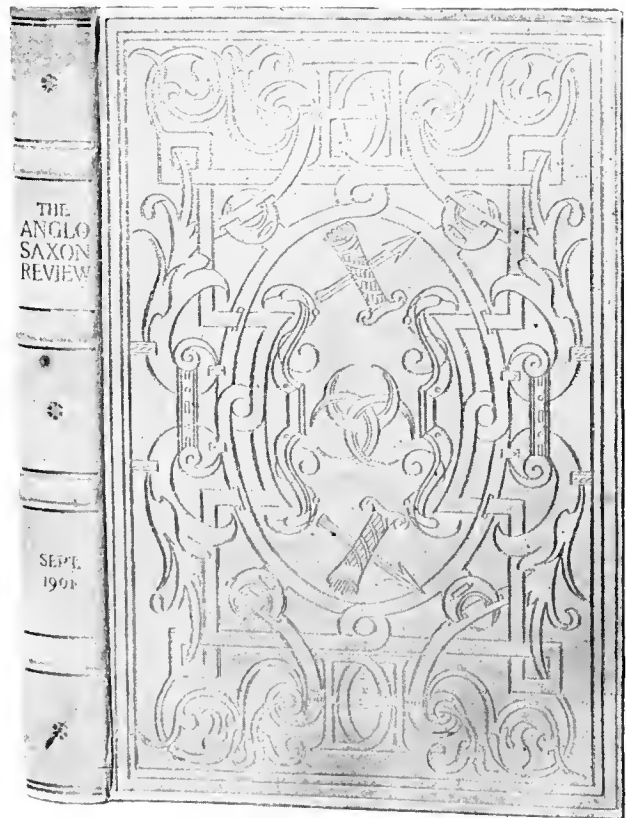
Vol. VI.—Facsimile of Chacon's *Historia Bellici Pauci a Traiano, etc.*, Roma 1700, formerly the property of George III, and now in the British Museum.



Vol. VIII.—Facsimile of the cover of Alessandro Piccolomini's work, *Della Institutione Morale, libri xii*, printed at Venice in 1560.



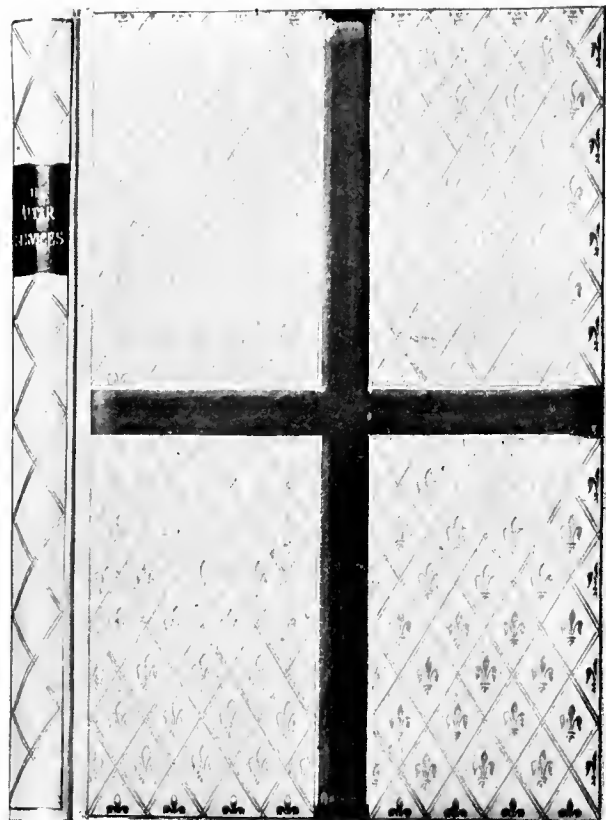
Vol. IX.—Facsimile of the binding of *Theophylacti in omnes divi Pauli Epistolas enarrationes* . . . per D. Joannem Lonicum fidelissime Latinum conversæ. Basilie, 1549.



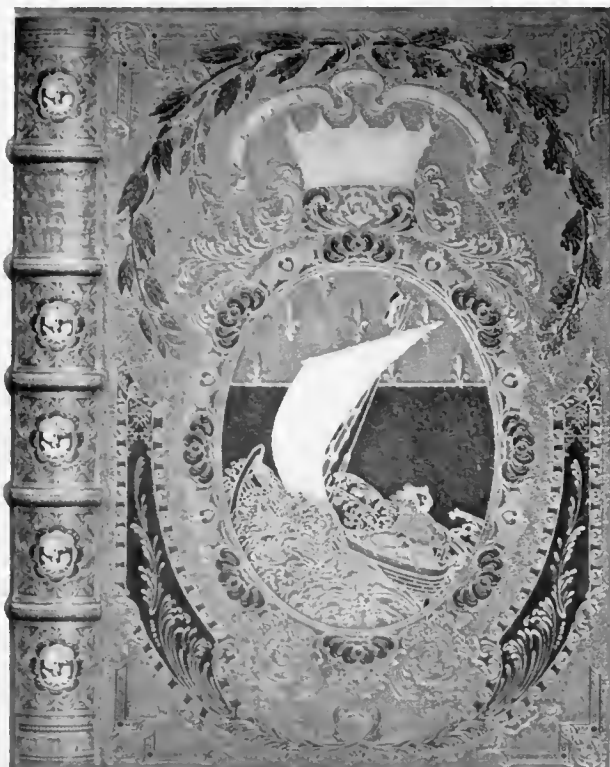
Vol. X.—Facsimile of an edition of the *Architecture* of Vitruvius, printed at Paris in 1547, and now in the Bodleian Library Oxford.



Missal.—Printed at Merrymount Press. Bound in pigskin. Design of cover by Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue, of Boston. Courtesy of Edwin S. Gorham.



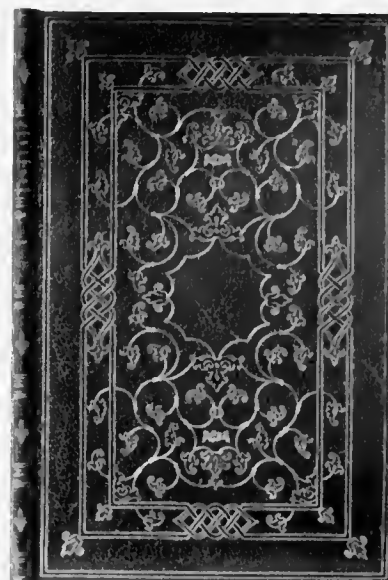
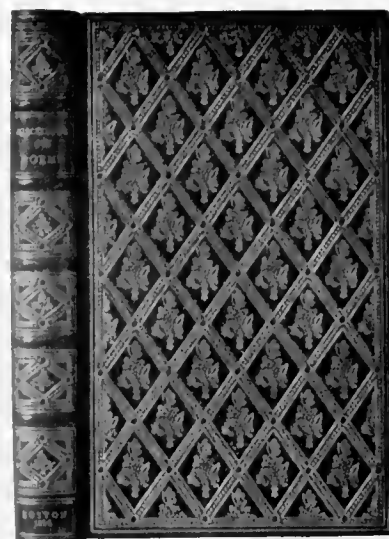
Altar Services.—Vellum. Bevelled. Inlaid cases red leather. Gold tooling. Bound in London by B. Collins & Sons for Edwin S. Gorham. Courtesy of Edwin S. Gorham.



From Samuel P. Avery Collection. By courtesy of "American Printer."

Happy and Thrice Happy.

Do you know the pleasure of the gift of a choice book which comes to you unexpectedly from some dear friend who may be rich, and you are poor—who knows your love for books, and that you have no money with which to buy them? If not, you are a stranger to one of the dearest joys and most happy moments of life. You come home from your work some night very, very tired, but thinking of some old book you can re-read again, or a little magazine you can enjoy, or a new catalogue you can look over, and wish, oh so hard, till your mouth fairly waters with the joy you would have could you buy some of them, and you have only been in the house half an hour when the local express leaves a pretty little bundle at the door. Myra brings it to you and you open it. It is a book! What joy is yours! You look again and your eyes fill with tears. It is just the book that you have long wanted, but you never had the money to buy it. And it is your own, for here, on this blank fly-leaf are two names joined together, which make you the happy possessor of it through the generous thoughtfulness of some friend. What a happy evening is before you! A new book to read instead of the ones with which you are familiar. How happy you are and how much at peace you



From Samuel P. Avery Collection. By courtesy of "American Printer."

feel with the whole world! Your friend has given you such a measure of joy as no other person could confer unless he were to do a like act. Happy the man who knows the pleasure of such a gift; and thrice happy he who confers such a joy. --*Samuel J. Boardman in the Bangor Commercial.*

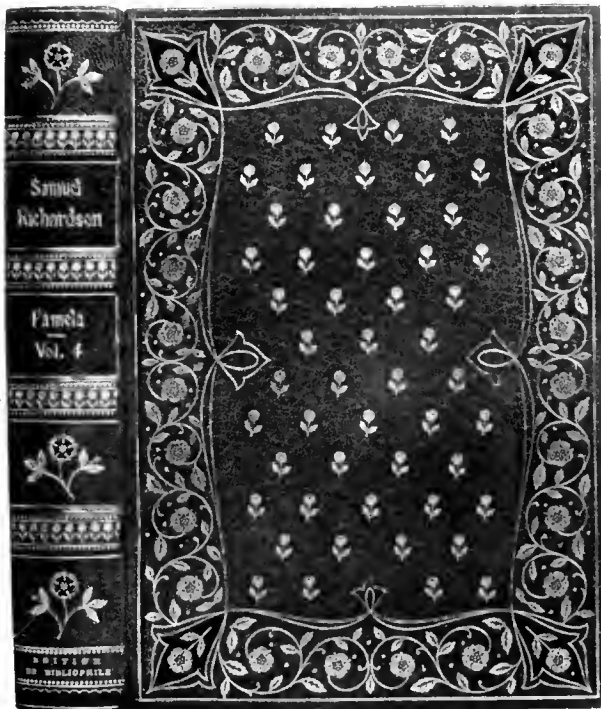
To Authors.

The man who cultivates his Muse
Upon oatmeal wins all the glories
In these the days of magazines.
'Tis he who writes the cereal stories!

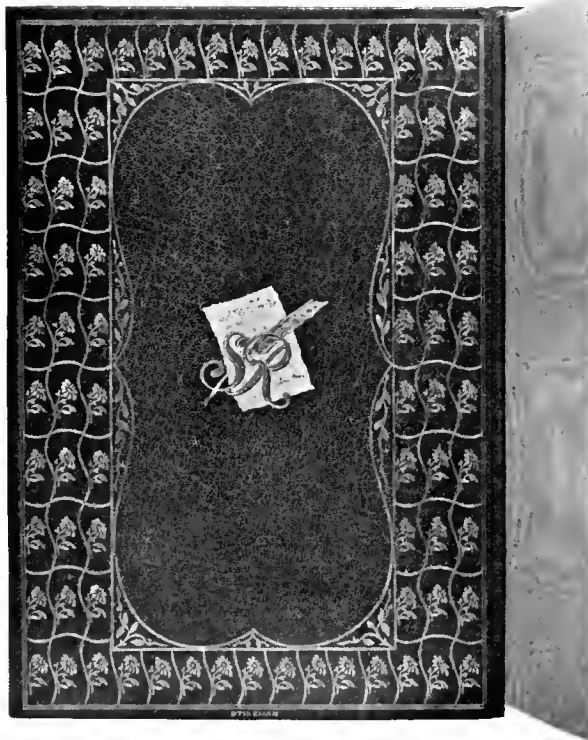
—*Life.*

The Bibliophile edition of Samuel Richardson's works is in 20 volumes, and but 16 sets were printed on Japan paper and bound as

In a recent catalogue Mr. Edwin A. Denham (28 W. 33d St., New York) offers some interesting volumes. The superb binding of one of

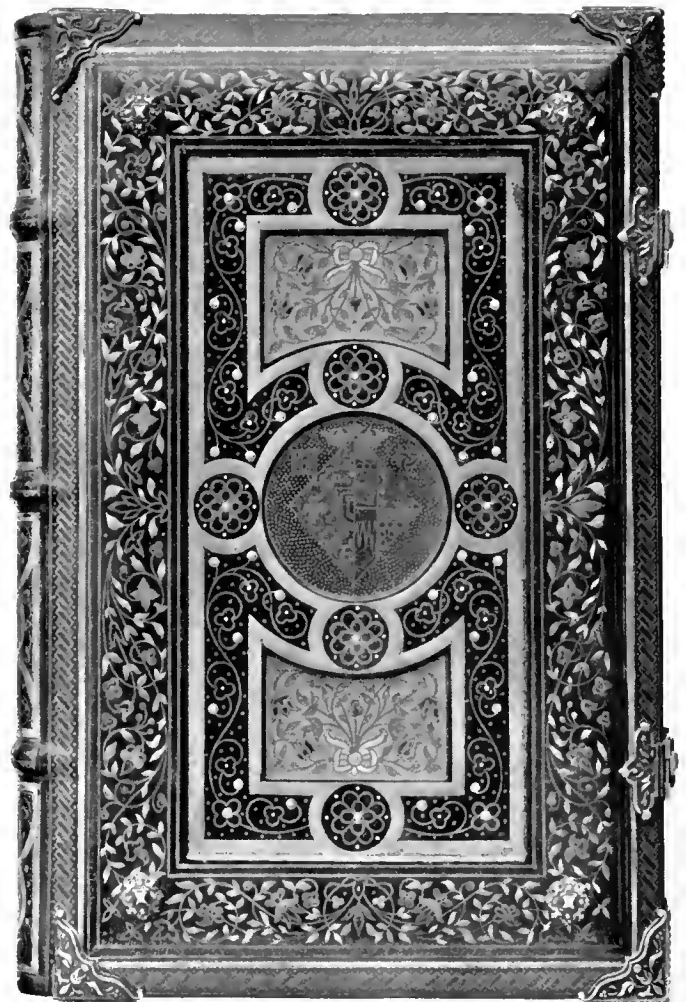


The Bibliophile "Richardson." Outside.



The Bibliophile "Richardson." Inside.

above by Stikeman, the design being made exclusively for this edition. Published by The Croseup & Sterling Co., at \$2000.00 per set.

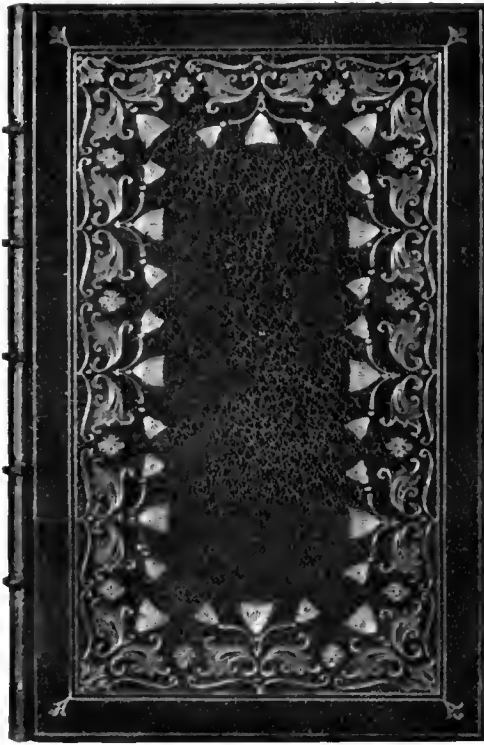


Admirable Imitation of a Binding Made for Diane de Poitiers.

these books is reproduced in miniature above. The size of the book is $9\frac{1}{2} \times 14\frac{3}{4}$ inches. The catalogue description is given in full below. (It is priced at \$200.00.)

Chirurgia à Græco in Latinum conversa, interprete, cum nonnullis eiusdem Commentariis. Numerous large and very curious engravings on wood. Lucetie Parisiorum: P. Galterus, 1544. Most beautifully bound in morocco super-extra, over thick oaken boards, in admirable imitation of a binding made for Diane de Poitiers, the back painted in rich mosaics, the sides with outer bevelled border of red and blue, raised second border of exquisitely painted floral scrolls on a green ground, sunken inner panel also painted in floral scrolls on a black ground, the lower two panels of elegant gilt and colored scrolls on a delicate blue dotted ground, sunken centre medallion, containing the arms of Diane de Poitiers, as Duchesse de Valentinois; engraved silver clasps, bosses and corner pieces; gilt gauffered edges, charmingly painted in compartments of flowers and ornaments, with interlaced D and crescent. Enclosed in a wool-lined case.

RARELY BEAUTIFUL VOLUMES.



Binding by Stikeman.



Binding by Ruban.

Some fine books in artistic bindings imported and exhibited at the galleries of Mr. E. F. Bonaventure, in West 33d Street, New York. Illustrations on pages 206-7 from blocks loaned by Mr. Bonaventure.



Béranger. Œuvres complètes de P. J. de Béranger. Unique copy, extra illustrated. 3 vols., 8vo. Paris, 1847. Rich binding by Meunier.

The Closed Book.

By Clinton Scollard

In Sylvia's cozy den are found
Innumerable volumes, richly bound;
Editions rare, in prose and rhyme,
From Suckling's down to Debson's time.

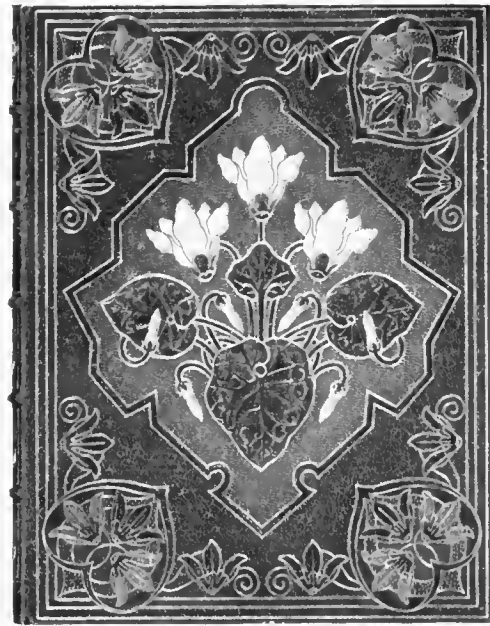
Smiling, she lets me con them all,
From quarto small to folio tall;
And yet, alas, howe'er I plead,
The book of books I may not read!

The book of books!—the very one
That most I long to look upon.
Teach me, O Love, the winning art
To ope the volume of her heart!

—The Smart Set.



Binding by Canape.



Binding by Gruel.



Binding by Chambolle.



Binding by Zaehnsdorf.

"THE BROTHERS DALZIEL."

THE BROTHERS DALZIEL. A record of fifty years' work in conjunction with many of the most distinguished artists of the period—1840-1890. With selected pictures by, and autograph letters from Lord Leighton, Sir John Millais, Sir E. J. Poynter, Holman Hunt, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Sir John Tenniel, Sir E. Burne-Jones, John Ruskin, and many others. London: Methuen & Co. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 360 pages, 7½ x 10, cloth, \$6.50.

There are few pages in this interesting volume that are more attractive than 340, 341, and 342, which represent three of the brothers Dalziel—George, Edward, and Thomas—in habit as they were in 1901, gray-haired, with long gray beards, and faces furrowed with the experiences and vicissitudes of their long and honorable lives. George was born in 1815, Edward in 1817, and Thomas in 1823. In the last portraits Thomas is the oldest-looking, and in his eyes we read the story of the ruin done by the engraver's patient toil. There was a family of twelve children, and pretty much all of them were captured by the love of pictures and of the engraver's art, a sister, Margaret, born in 1819, proving an invaluable assistant in her brothers' work, "the essence of kindness and generosity, a sister-mother to us all, and 'Aunt Meg' to everybody." A brother, John, a highly accomplished engraver, died in 1869.

Though at least one of the brothers had a literary turn, and often dropped into poetry, of which some specimens (not so bad either) are given, the book is simply what it is called on the title-page, "a record of fifty years' work." It depends largely for its interest on reminiscences of artists for whom the Dalziel brothers engraved. Few of their own drawings for the block were of much value, the specimens given here being taken, as surely they may be, for fair examples. Many specimens are given of other artists' drawings, engraved by the Dalziels. Here and there are some so good that the purchaser of the book will think his \$6.50 well spent if only for one such as Watson's "Abject Prayer," and Linton's "Old Honest."

"When we think of the vast mass of illustration given to the public, week by week, of every conceivable class of subject, direct from the camera, in which the draughtsman has no part at all, and that this work is generally of singular beauty and truth—we feel that our occupation is gone. In saying this we wish to add that we hail with satisfaction the marvelous results of these many ingenious adaptations of photography, and the consequent wide spread of the art of

illustration, which has ever been our greatest delight."

There is some mention of John Leech, on whose *Punch* drawings the Dalziels did some of their earlier work. An interesting criticism of Leech's on Frith's celebrated "Derby Day" is reported. Extremely realistic in its general character, it did not concede a pipe or a cigar to a single person in the miscellaneous crowd. Cruikshank's notorious egotism and other foibles are brought out. His "Dropped Penny," 18x24 inches, excited an admirer to want one of Cruikshank's pictures for his own. Cruikshank agreed, but reserved the choice of subject and the size of the picture. Fancy the purchaser's consternation when he found himself the possessor of a "Raising of Lazarus," 16x20 feet! He took to himself all the credit of "Oliver Twist," and wished he had written it himself; was sure that he could have done it better than Dickens. One of Millais's letters, given in fac-simile, is very interesting as showing his relation to the engraver's work. Dante Gabriel Rossetti made a "St. Cecilia" for Moxon's Tennyson. It was a marvellous thing. It puzzled Tennyson a good deal to make out its relation to his verses and finally he gave up the attempt. The engraving of Tenniel's pictures for "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass" affords some pleasant incidents. Lewis Carroll was extremely critical with both the drawings and the engravings. At one time we find Tenniel objecting to "love subjects"—"they admit of so little variety of treatment." We find Millais asking Tennyson to write a series of poems in illustration of Birket Foster's pictures, and Tennyson answering, very naturally, that "poems do not come to him so," and that Millais would not care for them if they did. The Dalziel brothers attempted an "Illustrated Bible," but had to give it up. For one thing, Millais "fell flat upon the grunsel edge," and could never get Adam and Eve into the Garden of Eden. Objection was made to the head of Watson's Noah, that it was too small.

"The Brothers Dalziel" is one of the most treasurable of recent volumes of reminiscences, appealing with almost equal strength to the artist, engraver, and literary and book collector. As the autobiography of many written in single narrative it is certainly unique. It is modestly and plainly told, and would find welcome without its great wealth of illustrations and letters, many of the latter being reproduced in fac-simile.

A FAMOUS PRINTER: SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

By W. B. Thorne.

Samuel Richardson was born in the year 1689 in Derbyshire. The name of the place of his birth has not been discovered, although considerable pains have been taken to find it out. So far back as 1885 the late Mr. Malcolm Macmillan advertised in the *Derby and Derbyshire Gazette* (now extinct), offering a reward of £5 to any parish clerk in the county who could give conclusive evidence as to the registration of the birth of the great writer. Although the advertisement appeared several times, it failed to elicit the information required. We know, however, that Richardson was born of middle-class parents, his father being a carpenter and joiner. Surrey was the original home of the family, but owing to the elder Richardson's connection with some political movement on the part of the Duke of Monmouth, he came to be looked upon by his neighbors with an unfriendly eye, and thought fit to remove into Derbyshire, where Samuel was born.

His parents first selected the ministry for his future calling, but misfortune fell upon them, and they were unable to give the boy the needful education. It was not, however, until he was nearly sixteen that he had to begin to look about for an occupation. He was given a free choice, and after some consideration decided in favor of the craft of printing. Like Benjamin Franklin, his love of reading probably influenced him, as he doubtless thought that this trade would naturally give him greater opportunities for study than any other. In 1706 Richardson was bound apprentice to a certain John Wilde, member of the Stationers' Company, and, as he afterwards wrote, "served a diligent seven years to a master who grudged every hour to me that did not tend to his own profit." He found that he had very little opportunity for reading, and, in fact, the only time he got was obtained by sitting up late at night and getting up early in the morning. He was, apparently, a very conscientious apprentice, and, again like Benjamin Franklin, did not hesitate to boast about it in later life. Writing of this period and his love of reading, he says: "I took care that even my candle was of my own purchasing, that I might not, in the most trifling instance, make my master a sufferer (who used to call me *the pillar* of his house)." Truly, he must have been a very paragon among the apprentices of his day.

For six years after the termination of his apprenticeship he worked as a journeyman and corrector of the press, probably for his old master, John Wilde, although there is nothing to confirm this belief. After having become a Freeman of the City in 1719, he commenced business on his own account. It is possible that he opened his first office in Fleet street, but in the year 1724 we find him located in Salisbury Court, the particular spot, however, being unknown. For some years he was only a struggling printer, and used to fill up his spare time by compiling indexes, writing prefaces, and doing other such small literary jobs for the neighboring booksellers and publishers; but, by steady application and perseverance, he built up a good substantial business, and executed some really large orders. One of his earliest commissions of which record remains was the printing of a newspaper called the *True-Briton*; it was a bi-weekly sheet, and the sixth number is dated June 21, 1728. It was the property of the "wicked and witty" Duke of Wharton, who used it as a political weapon to stir up strife in the City. Of the six issues published, four were pronounced libelous, and the publisher—a Mr. Payne—was prosecuted and found guilty. Richardson escaped because his name did not appear anywhere upon the papers. He had already decided that the politics of the journal were too violent, and had determined to sever his connection with it on the publication of the sixth number, which he did.

In 1736 he published another paper called the *Daily Journal*, which continued through that and the following year. He also brought out the *Daily Gazetteer* in 1738, which, apparently, did not live the year through. In 1740 the first edition of his novel "Pamela" appeared. This, with the early editions of all his other works, was produced from his own press, and there is a legend which states that some portions of "Pamela" were composed direct from the type-cases by Richardson himself.

On September 14, 1753, he published a pamphlet, entitled: "The Case of Samuel Richardson, of London, Printer, on the invasion of his property in the *History of Sir Charles Grandison*, before publication, by certain booksellers in Dublin." This aired a grievance which caused the author much worry

and anxiety. It was a great trouble to him, as his letters of that period give ample evidence. He was now in the zenith of his fame as a novelist, his literary works were valuable property, and, unfortunately for him, his last and greatest novel was pirated by some Dublin printers, and an unauthorized incomplete edition was issued in Ireland, before anything was published in London.

It appears that he had arranged with Mr. George Faulkner, a bookseller in Dublin, to take sheets of the work to be set up and printed there. Mr. Faulkner had previously cautioned Richardson to secure himself against piracy, and he, acting on the advice, gave strict instructions to all his workmen and servants to be on their guard against any mishap. He also printed a notice, the substance of which was as follows: "A bookseller of Dublin has assured me that he could get the sheets of any book from any printing house in London before publication. I hope I may depend upon the care and circumspection of my friends, compositors and pressmen, that no sheets of the piece I am now putting to press be carried out of the house, nor any notice taken of its being at press. It is of great consequence to me. Let no stranger be admitted into any of the workrooms. Once more, I hope I may rely on the care and integrity of all my workmen—and let all the proofs, revises, etc., be given to Mr. Tewley [his foreman] to take care of." All his employees declared their disgust at the idea of such underhand proceedings, and he had no reason to doubt their assurances, most of them being persons of tried trustworthiness. Further to provide for the security of the sheets, however, he ordered them to be placed, as they were printed off, in a separate warehouse, where they were given into the charge of one man. This man's name was Peter Bishop, and his duties were to read proofs to the corrector and to employ his leisure hours in the warehouses. Richardson's suspicions became aroused, however, concerning him, and he was discharged, and, while there is not enough evidence to condemn the man positively, there appears sufficient to justify Richardson's action. It was a certain Thomas Killingbeck who, apparently, was the more guilty individual. He was a compositor, and was suspected of being a confederate of Bishop's and of having received sheets of the work from him. Accordingly he was subjected to an examination, the result of which did not lessen his employer's fears. He was requested to draw up an affidavit which would firmly establish his innocence, but tried to be ex-

cused this, and finally asked to be allowed till the next morning to consider. On the morrow he presented himself and said he had been advised not to make any declaration, and gave such evasive answers as induced a general belief in his guilt. Thereupon Richardson discharged him, and he left, saying he would produce some such written statement as was desired, but he never returned. Shortly after this, Richardson received a letter from Bishop protesting that he had never given a single sheet of the work to Killingbeck, and inferring that Killingbeck must have stolen them, telling how such a theft could have been accomplished. While trying to prove his own innocence by this letter, he admitted great negligence in guarding the sheets, and this, together with the fact that the letter did not clear away all doubt as to his honesty, prevented his re-engagement.

John Exshaw, Henry Saunders, and Peter Wilson were the booksellers who issued the pirated edition. There was no legal remedy, but the pirates earned a good deal of contempt. The *Gray's Inn Journal* of October 13, 1753, after enumerating the pains and hardships of eminent authors, goes on to say: "What, then, should be said of Messrs. Exshaw, Wilson and Saunders, booksellers, in Dublin? They should be expelled from the Republic of Letters, as literary Goths and Vandals, who are ready to invade the property of every man of genius." Continuing, it says, there being no laws of the land to secure to authors the property of their works, the "Courts of Parnassus" must issue judgment, which judgment condemns the booksellers to be taken by the students of Trinity College, Dublin, and tossed in a blanket—"but not until they are dead." This tirade is signed "Jonathan Swift, Secretary."

The pamphlet also states that, "He [Richardson] is further assured that these worthy men are in treaty with booksellers in Scotland for their printing his work in that part of the United Kingdom, and also that they purpose to send a copy to France to be translated there before publication." Richardson's friends in Dublin were greatly incensed at the unseemly conduct of their countrymen, and tried to be of some assistance to him. Considerable correspondence passed between them, but nothing resulted from it. He afterwards sent a cheap authorized edition of the work to Ireland, but made small profit from it, as the pirates undersold him everywhere, and he did not get the money for even those that were disposed of.

At this time Richardson must have been a

printer in a large way of business. In the pamphlet just referred to he speaks of workmen to the number of forty being in his employ. The amount of work he turned out must have been considerable. Each of his own novels he printed himself, and as these ran into four and seven volumes, it speaks well for the size of his plant, to say nothing of the materials and labor at his command. He also secured the privilege of printing the first edition of the "Journals of the House of Commons," in twenty-six volumes folio. If it be remembered that all this had to be worked off on hand presses, one may conceive some idea of the extent of his printing office. He received £3,000 in payment for this commission. In the following year, too—1754—he was made Master of the Stationers' Company, another proof of the important position he held in the trade. This office, it is said, he filled with every satisfaction, except as regards presiding at the banquets given by the company. In this he was not a great success, as his delicate constitution necessitated almost a vegetarian diet, and he was unable to participate in the feasts with any enthusiasm.

In 1755 his business demanded larger premises, so he pulled down eight houses in the northwest corner of Salisbury Court, somewhere near the spot now occupied by *Lloyd's News*, and built, says Nicholls, "an extensive and commodious range of warehouses and printing offices." The following year, in writing to a certain Eusebius Sylvester, he says: "My weekly expenditures to journeymen are between £30 and £40," which, a century and a half ago, represented a larger sum of money than it does now. The same letter also gives an insight into his financial position, for he says he lent £450 to a dear friend to make his last hours easy; £300 his removal from one suburban residence to another cost him; stocks to the value of £500 he had to sell at a disadvantage of ten per cent., in order to complete the purchase of a small estate for the family of a brother who had lately died; and his removal into the new printing office he calculated would cost upwards of £400. These figures assure us that he was a man of means, and that his business and his novels brought him in a good income.

In 1760 he purchased a moiety of the patent of Law Printer to the King. This he shared with a Miss Catherine Lintot, with whom he worked in partnership in that department of his business. After Richardson's death his widow and Miss Lintot were for some time joint patentees. This probably did not last

long, as Nicholls says that "Miss Lintot married Henry Fletcher, Esq., one of the knights of the shire for Westmoreland, and the patent passed into other hands."

It is curious how few books bearing Richardson's imprint are to be found, and also the meager number there are noted at all. A diligent search in all likely directions has revealed less than a score, including all of his own works, and the newspapers. In forty years a busy printer would turn out a large number of volumes, yet, nowadays, one is very seldom met with. From the one or two examples of his press that I have been able to examine, his work seems to have been carefully executed. The printing of that period is not remarkable for its excellence, but Richardson's work stands examination very well—his types were good, so was his paper, the set of the page, justification, etc., all give evidence of trouble having been taken to secure good results, and a book from his press lends itself to easy perusal.

During the last two years of his life he allowed himself some relaxation from business, and only paid periodical visits to his London office, spending most of his time at his suburban residence at Parson's Green; but, as often happens, though he had now honorably secured his leisure, his health would not permit him to enjoy it. Ailments settled themselves upon him, and on the 4th July, 1761, he died rather suddenly from a stroke of apoplexy, being seventy-two years of age.

His fame as a novelist, of course, altogether eclipses his reputation as a printer—although he attained a position in his craft such as very few printers can boast of. As a man he was of rather a querulous disposition, jealous of attention, very vain, delighting in flattery, and very conscious of class distinctions; but, on the other hand, he was reported a good master, was known to be very generous, and was undoubtedly a persevering and conscientious workman. His love of industry cannot be better exemplified than by the anecdote which relates that he used to secrete half-a-crown in the type-boxes overnight as a reward for the first man at work in the morning.

By his own desire he was buried in St. Bride's Church, Fleet street, where other members of his family already lay, and which contains the remains of another celebrated printer—Wynkin de Worde.

In 1758 a gentleman, whose name is not known, requested Alexander Pope to celebrate the invention of letters, in a poetical manner; Pope refused, so the gentleman himself wrote

a poem bearing the following title: "A Poem on the Invention of Letters and the Art of Printing." Addressed to Mr. Richardson, the author and printer of "Sir Charles Grandison."

I quote the last few lines, which will give some idea of the esteem for Richardson held by his contemporaries:

'Mark how thy dictates Richardson obeys;
Assertor of thy rights in impious days!
His virgin sheets no prostitution stains,
His moral ink no venom'd gall profanes.
O'er Elzevir or Bleau his worth to raise,
Gives but mechanic fame or vulgar praise;
To shine *first printer*, in his lowest sphere,
While the *good man* and *author* all revere.
See him, like censor'd Aaron, dauntless stand,
'Twixt wrath divine, and a devoted land!

From his pure press see hallow'd incense rise,
As from an altar, grateful to the skies!

See, for his country obstinately brave,
He still persists, nor yet despairs to save.
Men, whom as man he loves, he wishes saints;
And lives himself the *Grandison* he paints."

Beyond his own writings, and the newspapers already mentioned, the following are the only books I have been able to find which were printed by Richardson:

Churchill's Voyages. Fo. 1732.

De Thou's History. 7 vols. Fo. 1733.

Stuart's Dissertatio de Structura et motu musculari. 4°. 1738.

Négociations of Sir Thomas Roe. Vol. I. Fo. 1740. (Not completed.)

Young's Night Thoughts. 1749.

Conybeare's Sermons. 2 Vols. 8°. 1757.

Eliz. Carter's Epictetus. n.d.

—*The Library.*

THE CYCLOPEEDY.

By Eugene Field.

Havin' lived next door to the Hobart place f'r goin' on thirty years, I cal'late that I know jest about ez much about the case ez anybody else now on airth, exceptin', perhaps, it's ol' Jedge Baker, and he's so plaguey old 'nd so powerful feeble that *he* don't know nothin'.

It seems that in the spring uv '47—the year that Cy Watson's oldest boy was drowned in West River—there comes along a book-agent sellin' volyumes 'nd tracks f'r the diffusion uv knowledge, 'nd havin' got the recommend of the minister 'nd uv the selectmen, he done an' all-fired big business in our part uv the country. His name was Lemuel Higgins, 'nd he wuz ez likely a talker ez I ever heerd, barrin' Lawyer Conkey, 'nd everybody allowed that when Conkey wuz turned round he talked so fast that the town pump ud have to be greased every twenty minutes.

One uv the first uv our folks that this Lemuel Higgins struck wuz Leander Hobart. Leander had jest marr'd one uv the Peasley girls, 'nd had moved into the old homestead on the Plainville road, old Deacon Hobart havin' give up the place to him, the other boys havin' moved out West (like a lot of durned fools that they wuz). Leander wuz feelin' his oats jest about this time, 'nd nothin' wuz too good f'r him.

Wa-al, he bargained with Higgins f'r a set uv them cyclopeedies, 'nd he signed his name to a long printed paper that showed how he agreed to take a cyclopeedy oncet in so often,

which wuz to be ez often ez a new one uv the volyumes wuz printed. A cyclopeedy isn't printed all at oncet, because that would make it cost too much; consekently, the man that gets it up has it strung along fur apart so as to hit folks oncet every year or two, and gin'rally about harvest-time. So Leander kind uv liked the idea, and he signed the printed paper 'nd made his affadavit to it afore Jedge Warner.

The fust volyume uv the cyclopeedy stood on a shelf in the old seckertary in the settin'-room about four months before they had any use f'r it. One night 'Squire Turner's son come over to visit Leander and Hattie, an' they got to talkin' about apples, 'nd the sort uv apples that wuz the best. Leander allowed that the Rhode Island greenin' wuz the best, but Hattie an' the Turner boy stuck up f'r the Roxbury russet, until at last a happy idee struck Leander, and sez he, "We'll leave it to the cyclopeedy, b'gosh! Whichever one the cyclopeedy sez is the best will settle it."

"But you can't find out nothin' 'bout Roxbury russets nor Rhode Island greenin's in our cyclopeedy," sez Hattie.

"Why not, I'd like to know?" sez Leander, kind uv indignant-like.

"'Cause ours hain't got down to the R yet," sez Hattie. "All ours tells about is things beginnin' with A."

"Well, ain't we talkin' about Apples?" sez Leander. "You aggravate me terrible, Hattie,

by insistin' on knowin' what you don't know nothin' about."

Leander went to the seckertary 'nd took down the cyclopeedy 'nd hunted all through it f'r Apples, but all he could find wuz: "Apple—See Pomology."

"How in thunder kin I see Pomology," sez Leander, "when there ain't no Pomology to see? Gol darn a cyclopeedy, anyhow!"

An' he put the volyume back onto the shelf 'nd never sot eyes into it agin.

That's the way the thing run f'r years 'nd years. Leander would've gin up the plaguey bargain, but he couldn't; he had signed a printed paper 'nd had swore to it before a justice uv the peace. Higgins would have had the law on him if he had throwed up the trade.

The most aggregatin' feature uv it all wuz that a new one uv them cussid cyclopeedies wuz allers sure to show up at the wrong time—when Leander wuz hard up or had jest been afflicted some way or other. His barn burned down two nights afore the volyume containin' the letter B arrived, 'nd Leander needed all his chink to pay f'r lumber, but Higgins sot back on that affiadavit and defied the life out uv him.

"Never mind, Leander," sez his wife, soothin'-like; "it's a good book to have in the house, anyhow, now that we've got a baby."

"That's so," sez Leander; "babies does begin with B, don't it?"

You see their fust baby had been born; they named him Peasley—Peasley Hobart—after Hattie's folks. So, seein' ez how it wuz payin' f'r a book that told about babies, Leander didn't begredge that five dollars so very much after all.

"Leander," sez Hattie, one afternoon, "that B cyclopeedy ain't no account. There ain't nothin' in it about babies except 'See Maternity'!"

"Wa-al, I'll be gosh-durned!" sez Leander. That wuz all he said, and he couldn't do nothin' at all, f'r that book-agent, Lemuel Higgins, had the dead-wood on him—the mean, sneakin' critter!

So the years passed on, one uv them cyclopeedies showin' up now 'nd then—sometimes every two years 'nd sometimes every four, but allus at a time when Leander found it pesky hard to give up a fiver. It warn't no use cussin' Higgins; Higgins jest luffed when Leander allowed that the cyclopeedy wuz no good 'nd that he wuz bein' robbed.

Oncet, when Hiram wanted to drean the home pasture, he went to the cyclopeedy to find out about it, but all he diskivered wuz:

"Drain—See Tile." This wuz in 1859, and the cyclopeedy had only got down to G.

The cow wuz sick with lung-fever one spell, and Leander laid her dyin' to that cussed cyclopeedy, 'cause when he went to readin' 'bout cows it told him to "See Zoöl-ogy."

But what's the use of harrowin' up one's feelin's thinkin' 'nd talkin' about these things? Leander got so after a while that the cyclopeedy didn't worry him at all; he grew to look at it ez one of the crosses that human critters has to bear without complainin' through this vale uv tears. The only thing that bothered him wuz the fear that mebbe he wouldn't live to see the last volyume—to tell the truth, this kind uv got to be his hobby, an' I've heern him talk 'bout it many a time settin' round the stove at the tavern 'nd squirtin' tobacco-juice at the sawdust-box. His wife, Hattie, passed away with the yaller janders the winter W come, and all that seemed to reconcile Leander to survivin' her wuz the prospect uv seein' the last volyume of that cyclopeedy. Lemuel Higgins, the book-agent, had gone to his everlastin' punishment; but his son, Hiram, had succeeded to his father's business 'nd continued to visit the folks his old man had roped in. By this time Leander's children had growed up; all on 'em wuz married, and there wuz numeris grandchildren to amuse the ol' gentleman. But Leander wuzn't to be satisfied with the common things uv airth; he didn't seem to take no pleasure in his grandchildren like most men do; his mind wuz allers sot on somethin' else—for hours 'nd hours, yes, all day long, he'd set out on the front stoop lookin' wistfully up the road for that book-agent to come along with a cyclopeedy. He didn't want to die till he'd got all the cyclopeedies his contract called for; he wanted to have everything straightened out before he passed away.

When—oh, how well I recollect it!—when Y come along he wuz so overcome that he fell in a fit uv paralysis, 'nd the ol' gentleman never got over it. F'r the next three years he drooped 'nd pined, 'nd seemed like he couldn't hold out much longer. Finally he had to take to his bed, he wuz so old 'nd feeble—but he made 'em move the bed up against the winder so he could watch for that last volyume of the cyclopeedy.

The end came one balmy day in the spring uv '87. His life wuz a-ebbin' powerful fast; the minister wuz there, 'nd me 'nd Dock Wilson, 'nd Jedge Baker, 'nd most uv the family. Lovin' hands smoothed the wrinkled forehead 'nd breshed back the long, scant, white hair,

but the eyes uv the dyin' man wuz sot on that piece uv road down which the cyclopeedy man allus come.

All to oncet a bright 'nd joyful look come into them eyes, 'nd old Leander riz up in bed 'nd sez, "It's come!"

"What is it, father?" asked his daughter Sarey, sobbin' like.

"Hush!" sez the minister solemnly; "he sees the shinin' gates uv the Noo Jerusaleem."

"No, no," cried the aged man; "it is the cyclopeedy—the letter Z—it's comin'!"

And, sure enough, the door opened, and in walked Higgins. He tottered rather than walked, f'r he had grown old 'nd feeble in his wicked perfession.

"Here's the Z cyclopeedy, Mr. Hobart," sez Higgins.

Leander clutched it; he hugged it to his pantin' bosom; then, stealin' one pale hand under the pillar, he drew out a faded bank-note 'nd gave it to Higgins.

"I thank Thee for this boon," sez Leander, rollin' his eyes up devoutly; then he gave a deep sigh.

"Hold on!" cried Higgins, excitedly; "you've made a mistake; it isn't the last——"

But Leander didn't hear him—his soul had fled from its mortal tenement 'nd hed soared rejoicin' to realms uv everlastin' bliss.

"He is no more," sez Dock Wilson, metaphorically.

"Then who are his heirs?" asked that mean critter Higgins.

"We be," sez the family.

"Do you conjointly and severally acknowledge and assume the obligations of deceased to me?" he asked 'em.

"What obligations?" asked Peasley Hobart, stern-like.

"Deceased died owin' me f'r a cyclopeedy!" sez Higgins.

"That's a lie!" sez Peasley. "We all seen him pay you for the Z!"

"But there's another one to come," sez Higgins.

"Another?" they all asked.

"Yes, the index," sez he.

So there wuz, 'nd I'll be eternally goldurned if he ain't a-suin' the estate in the probate court now f'r the price uv it!

FORGERIES IN BOOKBINDING.

By Cyril Davenport.

Private collectors have always been the especial prey of the forger. Now and again in a large museum or library some purchase which has hastily been made is quietly withdrawn from exhibition because doubts have arisen as to its genuineness, but as a rule the officials whose task it is to examine all objects submitted for purchase have sufficient experience and knowledge to reject any doubtful specimens, and forgers have a wholesome dread of offering their productions where they are most likely to be detected, and where detection is most likely to be followed by unpleasant consequences.

But the libraries brought together by gentlemen with small experience and large purses are the hopes of the forger, bibliopegist or otherwise, and it is to private negotiations that he prefers to trust. Collectors of this kind have sometimes good advisers, but they cannot always resist the temptation to make purchases by the light of their own wit. Their libraries are rarely visited by anyone likely to be able to distinguish between originals and good forgeries, and even if a well-informed visitor may en-

ertain a doubt as to the authenticity of one of the family treasures, he will seldom be impolite enough to express it, or if he does must be prepared to find his criticisms attributed to jealousy or ill-nature.

The shady antiquities in all likelihood come eventually with the rest of the collection to the hammer, and encounter the criticism of capable judges. The more there are of them the more easily they are detected. A single forgery may be only silently avoided by the wary; half a dozen will suffice to throw doubts on any genuine books by which they may be accompanied. The result of the sale is in this case the realization of a very small portion of the money that has been spent upon the books; but nevertheless the forgeries are sold, sometimes to incautious amateurs, sometimes to unscrupulous dealers, who think they know where to "place" them, and by-and-by they make a new appearance.

In the meantime, however, the private owner's eyes have been gladdened by the sight of rich bindings on his shelves, and his ambition has been gratified by the belief that he possesses

some of the finest bindings ever executed perhaps for any of the Valois kings. Until the candid friend, if he has one, comes to criticise, the fact that they were recently made in England, France, Belgium, or Italy, in no way lessens his pride or pleasure. The awakening is left for his heirs.

There appear to have been two distinct periods during which historical bindings have been fraudulently copied either by altogether new productions, or by means of additional ornamentation added to really old bindings.

The earlier work of this kind was done by one man, while the later was, and perhaps is still, produced by several workmen as a regular trade. The binder who started this ingenious method of making an unduly large profit is supposed to have begun work in England somewhere about 1850, and after much wandering on the Continent, where he followed his trade with varying fortunes, at last died in Paris about 1880.

It is supposed that this binder, who was employed as a cleaner and mender of his books by the well-known collector, Count Guglielmo Libri, did, in fact, make numbers of the bindings which belonged to the Libri library. These bindings were largely distributed by means of public sales held from 1859 until 1866, and among them were several reputed Groliers.

The knowledge gained by this workman during his employment with Libri was not allowed to remain unused after the dispersal of his master's library. His skill and experience were now employed for his own profit. While continuing his mending of books as an ostensible trade, he became the originator of scarce bindings signed with the well-known names of Grolier and Maioli, and other simpler examples, which nevertheless had a high market value.

Old books with plain covers were bought one by one, and carefully gilded on lines at first traced from true originals, ultimately, for our forger was an artist, merely copied in the same style. In time the more ambitious and showy styles were attempted, compensation for the increased risk of detection being found in the higher prices which might reasonably be expected. The favorite period chosen for imitation by the ambitious forger is the French sixteenth century. During this time were made the gorgeous bindings intended for the libraries of Francis I., Henri II., Charles IX., Henri III., Henri IV., and for members of the royal families.

The marks and emblems of these great personages, all well known, can without much difficulty be added to any plain binding of the

right date, the various heraldic bearings and devices being impressed in gold, dulled carefully to match the gilding, if any, which already exists. Such old gilding would, however, in many cases be obliterated, thereby obviating the necessity of troubling much about the color of the new gold, and also adding a certain amount of apparent wear.

The examination of the gilding on such a book is indeed the only test that can well be applied. A clever forger will have all his tools right—it is not at all difficult to copy any binding tool or curve—but when it comes to matching old worn gold (probably thick) with new gold (probably thin), he is extremely likely to go wrong. There are many reasons for this; the leather is now in a different state to what it was then; the alloy in the gold is nearly sure to be different, and the fixative may very likely be different too. So that if a superficial survey causes any disquiet, a microscopic examination of the doubtful gildings will probably betray the secret fully.

Again, on several of these bindings color is found, and this in all frauds is too bright, and generally, also, too consecutive, since in old work such color, having been added as a kind of colored varnish, is largely chipped off, and where chipped off leaves an old-looking patch of leather exposed. In this respect of color the sham specimens are much handsomer than they should be. In some of his earlier work the original forger showed some carelessness, the old plainly bound books which he selected for doctoring bearing dates later than those of the deaths of their supposititious owners. Profiting, however, by sad experience of police interference, and even legal proceedings, in France, he eventually became much more careful, and his later work is unfortunately correct in all particulars of this kind. Moreover, his work is by this time acquiring such genuine signs of age that it becomes more and more difficult every year to say decidedly that any particular piece of his work is really a forgery.

Some examples became known in time. There is, for instance, one splendid volume purporting to have belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, which has been already twice brought to me as an original. It bears the Scottish coat-of-arms on the sides, and although very handsome there is luckily something wrong with the Scottish lion.

Of later books, those with the coat-of-arms of Marie Antoinette are perhaps the favorites with forgers, because they are easy to make, the arms being the only ornament, and attract a ready sale. Such small books as these are

really safer for the forger than the splendid imitations of an earlier style, because they are less noticeable. Fortunately, sham bindings are usually large and purport to be of the first importance.

Bindings made for Jean Grolier and Tommaso Maioli were undoubtedly largely imitated by the first forger, and for them he found an excellent market. These bindings are easy to imitate and very difficult indeed to discover. A fair copy, properly lettered, is quite enough, and with a little practice and a small set of tools carefully chosen and cut, a clever binder could turn out such books very quickly, and by giving them afterwards a little treatment with acid and brown stain, he probably got rid of them at a large profit. Of course, at sales, where his work was suspected, this was not the case, but the books were, nevertheless, bought by speculative dealers at a low price, which probably still repaid the author for his work, though not enriching him to the extent he may have hoped for. But, alas for the public! although bought at a low price at the first sale, these books have not always gone on being sold at a low price, but by means of a little patience, and perhaps a journey across the water, they have eventually found a good market, and now adorn the shelves of some too confiding amateur.

These now somewhat old forgeries are the most difficult to judge; later ones are no longer produced in the same way or with the same skill, owing to the death of the original workman. But his example has been followed, though not in so dangerous a way, because the later forgers have not taken the trouble to procure genuine plain bindings to decorate with false tools, so that the newer forgeries more easily arouse suspicion. Yet here, too, there are difficulties. The gold in these instances is no guide, for it has all been put on and "aged" at the same time and under the same conditions. The color, if there is any, remains too brilliant, but I think that the best test can be found in the leather itself, which is usually morocco, although calf is sometimes found.

This test consists in a careful scrutiny of the flatness of the leather on the boards of the book. Taking the originals as by French binders of the sixteenth century, which the majority are, it will be found that the paring or shaving of the under side of the leather is more or less uneven. This paring is a difficult operation, and was always done by hand, but is now largely effected by machinery. There is a distinct difference in the "lay" of leather prepared by these two methods, and the differ-

ence can be perceived either by touch, or by sight if the book be held slantingly towards the light. It is, however, less perceptible in calf than in morocco. Another important difference, arising indirectly from the same cause, is found in the comparative depth of the impressions of the gilding tools. The older leather is thicker, so the impressions are deeper; the newer leathers are thinner, so the gilding is nearer the surface.

Bologna seems of late years to have been the chief manufactory of these false bindings, and one great trouble about them is the extremely clever way in which agencies for their sale are contrived. An exposition of these methods will be found in a pamphlet entitled "*Les Faussaires de Livres*," signed "I. Verax," but really from the pen of that veteran book-lover, Monsieur Anatole Claudin. The pamphlet, which I have only recently come across, is undated, but was written about 1890, and deals at length with the subject of this paper.

Forged bindings of a very interesting kind seem lately to have come from Siena, curious book-covers of wood, covered with gesso or some other composition, and painted. They often have lettering upon them, and often heraldic designs; sometimes, however, excellent copies of full-page illuminations are substituted. These covers purport to have contained account books, and they are made to imitate closely originals of the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries. The artistic work in the forgeries appears to be quite as good as the old, and there is no reason why it should not be. The worst of them is that they tend to cheapen and degrade the few really genuine bindings of the kind, which have a long and excellent history. It may be said, not only with the Siena bindings, but with regard to all apparently valuable ones, that such a pedigree should always be required, and with the majority of first-class bindings it would usually be forthcoming. For safety's sake it should go back at least for fifty years, so as to extend to the time when the great forger was still occupied in his harmless profession of cleaning and repairing old bindings, his skill in which processes, no doubt, tempted him gradually to restore damaged gilding, and eventually gave him the dangerous knowledge that he could successfully imitate the whole thing.

The value of really old and fine bindings is increasing daily, both here and on the Continent; and, indeed, there are few things more interesting, and possibly beautiful, than a binding which has been made for and adorned with the personal marks of some great person.

It is to be hoped that collectors will take some pains to learn a little about the craft and its history, and thereby help to checkmate forgers.

I should, perhaps, add one more warning. In cases where fine bindings have originally been put upon books of little value, it sometimes happens that they are taken off and refixed upon valuable books of the proper size. This proceeding, though less distinctly fraudulent, deserves almost as strong condemnation as forgery itself, for the value of the rare binding is unfairly enhanced by its being transferred to a more interesting book. As a rule, however, such a transfer leaves marks which are readily seen by a binder.

—*The Library.*

Read the Old Books.

No doubt it is true that the human mind is in a state of lassitude in the warm weather. No doubt the hardy people of these northern climes then suffer from something of that indolence which is the constitutional characteristic of those upon whom the sun always pours down his most debilitating rays. Does it necessarily follow that the reading of really serious books should not be attempted in the Summer? Is it too much for a person to undertake to peruse anything but the most ephemeral of that class of literature which is poured from the press every year, only to be forgotten when the ladies change their shirt-waists for cloth? Must one of necessity confine himself in the sweet Summer time to the cheap and inferior novel of the butterfly order?

It is hardly to be expected that even those who are fond of substantial reading will sit down to Bacon's "Novum Organum" when the thermometer is at fever heat, and even the enchantments of a starry night in August will barely induce a man to begin Humboldt's "Cosmos." But is there no happy mean? Is there no sunlit slope on which the mind may rest in sweet contemplative poise, floating somewhat below the proudest heights of philosophy and yet lifted above the shady valleys of the commonplace? It seems as if there must be; indeed, there surely is. Sometimes in the still peace of the Summer night a weary and heartsick soprano is heard to warble that she cannot sing the old songs. But no one ever heard a lover of literature proclaiming from the housetops that he could not read the old books.

Here, indeed, is a pretty suggestion for the Summer months. If a man does not wish to wallow in the mire of the cheap novels, let

him go back to the books that have stood the test of time. They will not disappoint him. They have fed so many generations of minds, they will feed ours. Do you desire fiction? Then let us ask if you have read "The Vicar of Wakefield," and "Tom Jones," and "Tristram Shandy," and the "Sentimental Journey"? And if you have read them, how long ago was it that you did so? Are you quite sure that your memory treasures every one of the exquisite touches in them? Try reading them again.

When have you read your Hawthorne over, gentle reader? And how long is it since you read "Elsie Venner"? If it is a long time, try them again. These, too, are the days when the great American tourist is abroad on the Continent. He is not always a happy and creditable representative of his people. Would you like to read the impressions of an American traveler who was a credit to us? Suppose you try the "Alhambra" of Washington Irving. If ever there was written an ideal Summer book, that is it. It weaves around the reader the very atmosphere of eternal Summer, the Summer of love and song and poetry. And then it gently leads one back to the dreams of childhood, and with its wondrously poetic rehearsal of the legends of the old palace it takes the grown man and woman into the realm of fairyland and makes them almost believe, as the author's honest guide did, that all these things really happened—more than a thousand years ago.

Do you perhaps fancy that you would like to make yourself believe that you are not reading simply for pleasure, but also for instruction? Then try the same author's "Conquest of Granada." In that you will find history of the most romantic kind told in such a romantic style that you will be inclined to doubt its truth. But you will not hesitate to pronounce it very good reading. Perhaps you have read it. How long ago, dear reader? If it was very long, try it again. You will not be sorry. And after you have finished it, if you think that you need a little more history, take up the marvelous works of Prescott. Revel once more in the wonders of the "Conquest of Peru" and the "Conquest of Mexico." Could there by any possibility be better books than these for Summer reading?

And then, when the tired-out day sinks down in the west and the little stars come trembling out over the tops of the tall and whispering maples, take down from the shelves the masterpiece of the great master of fiction, and live a new life in the pages of "Vanity

Fair." One does not need to read the cheap stuff which is offered as Summer reading. There are, indeed, good books put forth every Summer, but there are more poor ones. And it is so easy to find in the treasures of the past works which moth and dust do not corrupt, though where they are thieves do break in and steal. But those who have not tried the plan of reading over some of the old standard works in the Summer will find it a scheme well worthy of consideration.

—*New York Times*.

Laura Jean Libbey.

For a long series of hopeless, sterile years the Republic waited for the genius who was to unite the literary fecundity of Trollope, the passionate ardor of Tupper, the poetic sweetness of Watts, the romantic imagery of Ned Buntline, the scorn of historic fact of Froude, and the firm, unyielding realism of the gifted writer of the reports of the Patent Office. Henry James excited suspicion and hope, which faded when he emigrated to Whitechapel; Marion Crawford with his weekly novel seemed destined for the laurel until his tintypes dropped to three for a quarter, and when hope was almost abandoned and despair was seizing the nation, Brooklyn, quiet, pastoral Brooklyn, blocked the outward flow of commerce from New York to tell the country that she had in her midst the tenth muse.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

Unostentatiously she had got there. The Duchess, with an annual output of one hundred novels, found herself out of it; Crawford retired crushed; and when the pneumatic tubes were congested by two Brooklyn novels daily, the country began to investigate, and Laura was discovered seated in her boudoir, connected by wire and tube with a giant printing establishment in Long Island City. Novels, essays, histories, short stories, epics, sonnets, lyrics, theology, sociology, fine starching, science, romances, narratives, cooking receipts, biographies, city directories, circus posters, impressions, confessions, reviews, Bokiana, and almanacs flowed from her magic pen into the tubes to flood the composing rooms, where printers day and night hustled to rush the ripe fruits of her genius to market. Marvelous creature! Ten paper mills, four ink factories, three type foundries, and the resources of many printing press shops were needed to assemble her output; and yet she only worked ten hours a day with both hands,

employing merely one hundred and fifty stenographers simultaneously.

She has had leisure enough to entertain regally, acquire ten living and eight dead languages, manage six women's clubs, preside over the D. A. R., write constitutions for societies, organize the chambermaids' union, run an automobile, lecture forty weeks per annum, and do society stunts for the *New York Kernel*. And yet four years ago she was in the Brooklyn High School and between studies sold household books and sewing machines. Gifted with rare talents, wondrous imagination, splendid beauty, and with art and letters at her feet, she is still passionately fond of Brooklyn and resolutely refuses to write soup ads. and cereal testimonials for any but Brooklyn makers.

The L. J. Libbey arena, when completed, will be deeded to Brooklyn to store her works, serve as a circus and home for exhibitions of the manly art. Modest and famous, the toast of the Poets' Union, the boast of Brooklyn, the pride of Long Island City, the lady believes that some day the Sharpers will find her out and the McGluers hear of her. She is now hastily closing up the final chapters of a thrilling novel of pre-Columbian Brooklyn in forty volumes, entitled "Birdie Brogan, the Bride of the Brooklyn Burglar, or the Mystery of the Punctured Tire." When it is finished she will spend a brief holiday in Greece, at a boarding-house on Mount Parnassus.—*Life*.

All Children Love Books.

When it comes to providing for the children, books outweigh all other forms of giving pleasure. From the age of six months babies can be kept happier with a book than with any other toy, provided there is some one who knows how to show a book. "There's the rub!" Children will love books just in proportion as those who are with them know how to awaken this love. First their eyes must be attracted, and to-day the books please the eye in almost every case. Then children must be told what pictures mean. How they listen and how they delight in hearing the same story over and over, and if without the slightest variation how much better they like it! There is great art in reading to children, and if one has this art it is marvelous how soon they become interested in really good literature, and how much they understand of books that seem far beyond their development.

Poetry especially fascinates children, even when to them it is mostly sound. This is

very interesting to watch. I see now two little tots in red flannel night-clothes reciting "Friends, Romans, countrymen," having heard it day after day recited by an enthusiastic aunt, who had reveled in the great Shakespeare revival at Booth's Theatre in New York. And, to go from the sublime to the ridiculous, I can still hear a little mite of four reciting "The Adventures of Two Dutch Dolls and a Golliwog" in the very tones she had caught from a young Irish nurse, and going through page after page without a break in rhythm, although the words often conveyed only sound. "The Ride of Paul Revere" and "The Courtship of Miles Standish" have inspired children to learn history and made them feel acquainted with descendants of the *Mayflower* heroes. It is a great pity to write down to children. They love the best, but, of course, it must be brought to them in the best manner. For children who have the great blessing of enthusiastic parents and guardians no books are better than fine editions of the poets, with engravings of merit. All healthy children love fairy stories, and what beautiful books of fairy tales may be put among their Christmas gifts! Then every child, besides the tastes of its race and age, has personal likes and longings. These can be met in histories, books on animals, plants, and fascinating knowledge of sea and sky. Be sure everything you give a child is well written; that is the one great requisite.

A book that is his own, with his name written in it, will delight a child more than any toy. Try it!—*Literary News*.

How to Approach an Editor.

It is truly extraordinary how many persons are wrestling with the problem of the best way of attracting an editor's attention and arousing his interest in the work of budding genius—generally feminine. Every one who has any connection with publishing, from the elevator starter in the building upward, is constantly assailed for advice. An editor of long experience has prepared a few general rules for the guidance of those who do not know:

"Write and ask him if you may call to talk over literary projects with him. That will oblige him to dictate a polite note saying that you may.

"Take to the interview a scrapbook containing your past work on newspapers and periodicals. He will enjoy looking it over.

"Begin the interview by saying that you

have not thought of any subject to treat of yourself, but you hope that he may have something he wants written up. It is well to add that it is almost impossible to get ideas, as all the articles seem to have been written already. Being in hourly dread of turning down a future genius, he will labor patiently to make you betray a spark of ability.

"Explain to him how you came to take up literary work, setting forth at length your financial difficulties. He is paid by the week, so his time is not important to him.

"Ask him if he knows that his magazine printed a portrait of Li Hung Chang over the title of Mrs. Burke-Roche several months before. He has already received ten thousand letters on the subject, but will no doubt be glad to explain for the ten thousand and first time just how it happened.

"Mention that you have some photographs about which an article might be written, but that you don't want to go to the trouble of writing it unless you are sure of its being accepted. If he feebly suggests that he cannot order work without some knowledge of your style, offer to leave the scrapbook with him.

"As you rise to go (if you ever do) produce a manuscript poem and ask him to write you frankly what he thinks of it. Do not leave a stamp; he will gladly pay two cents to get it taken away.

"Explain that you have never happened to read his magazine, but are going home to do so at once, in order to see just what sort of things he wants. Cheered by this sign of intelligence on your part, he will doubtless present you with a copy.

"After you have gone, write him several pages on monogrammed paper, asking if you may submit a one hundred thousand word serial. That will give him a chance to write you another note explaining that his magazine is always glad to consider original contributions.

"Fasten the pages of your serial tightly together, roll them, omit your address, and request an answer by the following Tuesday. When the manuscript comes back, write the editor asking for the real reason for its rejection. He is a patient man and a diligent one. But it is possible that he may not answer."

By carefully following these directions, any writer can have the satisfaction of knowing that he is conducting himself like a majority of those who assault editorial rooms.

—*The Munsey*.

THE END OF THE MINOR POET.

By Keble Howard.

"Who's that chap?" asked the Journalist, dropping his match onto the Artist's carpet and resting the soles of his boots against the Artist's mantelpiece.

"Which chap?"

"Why, the long-haired cove wasting a sad smile on my left boot."

"That?" said the Artist. "Oh, that's poor old Carter!"

"The fellow that used to write verses under the name of 'Leslie Barrington'?"

"That's the man."

"H'm! He ought to have been a very nightingale. Not that, so far as I know, nightingales have hair. What's become of him? I don't see his name about now."

The Artist looked grave, and knocked the ashes out of his pipe quietly.

"No," he said. "You're not likely to see any of his verses again."

"Phew! I didn't know."

There was silence in the room for a few minutes, during which both men stared at the portrait of the intellectual if slightly affected-looking young man on the mantelpiece. At last—

"He used to live with me, you know," said the Artist.

"I never knew that," said the Journalist. "Where were you hanging out then?"

"In Lincoln's Inn. Not in the Fields, but in the Inn itself. There was about one other man living in the Square besides ourselves, and, whatever time you came in, at night there wasn't a soul, besides the policeman on duty, to be seen. The authorities—Benchers, or whatever they call themselves—also had a playful way of economizing by turning out all the lights on the staircases after seven o'clock in the evening. I suppose it was all right for solicitors and people who simply used their chambers as offices, but it was pretty dismal for us, not to say dangerous. We lived on the fourth floor, next to the roof, and I used to light myself up in the early hours with a series of wax matches."

"And one night," said the Journalist, "you awoke to find your bedroom full of smoke and tongues of flame shooting up through the cracks in the floor."

"Rot!" said the Artist. "I never set fire to the place at all, as it happened, although I might have done so easily. Our laundress," he continued, "was a gaunt old thing with a

face like a people's statue of Julius Cæsar. She was very popular amongst the gentlemen in the Temple. At least, we had her word for it. She used to tell us about her popularity down there when we complained of the noise she made in the morning, or ventured to ask her, humbly, whether she had ever heard of a little book called 'Dainty Breakfast Dishes for Slender Appetites.' In the end, she gave notice because Carter bought a cookery-book and left it for her in the kitchen."

"H'm! They're difficult people to deal with, laundresses. You should have had a man."

"Yes," assented the Artist; "we should have had, but, as we both happened to be creators—on a small scale—instead of critics, we couldn't afford it."

"Poor devils!" said the Journalist loftily.

"Poor, perhaps, but not utterly disreputable. Sometimes, indeed, we rose to such giddy heights of respectability as to give little tea-parties." The Artist sighed.

"Don't talk about it if it hurts you, old fellow!" said the Journalist softly. "I know what indigestion is myself."

"It wasn't indigestion," breathed the Artist; "it was love. Carter insisted on getting a piano upon the hire system, and that's how it all began. She used to play her own accompaniments, and sing to us about home, and rivers, and reeds and things. We hadn't a dog's chance. I can hear her voice now."

"I suppose I'm right in presuming that her name was Maisie?"

"No, it wasn't. You're a little too modern to make a good listener. She was called Enid."

The Artist rose, paced the room for a minute, and paused before a rough study of a girl's head that hung on the wall.

"Ah, Enid!" he said softly, examining the date at the corner of the sketch; "you were a volatile young person, weren't you?"

"Let's have a look at the lady," said the Journalist, joining him. "Did you draw that?" he asked, fingering the frame that contained the picture.

"Why not?" demanded the Artist.

"Oh, nothing!" said the Journalist; "only I can see that you were very much in love with your model. That's one of the best things you ever did."

"Of course I was!" admitted the Artist. "We both were, desperately."

"She was rich, I suppose?"

"Beastly rich! That was the difficulty. Carter used to say that the thought of her money paralyzed his poetic instinct."

"'Paralyzed his instinct' is good," said the Journalist. "And you——?"

"Oh! it didn't paralyze me exactly, but it made me diffident, don't you know. Her father was a wine merchant in a big way. Her mother was dead, and the little lady did pretty much as she liked. In addition to taking lessons in singing and piano-playing, the versatile Miss Enid also dabbled in literature, and—though her work was rather too brilliant to warrant publication—often succeeded in monopolizing the time and attention of an editor, to the infinite disgust of hard-working but uninteresting journalistic veterans."

They sat down again, and the Journalist looked at the Artist expectantly.

"Suicide?" he asked, indicating, with a sideways nod, the portrait of the Minor Poet on the mantelpiece.

"Don't be a nuisance!" said the Artist testily. "I'm giving you the story in my own way. In course of time, I got to know Enid's father. Carter refused to go near the old man: he said he could scent his riches from afar. However, for the sake of the girl I loved, I consented to be dined and wined as lavishly as a Pressman at an inaugural banquet. The wine merchant rather took to me, and I spent several very pleasant evenings at his house."

"One night——"

"Ha!" The Journalist sat up in his chair and looked aggressively professional.

"Please don't snort," said the Artist. "One night, I came home late. I had been spending a delightful evening with Enid, marred occasionally by the necessity of having to listen to her father's account of how he made his pile out of half-a-dollar and a copy of 'Robinson Crusoe.' After a time, however, he had fallen asleep, and the sound of his snores filled in those charming little gaps in our conversation that are apt to occur when people are too happy to be commonplace and too interested to be polite. Before I left, I had proposed to her in the hall, and she had accepted me on the mat."

"And when you got back to your chambers——?"

"I left her an hour later, returned to Lincoln's Inn by hansom, fumbled my way up the dark stairs, and crept into bed."

"What time would it be then?" asked the Journalist in a hoarse whisper.

"I don't know!" hissed the Artist. "I fell asleep at once, but woke about two hours later with the certainty that some one else was in the room. I struck a match, lit a candle by the side of my bed, and saw that I was right."

"It was Carter?"

"Of course it was! He was standing at the foot of my bed, dressed only in his pajamas. At first, I thought he must be walking in his sleep, for his eyes stared at me wildly and his face was as pale as death."

The Journalist looked nervously at the portrait on the mantelpiece and shuddered.

"He didn't speak a word," went on the Artist; "so I said, 'Hullo! old man, what's the matter?'"

"Yes?" The Journalist was trembling visibly.

"Don't be a fool!" said the Artist. "This isn't a melodrama: this is serious. When I spoke to him, he passed his hand over his eyes and gave a deep sigh. I asked him again what was the matter, but the only answer I got was, 'Thank God!'"

"Did he swoon?" asked the Journalist breathlessly.

"No, certainly not! He sat down on my portmanteau, and looked much better. So I asked him a third time what he was getting at, and at last he condescended to explain. 'I had a dream,' he said, 'and, in my dream, I saw you lying on your bed, dead. I was so horrified that I awoke and staggered in here to see if the dream was true. At first, I was afraid to look at the bed; but when you struck a match, the sense of relief was almost overpowering.' He was silent for a minute or two, and then he added, 'I wonder what the dream meant?'"

"Well?" asked the Journalist. "Did you tell him?"

"At first it didn't occur to me; but suddenly I remembered that dreams go by opposites, and the whole thing, of course, was as plain as possible. So I told him, then and there, that I had proposed to Enid, and that she had accepted me."

"Lord!" said the Journalist, slapping his knee, "what a lovely situation!"

"It may strike you like that," said the Artist, "but I thought it was beastly awkward. Poor old Carter was struck all of a heap, as they say. He simply got up from the portmanteau, staggered out of the room, and I heard him shut his own door with a bang. After he had gone, I tried to get to sleep

again, for I was always a believer, you know, in letting things shape themselves as far as possible. But, hard as I tried, I couldn't sleep another wink. I kept on thinking about poor Carter and his dream, and the snoring old wine merchant, and all the rest of it, until my brain was in a worse state of chaos than usual. Then I began to wonder seriously how Carter was feeling about my engagement. I knew he was a morbid sort of chap if anything went wrong with him, and I also knew that he was fearfully in love with Enid. It occurred to me that I ought to go into his room, perhaps, and say something by way of apology for having cut him out."

The Journalist put his hand over his eyes.

"The more I thought about it, the more evident it seemed that I ought to give him a bit of bucking-up. So I got out of bed, felt my way along the passage, and was just going to open his door when I heard a groan."

"Excellent!" said the Journalist, scenting melodrama.

"Excellent be blowed! It gave me a nasty turn, I can tell you. The place was still as death, the night was pitch dark, and I hadn't the faintest idea what I might find inside that room. However, it was too late to draw back then, and in I went."

"To see the Poet stretched out upon the floor, a razor in his hand, a gash in his throat, and his beautiful curls dabbling in a pool of his own blood!"

"You're the least intelligent man in Fleet Street," said the Artist, "and that's saying something. As a matter of fact, he was sitting on the bed, composing verses to his lost love."

"Did he fly at you?"

"No. He waved me away airily, and went on with his composition. Two days later, the poem appeared in a penny evening paper. It was entitled, 'Her Soul is Mine,' and really read rather well. It occurred to me that Enid would like to know exactly how her component parts were distributed, so I took a copy over to show her. However, I was too late, for Carter had already sent her the cutting by a District Messenger Boy."

"She was annoyed, of course?"

"That's what I had expected, but you never know with women. She was so flattered—touched, she called it—that she insisted on meeting Carter to bid him farewell. The end of it was that she broke it off with me and got engaged to him."

"Get out!"

"Fact, I assure you! But now comes the moral. The old man said there was no money

in minor poetry, and made him go into the wine business. He had to agree, and the very day that he put on a frock-coat and went up to the City, 'Leslie Barrington,' minor poet, died."

"And Mr. Carter?"

"Oh! Mr. Carter is a flourishing wine merchant, with heaps of money and a growing family."

The talk ceased suddenly; the Journalist was struggling with an idea. After a few moments, however, he reached over, and shook the Artist by the hand.

"Old man," he said, "I congratulate you!"

The Youngest Living Author.

Paris is just now interested in an example of precocious genius which suggests comparisons with Pascal, who wrote an essay on acoustics in the intervals of playing at marbles, and Voltaire, who composed excellent verse before reaching his teens. Mlle. Carmen d'Assilva, the writer of "The Umbrella's Complaint," which has been translated into English, celebrated her tenth birthday on March 5, 1902. In the course of the past two years she has poured forth prose and verse, the literary finish, fanciful charm, and philosophic fancy of which show matured powers which is the rarest thing in the world to find in one so young.

Carmen d'Assilva is only a pseudonym which the child authoress has chosen to take, her baptismal name being Champmoynat. Her father, who died recently, was a naval officer, whilst her mother is a pianist of some distinction in Paris who in 1898 made several appearances in London. Up to that time Madame de Champmoynat hardly seemed to have realized the full extent of her little daughter's wonderful powers. During the visit to London, however, Carmen happened to recite some of her poems and stories to Lady Warwick, Lady Churchill, and other friends of her mother in English society. In her enthusiasm Lady Warwick excited the interest of the late Queen in the little girl, and one day she was invited to Windsor to recite to her Majesty. When Carmen had finished, the Queen kissed her and said, "You ought to be very, very grateful to God, my dear little girl, for a gift like that." This incident doubtless impressed Madame Champmoynat with the extraordinary talent of her child and led her to give it active encouragement. On their return to Paris Carmen had a little room given to her in their house in the Rue Montaigne with a little writing table and other literary accessories, and here in seclusion

she writes for hours when the fever of composition is upon her.

Of late Mlle. d'Assilva has taken to play-writing. One or two little pieces from her pen have actually been produced on the stage, and a two-act comedy, *La Nourrice*, has been accepted for production at the Théâtre des Mathurins, Paris, whilst she is engaged upon a more ambitious work which is actually to be submitted to the Comédie Française. This sounds almost incredible, but Mlle. d'Assilva's credentials as a dramatic authoress were recently indorsed, notwithstanding her tender age, by the Société des Auteurs Dramatiques, M. Sardou as President personally welcoming her at a meeting of the society the other day. Little Carmen's dramatic talent in reading her own productions has led to more than one suggestion from theatrical managers that she should be allowed to appear upon the stage.

An Unacknowledged Critic.

A suggestion that "Little Jack Horner" may have become a critic when he grew up has much to recommend it. Coming into mind as we wrote of the bookmen's love of corners, it has borne more serious consideration. Not only has the theory an affinity of tastes to give substance to it, and the probability, clearly implied, that Jack lived in a literary household, but his character, for a "little" boy, is singularly strongly marked as critical; and even his temperament, which is a more volatile but not less important thing, is of the critical kind.

"Little Jack Horner sat in a corner." It was that statement that first suggested the theory. A "chimney corner," even if it be only a corner by the gas log, the radiator, or a hot-air register, is a *sine qua non* in literary households. It is the place where Jack would surely snuggle if he wanted to read. And he was reading or he would hardly have been so careless as to stick his thumb into the Christmas pie he was eating. His eyes must have been on a book. Thus there is early evident a familiarity with literature, a love of books—since he chose one as a fit companion for pie—a sufficiently retiring disposition, and an excellent opinion of himself and his own ability, for, far from expressing mortification or chagrin, he acted as if he had done a clever thing.

Of course, if Jack Horner were not a real personage he could never have grown into a critic. But in that case we should have to

think the famous old nursery rhyme a "fable for critics." It will be recalled that the hero was "eating"—the juvenile word for the literary term "devouring"—"a Christmas pie." Without pausing to indicate the significance here of the noun "pie," which is obvious enough to every practical printer or experienced author, and which explains why Jack was not credited with having pudding or, more naturally, a tart, it is to be noted that his dish was "a Christmas" pie. Now, the flood of Christmas literature is that which always keeps critics busiest, and if it were necessary to pick out one kind of book to typify his mental lunch there is none which would answer as well as a Christmas one. So Jack, like every other critic, "sat in a corner eating a Christmas pie."

"He put in his thumb," which is precisely the thing that critics are prone to do, "and pulled out a plum." The plum was not the only one in the pie. There were possibly a score of them that might have been found as well, for Jack merely dipped into it. Any other reader would probably have made a like discovery. But another reader would have praised the work's author. He would have called attention to the merits of the plum and the excellence of the pie that contained it; while Jack Horner, being the hero of a fable for critics—if, indeed, he did not actually live and become a critic at a later time—exclaimed "What a big boy am I!" The rôle of the commoner sort of critic was never perhaps better described than in these words: To put in the thumb and pull out a plum, and exclaim: "What a big boy am I!"

If it were worth while we would point out various little details that make the story yet richer and its meaning plainer. Observe, for instance, how literary was Jack's exclamation, how accurately grammatical and unlike an ordinary boy, who, on finding a plum in his pie, would never think of an elegant inversion in his exclamation's construction. He would even have found some other term than "big boy" to describe himself. He would have said, "I'm a dandy!" or, perhaps, his mind on fruit, "I'm a peach!" But the stilted and formal little Jack Horner, with his literary father and his own retiring disposition, that had made him shun the world of boys and ball, was guilty of no lapse into vulgarity. He expressed his view forcibly but grammatically, and even with a certain polish. Again, if the rhyme be a fable, note the deliciousness of the diminutive "Little" Jack Horner, and how it delicately shows that his opinion of himself

was wrong; and observe the cynical suggestion in the name of the fruit that Jack took from the pie. He made it known to fame because he got a plum from it!

The circumstance is a curious one, that no one, apparently, has thought before of this rhyme's real significance.

—*New York Times.*

Tale of a Book Auction.

New York bibliophiles have been chuckling joyously ever since a certain auction which took place not long ago. A collection of rare books was offered.

In cataloging the lot the man who had the collection in charge ran across a seedy and insignificant little volume. He examined it carelessly.

His carelessness vanished. His eyes grew round. His mouth opened.

Here was a little book which he recognized as phenomenally rare. Moreover, it was an autograph copy which had belonged to a famous old author.

The book-lover gazed, hesitated, and was lost. Bibliophiles are only human.

He had stumbled upon the volume quite by chance. Probably no one else would recognize its value, unless attention were called to it.

He laid the little book with its fellows—but he didn't catalogue that. No genuine bibliophile with a limited income could have been noble enough to put his find in evidence for the benefit of plutocrats.

The day of the auction arrived. The book men strolled in and began examining the collection, with much consultation of the catalogue. The guilty cataloguer smiled and smiled and was a villain still.

Presently one canny lover of books ran across the seedy little volume. He turned it over, opened it idly, took one look at it, then cast a stealthy glance over his shoulder at his busy fellows. He quietly slipped the little volume back into its place and sauntered away with exaggerated carelessness.

A few moments later another man who knows a thing or two not in catalogues discovered the little book. He, too, looked as though a galvanic battery had been suddenly applied to him. He, too, dropped the book and walked away with the air of a criminal endeavoring to foil the myrmidons of the law by an air of innocence.

Six men, one after another, made the discovery. Six men made herculean efforts

to look indifferent and not attract attention to the dark corner where the treasure lay. The rest of the crowd ignored the shabby, uncatalogued book.

The bidding began. In time the little book was put up for sale. It wasn't in the catalogue. It didn't look attractive. The original Machiavelli held his breath and waited.

A man bid 50 cents. His tone implied that he considered himself a fool to offer so much, but hated the silence.

Another man carelessly made the bid \$1.

Some one, just by way of jest, offered \$2.

The bids crept up, slowly, slowly. There was no enthusiasm, rather dull indifference, but still the tide rose.

The cataloguer began to feel uneasy. The bidders eyed one another furtively.

Finally the situation began to dawn upon them. Sheepish smiles overspread six faces. The smiles became grins. The six recognized the fact that they all had discovered the book.

Then they dropped pretence and began bidding in earnest. The man with the longest purse-string got the book.

The cataloguer had not grinned. His heart was sore within him, but his opinion of New York bibliophiles has gone up several degrees.

Evidently some of them do know a good thing when they see it.

Early Book Booming.

A bookseller who, in 1705, had printed a large edition of a translation of a very dull work by one Drelincourt, called "The Christian's Defence Against the Fear of Death," found the stock hang upon his hands. With the fear of bankruptcy before his eyes, he applied for assistance to "unabashed Defoe." That ingenious gentleman devoted the extraordinary power of verisimilitude which was afterwards to give the world "Robinson Crusoe" to composing the account of how one Mrs. Veal appeared to a neighbor the day after her death. Among a host of the most natural details, he insinuated a recommendation of Drelincourt's book as "'the best on that subject ever written.'" It needed a ghost from the grave to tell the public this, but the effect was immediate and wonderful. "'Drelincourt upon Death,' attested by one who could speak from experience," says Sir Walter Scott, "took an unequaled run. The copies had hung on the bookseller's hands as heavy as a pile of lead bullets. They now traversed the town in every direction, like the same balls discharged from a field-piece."

BOOKBINDING FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Of Mending and Repairing.

By Fletcher Battershall.

The bibliophile has, or should have, a part in the binding of his books. They should partake of his character equally with that of the craftsman; for there are few possessions more personal and intimate, reflecting the spirit of their owner, not through their selection only, but in their physical reality. How carefully the book-lover will consider the edition of the work which he sets out to acquire! Shall it be ancient, full of the atmosphere of the century which gave it birth, quaint in typography, and imprinted on the honest hand-made papers of an unsophisticated age; or shall it be a modern *édition de luxe*, one of 300 numbered copies, a manufactured rarity? The decision reflects the character of the collector. And so no less is it with the binding.

It is here proposed, in a series of short articles, to speak of the technical features of fine binding. The knowledge of the amateur is too often confined to the schools of tooling. Of greater importance truly is some knowledge of the various technical requirements of a perfectly bound book. For in technique there is nearly as wide a choice as in the decoration, and for the best treatment of the particular treasure there should be a selection of materials and in the mode of handling them. Indeed, from a truly artistic standpoint, no fine feeling for decoration can exist without some knowledge of the technical problems of the craft. An expert knowledge of fine prints must be founded upon a comprehension of the technical difficulties with which the artist struggled. It is much the same with bookbinding.

I will speak only of the finest sort of treatment—the workmanship which is lavished only on a work of peculiar rarity, or, it may be, not rare, but particularly beloved; of the books which one honors above their fellows—the nobility of the cabinet. Thus, if some of the requirements may appear exacting, it will be remembered that they are not an every-day affair, and that one may place upon his shelves many books in neat half morocco with less forethought and far less strain upon the purse. What is said is not in disparagement of these.

It is generally the old book, the book which is *very* rare and precious, one of a known number which has dodged the catastrophes of a century or so, that comes up for binding. As

a rule, if a contemporary covering is still fairly sound upon its back, it is best to let it stay there. You cannot better it. This binding, frayed though it may be, is more intimate with the inner nature of the book than any you can substitute. Of course, if it is a fine binding of the period, stamped, it may be, with the arms or *chiffre* of some noted bibliophile, noble, learned, or beautiful, the question is settled once for all. No matter how dingy and ragged, let it stay; at the most, let the worst wounds be healed under the habile hands of the repairer. A wide gulf is fixed betwixt repairer and restorer. The repairer replaces and strengthens the crumbling shreds of board and leather, builds up the ruin of the head-band—goes no farther, in fact, than to prevent a further dissolution. The restorer may, with specially cut tools, regild the dulled design. Look with suspicion on him. Your book is better as it is, “black with tarnished gold.”

But if the old covering is without importance; if, though old, it is some centuries later than the imprint, and is out of touch with the true spirit of the book (which is not infrequently the case), here is a book for re-binding. Moreover, the old binding may even be a menace, sown with the seeds of mold and infecting day by day the precious leaves within. Then let it be stripped from its place (by the binder, of course), and we are ready to plan our future binding. But here it may be evident that there is preliminary work. It is a long journey from the XVth or XVIth century to the present day, a journey perilous, especially to books. Yes, though it has owned such a lover as Francois Villon, he has thumbed it doubtless in some thieves' kitchen with fingers oily of the fat goose; or, were the larder less propitious, has dodged it—and the imprecations of his *Gros Margot*. Then there were the long days on the quais when the fine rain soaked between the pages, or the dust of the hot summer afternoon sifted to its marrow. How many times has it escaped the bagman by a hair's breadth!

Alas! these adventures are written on the pages; and now, before binding, it is necessary that the book be washed and mended. This is an art in itself—a charming art, yet one of patience, of minute labors, and of expense.

But this is necessary to your rare book if damp and decay is once really seated in its fibre. The very substance which supports the precious text is crumbling from beneath it.

And first as to washing: A book may be so washed as to leave the paper of a dazzling whiteness, whiter and fairer often than when first imprinted. There are two objections which the bibliophile may justly raise. First, that the natural mellow tint is lost, and for this, among other charms, we prize it. Second, unless the work is done with scrupulous honesty, our book remains a whited sepulchre, fair to behold, but full of acid fermentations. All bleaching solutions contain chlorine, either in the form of chloride of lime or as contained in hydrochloric acid, both of which agents, together with oxalic acid and nitric acids, are used in various ways in washing badly stained books. Most stains which are only surface stains fade in a heated solution of powdered alum; grease yields to heat and blotting paper, applied with patient repetition; but damp, fox-marks and ink-stains call for more heroic treatment, and unless the workman has a conscience, unless he neutralizes every trace of chlorine with the proper acids, unless, again, he removes by scrupulous and repeated washing every trace of this neutralizing acid, there remains a destructive element in the very fibre of the leaf. Then, again, every book that is washed, whether bleached or not, should be re-sized. In the paper-mill, as each fibre of linen settles to its position in the leaf, it is intimately coated with a size of gelatines and soap, which is finally to bind the whole together. In the washing and bleaching much of this is washed away; the paper is left fragile, subject to easy tears, and unprotected from future inroads by damp and mildew. This lost sizing should always be replaced. Indeed, very poor paper, such as was used in many ephemeral tracts, now of the greatest rarity, may be given greater strength by re-sizing than it originally possessed.

The bibliophile is happy if his book has all its corners, is free from the burrow of the bookworm, and exists leaf by leaf in its integrity. If not, a still more minute labor remains for the repairer. There is a great difference between a tear mended or corner replaced by a skillful craftsman and the mere patching and pasting which any one can do. Before the work of the master one is lost in wonder as to how the thing was done. Seen by reflected light, the lost corner has grown again, self-

renewed apparently by some strange power, such as possess those happy lower animals which, growing a new leg, come forth renewed for the struggle for existence. Only by transmitted light is the cicatrice apparent. There appears to be a curious welding of the torn edges, and the new piece is marvelously grafted into the very substance of the old. The den of the bookworm is filled up, and there is no trace of his passage save only where the text itself has nourished his vile body, and the text itself can be fac-similed by a skillful draughtsman. These wonders of surgery are worked with *papier pourri*, which is really semi-liquid paper, from which the mender makes new paper as genuine as that of the original manufacturer.

This is the sort of mending which a precious book demands. If there is much of it to be done; if, page by page, some minute attention is required, the artist is well deserving of the bibliophile for this infinite patience—this minor kind of genius.

Here, as in many arts of patience, the French excel, and even amateurs follow the calling with delight. To the bibliophile I recommend the book of M. Bonnardot, who, in the early century, pursued fine prints and bouquins on the quais of Paris. With charm, and at times fine passion, he treats of the little art of repairing prints and books.

Essai sur l'art de restaurer les Estampes et les Livres... Par A. Bonnardot. Seconde édition, refondue et augmentée....Paris....Castel...1858. "*Volume de toute rareté*," says the cataloguer.

—*The Literary Collector.*

Not Reading: A Habit.

The habit of not reading, while a seeming impossibility, is none the less worth striving for. With persistence and a firm resolve to conquer in the end, it is possible to make progress. One should begin very slowly at first, not reading for an hour or so a day. It is well to begin by trying not to read advertisements, because this will give a true idea of the difficulty of the task. After some practice in this direction you will be able to take a horse car or railroad ride and not read anything for brief periods, which can gradually be lengthened.

The next thing to begin on is the newspapers. Not to read the newspapers is a liberal education in itself. Begin by not reading the murders and scandals and gradually extend your non-reading through the children's page,

woman's page, humorous supplement, sporting, editorial, up to the news items. Go slow, however, as a sudden surcease will give you too much time to think.

After you have learned not to read the advertisements and the newspapers, learn not to read the magazines. This will be quite hard, as you will hear them talked about more or less, and not to know in this case is to argue yourself too independent. Great caution, however, should be maintained not to let others become aware of this dawning intelligence on your part, as otherwise you will be dubbed a crank before your resources are developed

enough not to care. A crank is any one who has acquired a habit of learning things not known by others.

When you have got so that you are not only able not to read the latest novel, but not even to care when you hear it discussed, why, then, you can go away back and sit down, alone, but holding in your grasp all the possibilities of intellectual regeneration.

Having made a start like this, you will gradually move along toward your ideal, which is to limit yourself only to those things that are really worth reading. This will give you time to think.—*Life*.

THE DICTIONARY.

An Occurrence in a Paris Library.

(But Might Be in More than One We Know in America.)

It was two o'clock. Guy de la Blagne, the little count, rides home in his elegant carriage, which is well filled up with packages and boxes of every variety.

Guy: "The duchess will receive the vase of Meisner porcelain filled with flowers, and I will attach to it my card with the words, 'With the expression of sincere sympathy.' Well, now, how is sympathy spelled? It is too bad that I have no dictionary with me! (The carriage races through the Rue Richelieu.) But here is the National Library. I will surely find a dictionary there!" (The coachman is somewhat dumfounded at the order of his master, and stops in front of the palatial building.) Guy steps out of the carriage and enters the library, where he passes innumerable readers occupying chairs.

Guy: "Well, here I will get what I want!" (He rushes forward; however, a voice apparently coming from a corner of the large ante-room causes him to stop.)

"You will have to check your cane here!"

Guy (dazzled): "What? Have you cloak-rooms here? I do not think it necessary to leave my cane here, for I intend to remain but a few minutes. I desire to look but for a single word in a dictionary."

The man in charge of the cloak-room: "I am sorry, but I have to follow my orders."

Guy: "All right, then! (He hands over his cane.) But take care not to exchange it; in the Foliés-Bergères there is a garderobière who exchanged eleven of my umbrellas!"

The Attendant: "This ought to serve you a lesson to stay away from such places."

Guy: "Give me a check quickly, for I'm in a hurry to look into a dictionary." (He again rushes into the reading-room, when he is held up by another attendant.)

Guy: "My card? Pardon me, but I did not wish to call upon the librarian——"

Attendant (seriously): "Your admis——"

Guy: "Do I need an admission ticket? I only wish to look up a single word in a dictionary——"

Attendant: "I only follow instructions! Turn at the end of this hallway to the right, then to the gallery at your left, then go along the hallway to the rear of it, until you reach the sixth door, where you will find the manager, to whom you may introduce yourself."

Guy (following the given instructions): "The manager—the manager—I do not know him at all—had I known of all this red tape one has to go through in order to look up a single word in a dictionary—But, well, there is the manager's office!"

Guy enters bashfully. The manager, quite a young fellow, sits at a large table surmounted by mountains of papers. Guy greets him and the manager acknowledges it very politely.

Guy (bashfully): "I beg your pardon, sir. I believe I need a card to enter the reading-room."

Manager: "Yes, sir; that is the rule."

Guy: "Can I obtain one here?"

Manager: "Nothing easier than that, sir."

All you have to do, sir, is to file a petition, attaching thereto a certificate showing that you have been duly vaccinated and another which should disclose the studies you are following; your petition will then be investigated and in a fortnight——"

Guy (terrified): "In a fortnight! I desire to look for a single word in a dictionary."

Manager: "Oh, if that is the case I can give you a card—good for to-day only. Here, sir!" (Guy is profuse in his thanks, and the manager, with a smile upon his lips, escorts him to the door. He returns to the reading-room and proudly produces the card he just received. The attendant takes possession of it, and gives him in return a slip of white paper, which Guy, believing it to be a prospectus, puts into his pocket.)

Guy: "I should like to look up a word. Will you kindly hand me a dictionary?"

Attendant: "Ask the gentleman in the rear of the room."

Guy: "Thank you."

Guy walks upon his toes to the rear of the tremendously large reading-room, anxious not to disturb the readers; here and there some earnest, ugly, eye-glassed people look up to him, for his shoes make peculiar noises. Excitedly he reaches the rear of the room, where he faces an old gentleman who is apparently busy flirting with a young woman.

Guy (bashfully): "Pardon me, sir. I should like to look up a word in a dictionary."

The old gentleman (who appears to be angry, being interrupted in his flirtation): "Where is your ticket?"

Guy: "My——"

The old gentleman (irritated): "Ticket——"

Guy: "What is that?"

The old gentleman: "Did not the attendant give you a ticket when you entered?"

Guy (digs in his pocket): "Oh, yes! I know what you mean—the prospectus—I am sure I did not throw it away—here it is!"

The old gentleman: "Well, why did you not fill it out?"

Guy obediently takes the pen, and, according to instructions appearing on the ticket, writes his name and address and hands it to the old gentleman, who resumed his interrupted flirtation.

The old gentleman (after reading the ticket): "And your number?"

Guy (surprised): "Why? My number? Did I fail to put it down? 52!"

The old gentleman: "Why did you not put it down?—52, you say?"

Guy: "Yes, sir; Rue Taitbout, 52."

The old gentleman: "What Rue Taitbout? How Rue Taitbout? I did not ask for your house number. I want to know your seat number."

Guy: "What do you mean?"

The old gentleman: "I mean your seat number. Where are you?"

Guy: "I am right here."

The old gentleman (loudly): "I want to know where you are seated!"

Guy: "Oh! Nowhere!"

The old gentleman: "Then take a seat anywhere first. (To the lady he had flirted with): These ignorant people are terrible."

Guy selects a seat; however, a gentleman calls his attention that the seat was occupied. Guy excuses himself and selects another one, and the scene repeats itself. Finally he succeeds in finding a vacant seat close to the heater. He puts his hat on the chair and brings to the old gentleman the completely filled-out order ticket.

The old gentleman (after throwing a look upon the ticket): "Now, what do you want? Can you not find the volume you want?"

Guy: "I first told you I just wanted to look up a single word in a dictionary."

The old gentleman (loudly): "Well, what dictionary?"

Guy (also loudly): "I don't care, any one will do me."

The old gentleman (angry): "But not me. I must know exactly what you want—you are terrible, terrible! If you do not know you ought not to have been admitted."

Guy (also angry): "Well, sir, would I have known all this I would have studied orthography thoroughly—I am sure I could have accomplished that quicker! Will you give me a dictionary, yes or no?"

The old gentleman: "Why, then, don't you ask for one?"

Guy (losing his composure entirely): "Well, that is pretty strong. I have been asking you for it for an hour!"

The old gentleman: "Oh, you make me tired."

Guy: "You are an old fool!"

The old gentleman: "I will not stand any insults from you, sir; I shall order the attendant to remove you—I told you to put down the title of the book you want."

Guy: "I want a dictionary. Don't you know what a dictionary is?"

The old gentleman: "Write it down!"

Guy: "Why did you not say so in the beginning!" (He attempts to write it on the ticket, when the old gentleman tears the ticket from him.)

The old gentleman (angered to such a degree as to be hardly able to speak): "Not here——"

Guy (half crazed): "Heavens! If——"

The old gentleman: "Upon the ticket—lying before you—upon the table. This is terrible—terrible! Oh, Lord! that is terrible—terrible!"

(Guy angrily rushes to the pointed-out table. There are upon it green and white tickets bearing the following: "I request the following book". Guy quickly takes a white ticket and writes: "Any dictionary." Then he takes it to the old gentleman, who is busy mopping the perspiration, caused by his excitement, from his forehead.)

Guy: "Well, I hope, now——"

The old gentleman: "That is impossible; you are doing this purposely!"

Guy: "Well, what now?"

The old gentleman (swinging the white ticket): "You sit at the right side, then write upon a white ticket!"

Guy: "Well, and——?"

The old gentleman (thundering): "For readers on the right side of the room the green tickets are intended, sir!"

Guy: "Well, then, I will have a green ticket."

(He fills out a green ticket and, prepared for the worst, he hands it to the old gentleman.)

The old gentleman (reads the ticket): "How that is written! My God! Well, sit down. I will send for the book."

(The old gentleman dries his forehead, gives the ticket to an official and, exhausted from his excitement, sits down, making use of a small bottle of smelling salts. Guy takes his seat upon the heater. After five minutes he feels a terrible headache; he rises and walks up and down the floor near his seat. His neighbors, however, complain, and he is compelled to resume his seat again; he waits for the book, his face reddening more and more. Suddenly the clock strikes the half hour.)

Guy (dazzled): "No, that is impossible! Fifteen minutes of four o'clock! I am now here for one hour and a half—that is outrageous! I'll go!"

(Just when he leaves an attendant stops him at the door.)

Attendant: "Pardon, sir; where do you wish to go?"

Guy: "Away from here! I have enough of this confounded place."

Attendant (seriously): "Your ticket!"

Guy: "What? My ticket? That was taken away from me by that old fool over there!"

Attendant: "You must demand that ticket—or you cannot leave here!"

Guy: "What! I cannot leave here? Am I a thief?"

Attendant: "That is the instruction I have."

Guy (who went back to his place): "Now they do not let me out! Oh, oh! that was a great idea, to come here instead of buying a dictionary!"

Guy sits down, and, after another quarter of an hour passed, a thick volume is finally brought to him. He opens it and reads, "Technological Dictionary. Volume I. A—F."

Guy (raging): "No, I will not permit these people to make fun of me. To lose an entire day before I get a book, and then to give me one in which I cannot find the word I want!"

(There is a noise. Cries of "Silence! Shut up! Get out!" etc.)

Guy: "Shut up, you fools! Yes, yes, you fools!"

A Reader: "If you cannot keep quiet——"

Guy (losing his temper): "There is your confounded dictionary!" (Throws the book on the head of the young man; the book falls upon inkstands and memoranda prepared by readers. There are loud protests, curses, consultations among the attendants and officers; finally Guy is thrown out of the building and given in charge of two police officers.)

Guy (resisting): "I will explain matters. I wanted to look up a single word in the dictionary. I am no thief! You can see, here stands my carriage!"

Police Officer: "What? This carriage belongs to you? And all the boxes and packages in it also? And you have the courage to say you are no thief? Come along to the police station!"

Guy: "Well, I think I'll have to go along. But, tell me, is there a dictionary in the station house?"

Policeman: "Keep your mouth shut!"

Guy (sad): "Well, then, no. But perhaps you are able to tell me whether sympathy is written with i or y?"

MY FAVORITE NOVELIST AND HIS BEST BOOK.

By Sir Walter Besant.

This tribute to the wonderful charm and dramatic power of Mark Twain's pictures of American life in the earlier days of the Southwest is perhaps made in a measure more timely by the concurrent publication of Mr. Besant's "Autobiography."

I have been invited to write upon my "Favorite Novel." Alas, I have so many favorite novels! How can I incur the jealousy of all the others by selecting one as the favorite? Novels are live things; they love admiration; they resent neglect; they hate the preference of others. Like Charles Lamb, who loved every book because it was a book—except the Law List—I love every novel because it is a novel—except those which are not novels, but only shams. I love the novel of adventure; I find the "Three Musketeers" as delightful now as when I sat in a corner, breathless, panting, and followed, all a life-long holiday, the fortunes of the Immortal Three who were Four. And I love the novel which portrays human life and society, whether it is *Tom Jones*, or *Humphrey Clinker*, or *Nicholas Nickleby*. And I love Charlotte Yonge's gentle girls, and Marryat's anything but gentle sailor, and Lever's swaggering soldier, and Jane Austen, and Maria Edgeworth, and Wilkie Collins, and Charles Reade, and Edgar Allan Poe, and Hawthorne, and Oliver Wendell Holmes—not to speak of living men and women by the score whose works I read with joy.

Of a novel I ask but one thing. "Seize me," I say—"seize me and hold me with a grip of steel. Make me deaf and blind to all the world so long as I read in thine enchanted pages. Carry me whither thou wilt. Play on me; do with me what thou wilt, at thine own sweet will. Make me shriek with pain; fill my eyes with tears and my heart with sorrow; let me laugh aloud; let me bubble over with the joy of silent mirth; let me forget that the earth is full of oppression and wickedness. Only seize me and hold me tight—immovable, rapt, hypnotized; deaf and blind to all the world."

I confess that unless this condition is fulfilled I cannot read a novel. Many novels I try to read, only to lay them down. A few such I have had to read on occasions—they were rare—when an editor has asked me to review a novel. To me it is more painful than words can tell to read such a book; it is more irksome than any convict's task to write a review of such a book. The only excuse that I will admit from a reviewer who dishonestly

pronounces judgment on a book which he has not read is that the novel was one of the kind which cannot be read. If he pleads that excuse, I pity him and pass on. For this reason, also, I am in no hurry to take up any new novel. I like to have it "tasted" for me first. The tasting enables me to escape the attempt to read a great many new novels. As a rule I buy only those of which other people have already spoken. As a wise man and a philosopher, I take my recommendations not from the critics, but from the other people. Then, if a story possesses the gift of grip, I am ready to forgive all other sins. A novel cannot be really bad, though it may have many faults, if it seizes the reader and holds him spellbound till the last page.

These remarks prepare the way for a selection which is perhaps unexpected. I do not respond to the invitation by taking one of the acknowledged masterpieces; nor shall I worry myself to find something fresh to say about a book which has already been reviewed over and over again. Cervantes, Fielding, Dickens, Thackeray—all these I leave to the professors of literature, and to the critic of the big and serious "appreciation"—to him who estimates influence, finds out blemishes, and explores the sources. I am only a critic in so far as I really do know the points of a good novelist and something about the art of construction of a novel; and I prefer to apply this knowledge on the present occasion to a work of perhaps humbler pretensions, albeit a work of genius, and a work which will live and will belong to the literature of the language. I speak of one of my favorites; not my single favorite. I love the book for a variety of excellent reasons, but not to the exclusion of other books. It is expected of a well-regulated mind that it cannot love more than one woman at a time. This galling restriction applies not to the lover of novels, which, with poetry, are the fair women of literature. One can love them all—yes, all. So catholic is love in literature, so wide is his embrace, so universal; so free from jealousy are his mistresses.

The book which I have selected is Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn." At the outset I observe, and intend to respect, a warning

after the title page to the effect that any person who may try to find a motive in the narrative will be prosecuted; that any person who may try to find a moral in it will be banished, and that persons attempting to find a plot will be shot.

Let us repeat this warning. Let us not try to find in "Huckleberry Finn" either motive, moral, or plot.

I lay it down as one of the distinctive characteristics of a good story that it pleases—or rather, seizes—every period of life; that the child, and his elder brother, and his father, and his grandfather, may read it with like enjoyment—not equal enjoyment, because as a man gets older and understands more and more what the world of men and women means, he reads between the lines and sees things which the child cannot see and cannot understand. Very likely, if the painting is true to nature, he sees things which the artist himself could not see or understand. The note of genius is that it suggests so much more than it meant to suggest, and goes so much deeper than the poet himself intended. To discover and to read the superadded letterpress, the invisible part of the printed page, is one of the compensations of age.

The first quality that I claim for this book, then, is that it does appeal to all ages and every age. The boy of twelve reads it with delight beyond his power of words to express; the young man reads it; the old man reads it. The book is a joy to all alike. For my own part, I have read it over and over again, yet always with delight and always finding something new in its pages.

There is no motive in the book; there is no moral; there is no plot. The book is like a panorama in which the characters pass across the stage and do not return. They follow each other with the unexpectedness belonging to a voyage down a river. All happens by chance; the finger of providence—which means the finger of Mark Twain—is nowhere visible. There is no motive; there is no moral; there is no plot. This directing, intervening, meddlesome finger you will find very often in the novel which does not permit itself to be read; it sticks out in the carpenter's novel. You see the thumb—it wants washing—in the novel made by rule. It is nowhere visible in "Huckleberry Finn."

The book commends itself, to begin with, by the humorous treatment of perfectly serious situations. It is unconsciously humorous; it is humorous because the narrator sees no humor in anything. In some places, when

an English boy would have rolled on the floor with laughing, the American boy relates the scene without a smile. Indeed, from beginning to end, there is hardly a smile. Yet, while all the situations lie open for sentiment, for moralizing, or for laughing, the actors are perfectly serious—and perfectly comic.

The reason of the serious nature of the performance is that the narrator is a boy whose experiences of life have not, so far, inclined him to look at things from a humorous point of view. He is the son of a drunken scoundrel, the disgrace and terror of the town.

He said he'd cowhide me till I was black and blue if I didn't raise some money for him. I borrowed three dollars from Judge Thacker, and pap took it and got drunk and went a-blowing around and cussing and whooping and carrying on; and he kept it up all over town, with a tin pan, till 'most midnight. Then they jailed him; next day they had him before court and jailed him again for a week.

Even the boys in the town spoke of him as "a man who used to lay drunk with the hogs in the tan-yard." It is with the gravest face that the boy speaks of his father; relates how he took the pledge in presence of the judge—who "said it was the holiest time on record"—and broke it the next day; and how he had delirium tremens and tried to murder his son. With such a father; with no education; with no religion; living about in the woods; without respect of persons; untruthful whenever it seemed easier to conceal the truth; yielding when necessary; watchful of opportunities; not immoral, but unmoral—the boy starts off to tell his tale of adventure. Writers of fiction, of whom there are now so many, will understand the difficulty of getting inside the brain of that boy, seeing things as he saw them, writing as he would have written, and acting as he would have acted; and presenting to the world a true, faithful, and living *effigies* of that boy. The feat has been accomplished: there is no character in fiction more fully, more faithfully presented than the character of *Huckleberry Finn*. What that character finally appears, when the book is finished, when the glamour dies away, when the figure stands out plainly before us, I will endeavor to portray after touching on some of the points of *Huckleberry's* pilgrimage.

The earlier chapters, with *Tom Sawyer* and the other boys, are hardly worthy to be taken as an introduction to the book. But they are soon got over. The adventures really begin with the boy's life in the cabin where his father has taken him. The man was always

drunk, always abusing and threatening the boy, always falling about in his half drunk moments, and cursing.

Down he went in the dirt and rolled there and held his toes; and the cussing he done there laid over anything he had ever done previous. He said so, his own self, afterwards.

Observe the boy's standard as to cursing considered as fine art.

He escapes; he finds a canoe drifting down the river; he gets on board, takes certain steps which will make his father believe that he has been murdered, and paddles down the river to an island. The river is the mighty Mississippi; and now we are on or beside its waters and hear the swirl and the swish as the current rolls past the reeds and sedges of the island and washes the planks of the craft. We see the huge lumber rafts making their slow way with the stream; we hear, with the boy, the voice of the man on board—"Stern oars! Heave her head to starboard!"

On his desert island the boy, perfectly happy, caught fish and broiled them; found wild strawberries—the *fraises à quatre saisons* which flourish all over the world; and went about exploring his kingdom. It was a glorious time, only it was difficult to get through the day. Presently he found another resident on the island, the runaway "nigger" *Jim*, whom he knew very well. The white boy was so wild, so uncivilized, that even in a slaveholding State he had imbibed no proper feeling as regards runaway slaves. He chummed with *Jim* immediately. The river rises; the island is under water; they live in a cave on a rock which is above the flood; they paddle about in the canoe, either on the river or among the woods; they pick up things that come floating down—among other things part of a lumber raft.

It was lucky they found the raft, because smoke had been seen on the island, and suspicion had arisen about the runaway "nigger." They decided to run away from their island and to make for the first point where a fugitive slave would be free. They loaded the raft with all they had, they carried their canoe on board, and in the dead of night they slipped off the island and so down stream. Where they were going to, whither the river would carry them, they never inquired. The book, you see, has no plot, no motive, no moral.

They ran about seven or eight hours every night, the current making four miles an hour. They fished as they slid down the stream.

Sometimes they took a swim to keep off sleepiness.

It was a-kind of solemn, drifting down the big, still river, laying on our backs looking up at the stars, and we didn't feel like talking loud and it wasn't often that we laughed, only a little kind of a low chuckle.

Every night about ten o'clock the boy went ashore to some village and bought ten or fifteen cents' worth of meal or bacon.

Sometimes I lifted a chicken that wasn't roosting comfortable. Pap always said, "Take a chicken when you get a chance, because if you don't want him yourself you can easy find somebody that does, and a good deed ain't never forgot." I never see pap when he didn't want the chicken himself, but that is what he used to say, anyway.

In the same way the boy went into the fields and borrowed a watermelon or a "mushmelon" or a "punkin" or some new corn. The book, you observe, has no moral.

They then take on board the immortal pair of rogues and vagabonds—the *King* and the *Duke*. Writes the young philosopher:

It didn't take me long to make up my mind that these liars wasn't no kings and dukes at all, but just low down humbugs and frauds. But I never said nothing, never let on; kept it to myself. It's the best way; then you don't have no quarrels and don't get into no trouble.

The chapters with the *King* and the *Duke* are amazing for the sheer impudence of the two rogues and the remarks of the boy. He makes no remonstrance, he affects no indignation; he falls in with every pretense on which his assistance is required, and he watches all the time—watches for the chance to upset their little plans. And such plans! One sells quack medicines; plays and recites; lectures on mesmerism and phrenology; teaches singing and geography at schools for a change; does anything that comes handy. The other preaches temperance, also religion; gets up camp meetings; is a missionary; lays on hands for curing paralysis and the like. Together they agree to get up scenes from Shakespeare, especially the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet"; to discover water and treasure by means of the divining rod; to dissipate witch spells; to get subscriptions and advertisements for a bogus paper; to continue the preaching, and so on. The great *coup* was the personation of a man in England, brother of a man just deceased. This, in fact, very nearly came off; it would have come off with a bag of six thousand dollars, but for the boy, who defeats their

villainies. How he does this, how the older of the two rogues sells *Jim* for a runaway, how the two rascals, the *King* and the *Duke*, have to ride on a rail, how *Jim* is recovered, is well known by those who have read the book, and can be easily learned by those who have not. It is a book which, to repeat, has no moral. One does not expect the punishment of villainy; yet it is pleasant to catch this last glimpse of the *King* and the *Duke* thus honored by their grateful fellow citizens. This American custom of riding a rogue on a rail is not, as is generally supposed, an invention or a growth of the American people, though they are eminently inventive. It crossed the Atlantic from the old country, where, under the name of "Riding the Stang"—a rail for the men, a basket for the women—it flourished in certain parts almost down to the present time.*

Also, though the book has no moral, one is pleased to find the "nigger" receiving his freedom at the end. And, although it has no plot, one is delighted to find that *Huckleberry* remains the same at the end as he began at the beginning. That blessed boy, who has told as many lies as there are pages in the book, is left impenitent.

I reckon I got to light out for the Territory ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally she's going to adopt me and civilize me, and I can't stand it. I been there before.

These are his parting words.

It was fifty years ago. Do you know what happened afterwards? I will tell you. *Huckleberry*, of course, remained not civilized; he went to live with *Jim* on Jackson Island. They had a raft and a canoe; they fished and shot and trapped; they built a log hut. *Tom Sawyer* used to visit them till he was taken away and sent to college and became a lawyer. He is now, as everybody knows, the Governor of his State, and may possibly become President. Presently *Jim* died. Then *Huckleberry* was left alone. He still lives on Jackson Island in his log hut. He is now an old man; his beard is as white as that of the veteran fraud, the *King*; he is full of wisdom and wise thoughts; long and lonely nights beneath the stars, watching the endless roll of the Mississippi, have made him wise. Of the world he still knows nothing; of his ancient fibs and tricks he is impenitent.

* "Riding on a Rail" is an old custom, and originally Scandinavian. It was practised in the north of England within the memory of man, but is now discontinued. In a book called "Popular Pastimes," published in London in 1816, there is an illustration which shows two victims borne aloft by their neighbors, a woman seated in a basket, and a man on a rail—the "stang."

There is another side of the book. It belongs to the fifties, the old time before the Civil War, when the "institution" was flourishing against all the efforts of the Abolitionists. Without intending it—the book has no motive—the boy restores for us that life in the Southern States. It is now so far off that even those who are old enough to remember it think of it as a kind of dream. Consider how far off it is. There is the elderly maiden lady, full of religion, who tries to teach the boy the way to heaven. She herself is living, she says, so as to go there. She has one old "nigger" who has been with her all her life—a faithful servant, an affectionate creature. This pious woman deliberately proposes to sell the man—to sell him—for the sum of eight hundred dollars, or one hundred and sixty pounds sterling. Only forty years ago! Yet how far off! How far off! Is there, anywhere in the Southern States of to-day, any living lady who could in cold blood sell an old servant into slavery among strangers? Then there is the feud between the families of the *Grangerfords* and the *Shepherdsons*. They have a feud—do families in the South have feuds and go shooting each other now? It seems so far off; so long ago. The *Shepherdsons* and the *Grangerfords* alike are all filled out with family pride; no descendant of all the kingly houses of Europe could be prouder of family than these obscure planters. They have no education; they shoot at each other whenever they meet; they murder even the boys of either family. It is only a glimpse we catch of them as we float down the Mississippi, but it belongs to a time so long ago—so long ago.

There is another glimpse—of a riverside town. It consists of one street, of stores with awnings in front; loafers in wide straw hats and neither coat nor waistcoat lie and sit about. They do nothing; they borrow "chaws" of tobacco of each other; the street is quite quiet and empty. Presently some wagons come in from the country, and the town is animated. It is a kind of market day. Then a drunken man rides amuck through the town, roaring and threatening. He threatens one prominent citizen so long that, after a while, the man says he has lost patience, and shoots the drunkard dead. It is all so long ago, you see. Or we are at a camp-meeting—perhaps those meetings go on still, somewhere. There are a thousand people present. The meeting is provided with sheds for preaching and sheds for selling watermelons and lemonade. The young men go barefooted; the girls have sunbonnets and linsey-

woolsey frocks. Some of them listen to the preaching; some sit out and carry on flirtations of the more elementary. People are invited to the mourners' bench; they crowd in, on the invitation, moved by the contagious emotion, weeping, crying, throwing themselves down in the straw. Among them, weeping more bitterly than the rest, is the wicked old *King*; he has got conviction of sin; he is broken down; he is on the mourners' bench. He is so contrite that you may hear his groans above all the rest. He begs permission to speak to the people; he confesses that he has been a pirate all his life; he is now repentant; he will be a pirate no more; he will go among his old friends and convert them. It will be difficult without money, but he will try—he will try. So they take up a collection for him, and he goes back to the raft, after kissing all the girls, with eighty-seven dollars and twenty-five cents in his purse. He had also found a three-gallon keg of whisky, too, under a wagon. The good old man said, "Take it all around, it laid over any day he'd ever put in, in the missionary line. Heathens," he said, "don't amount to shucks, alongside of pirates, to work a camp meeting with." There are still, perhaps, country villages and places in the Central States, of which we of England know so little, where the people are simple and unsuspecting, and enjoy a red-hot religion; but the world has moved, even for them. There are surely no country places left where such a ridiculous old fraud as the *King* could be believed. It may be objected that the characters are extravagant. Not so. They are all exactly and literally true; they are quite possible in a country so remote and so primitive. Every figure in the book is a type; *Huckleberry* has exaggerated none. We see the life—the dull and vacuous life—of a small township upon the Mississippi forty years ago; so far as I know, it is the only place where we can find that phase of life portrayed.

If the scenes and characters of the book are all lifelike and true to nature, still more lifelike is the figure of the boy as he stands out, at the end, when we close the volume, self revealed.

He is, to begin with, shrewd. It is a word which may have a good or a bad meaning; in the former sense, I think that shrewdness is a more common characteristic of the American than of the Englishman. I mean that he is more ready to question, to doubt, to examine, to understand. He is far more ready to exercise freedom of thought; far less ready to accept authority. His individuality is more

intense; he is one against the world; he is more readily on the defensive. *Huckleberry*, therefore, however it may be with his countrymen at large, is shrewd. He questions everything. For instance, he is told to pray for everything. He tries it; he prays for fish-hooks. None come; he worries over the matter a while, and then he concludes to let it go. If he has no religion, however, he has plenty of superstition; he believes all the wonderful things the "nigger" *Jim* tells him: the ghosts and the signs of bad luck and good luck.

He has an immense natural love for the woods and forests; for the open air; for the great river laden with the rafts forever going down the stream; for the night as much as the day; for the dawn as much as the splendor of the noonday.

Not a sound anywheres—perfectly still—just like the whole world was asleep, only sometimes the bullfrogs a-clattering, maybe. The first thing to see, looking away over the water, was a kind of dull line—that was the woods on t'other side—you couldn't make nothing else out; then a pale place in the sky; then more paleness, spreading around; then the river softened up, away off, and warn't black any more, but gray; you could see little dark spots drifting along, ever so far away—trading scows, and such things; and long black streaks—rafts; sometimes you could hear a sweep screaming; or jumbled up voices, it was so still, and sounds come so far; and by and by you could see a streak on the water which you know by the look of the streak that there's a snag there in the swift current which breaks on it and makes that streak look that way.

If he loves the still and solemn night and the woods, he loves also the creatures in the woods—squirrels, turtles, snakes. He is a boy who belongs to the river, which he will never desert. His lies and his thievings and his acquiescence in frauds—to be sure, he was forced—do not affect his nature; he passes through these things and will shake them off and forget them. All his life he will live in the present, which is a part of the nomadic spirit. He will look on without indignation at the things men do around him; but his home will be on Jackson's Island in a log hut, alone, and far from the haunts of men. And he will never grow weary of watching the lumber rafts go by; or of sitting beside the mighty flood; or of watching the day break, and the sun set; or of lying in the shade so long as he can look at the snakes and the turtles or listen while a couple of squirrels "set on a limb and jabber at him friendly." Because, you see, there is no moral in this book; and no motive; and no plot.—*The Munsey*.

THE YELLOW CONTRACT.

The Pathetic Tale of the Willy Book Canvasser and the Credulous Young Wife, and Wherein May Be Found a Moral.

By James Raymond Perry.

It was soon after the Barkers were married and went to housekeeping that it happened.

"Oh, Fred," exclaimed Daisy one evening, meeting her husband with a kiss as he returned from the office, "the loveliest set of books is coming! A canvasser was here to-day—a nice lady, though I didn't like her a bit at first—and she is to send them. There are twelve big volumes with lovely bindings, for only sixty dollars. They'd look awfully nice in the bookcase! The canvasser—dear old lady!—says we can have all the time we want in which to pay for them—ten years, if we want. I know you'll like them, though you may think we can't afford to pay so much. But it won't cost anything to look at them. We can keep them thirty days, and then send them back if we don't want them. They're sent on approval, you know. It's 'The Universal History of All Times,' or something of that sort—wait a minute; it's on this," and Daisy picked up from the table a slip of yellow paper. "Yes, 'The Universal History of All Ages,'" she read.

Barker took the paper.

"A blank contract, eh?" he said, glancing at it. "Left it for me to sign in case we decide to take the books, I suppose."

"No, it has her address on the back," Daisy read; "see: 'Mrs. Henry, 3913 Michigan Avenue'; I asked her for it so we could let her know if we don't want to keep the books."

"Oh! I see."

"I wish you could have seen her, Fred. She wasn't nice looking at all, and at first I didn't like her a bit. But before she got through talking I liked her ever so much. She's taken lots of orders in the neighborhood. Mrs. Foster has subscribed for a set, and Mrs. Staples will probably take one. Mrs. Norton wants one, but thinks they can't afford it now. They all think it's a great bargain. The regular price is seventy-five dollars; I forgot to tell you. But they're letting a few persons whose names they want to get have them for sixty dollars. It's only certain ones they will let have them at that price. Wasn't it nice of them to choose us?"

"You say they all think it is a bargain. Have you seen Mrs. Foster or the others?" Barker asked.

"No; but Mrs. Henry said so; and, really, any one can see that something worth seventy-five dollars is a bargain at sixty. You can see that yourself, Fred. But we don't have to keep them if we don't want them."

"Well, I'm afraid sixty dollars is rather more than we can afford just now," Barker said, starting towards the next room. But he turned on the threshold. "You didn't sign any paper, did you, Daisy?" he asked.

"Why, yes; I had to sign an order for them to send the books," she said.

"It was an order, was it? Not a contract? It wasn't a paper like this?"—picking up the yellow slip again.

"Yes, it was just like that," Daisy said, something in her husband's voice causing a little nervous tremor in her own. "It's an order for them to send the books on approval, you know."

"Did you read it?"

"Yes—that is, I didn't pay particular attention. Why?"

The look of concern on Barker's face gave way to helpless laughter.

"Why, Daisy," he said, "you've signed a contract to buy a set of these books for sixty dollars—ten dollars down and five dollars a month afterwards, till paid for. Didn't you know it was a contract you were signing?"

"No. How should I? That woman kept saying it wouldn't cost anything to see the books, and that we wouldn't have to keep them unless we wanted to. Do you mean, Fred, that we've got to pay for them now, whether we want them or not?"

"It looks very much that way. Are you sure it was a paper just like this that you signed?"

"Yes, a yellow paper, just like that," Daisy answered dejectedly.

"It might have been yellow and yet not just like this. I mean, are you sure the printing was the same?"

"Yes, just the same."

"But how do you know, dear, if you didn't read it?"

"I did read it, Fred."

"Then you must have seen that it was a contract," Barker said, his brow knitting a little.

"But I was listening to that woman. She talked all the time, anyway, so that I couldn't think, if I'd wanted to. She said that we needn't keep the books unless we wanted to, and I supposed she was telling the truth."

Mr. Barker again took the paper, and read the contract carefully.

"Well," he said, "if what you signed was like this, it's a contract all right."

"But she said we needn't keep them," reiterated Daisy indignantly. "She said it ever so many times. I'd like to know if they can make you pay when their agent tells you that."

"I'm afraid they can, Daisy. You see what it says here," and her husband pointed to the paper where, in fine type, was printed: "This contract is not affected by any verbal understanding with the solicitor which conflicts with the foregoing agreement, and cannot be canceled or countermanded."

Daisy read it with increasing indignation.

"Yes," she cried, "they put that at the bottom, in fine print, where no one would ever think of reading it. It's a swindle, that's what it is. But I'll see whether they can swindle me that way. I'm going down to see that woman, as soon as we're through dinner, and I'm going to tell her she needn't send the books; we don't want them. It's lucky I have her address. I was cute about that, wasn't I, Fred?" and she looked at him appealingly.

Barker smiled. "Yes, dear," he said; "that was quite clever of you."

Daisy brightened, but her indignation did not subside.

"I shall give that woman a piece of my mind," she said. "The idea of her lying like that, the horrid thing! She was like a great toad at first, Fred, and just as repulsive as one. But she kept talking and talking, and looking at me with her singular eyes, until I forgot she was ugly and almost began to love her. I really did, Fred. It was the strangest thing! No one ever affected me like that before. I don't know whether it was her voice or her eyes, or what; but I felt a sort of fascination. I think a snake must affect a bird the same way. I can't understand it. What do you suppose it was?"

"I don't know, unless she hypnotized you."

"I almost believe she did, Fred; I can't believe I would have signed a contract unless she did something of the kind. Do you suppose she could hypnotize me?"

"Possibly. But it really wasn't such an unnatural thing—your signing it. Hutton,

down at the office, was saying not long ago that his wife got taken in the same way; and he said he knew of others that had. You see, a woman isn't naturally as careful as a man about signing a paper. She hasn't had a business training to make her so. And that's what these swindling concerns count on."

"Well," Daisy said, "I'm going to get that paper back, and then I shall tell Mrs. Henry my opinion of her. Just think of all the lies she told—saying that it was only certain ones they would let have the books at that price, and that they had chosen us because we were prominent in the neighborhood! A woman like that ought to be put in prison. Don't you think she could be imprisoned for misrepresenting things so?"

"I'm afraid not, Daisy. Unfortunately, there is no law for the punishment of liars."

Mrs. Barker could hardly wait to finish dinner, and directly they rose from the table she hurried her somewhat reluctant spouse off in quest of Mrs. Henry.

"I don't want to disturb you unnecessarily, dear," said Mr. Barker, when they were seated in the trolley car, "but if this woman would deceive you in one way, very likely she might in another."

"What do you mean, Fred?"

"I was thinking that perhaps she may have given you a false address."

"Oh, Fred! She wouldn't—do you suppose she would do such—oh, dear!" Daisy looked very much as if she wanted to cry, but she shut her lips tightly, and repressed the tears.

They left the trolley car at Thirty-ninth Street and Michigan Avenue and walked south. Where No. 3913 should have been was a vacant lot.

"What in the world are we to do about it?" Daisy asked the next morning. "Those books will be out to-day. Shall I take them?"

"Yes. If I look them over, I may want to keep them," Barker answered.

He was disposed to make the best of it. To tell the truth, Daisy's grief and perturbation troubled him more than the thought that he had a sixty-dollar contract to pay for.

"You're just a dear, Fred, to take it the way you do," Daisy said. "Some husbands would rave at their wives for doing such a stupid thing; I know they would. But you're just as sweet and lovely as you can be. I don't know what I should do if you scolded me. I believe I should die." A tear stole into Daisy's eye, and her husband kissed her.

"Oh, Fred," she sobbed, burying her face on his shoulder, "I'm so sor—sorry for you!"

"Why, dear, what do you mean?" Mr. Barker asked, patting her shoulder.

"To think you've got such—such a little fool for—for a wife!" she sobbed.

"There, dear, there!" he said. "You mustn't feel badly, Daisy. Every one makes mistakes. I presume I shall like the books, and be glad you bought them. Don't cry any more, girlie." So Daisy dried her eyes, and the world did not look quite as hopeless as before.

The books came, and Daisy gazed anxiously at her husband while he examined the volumes.

"You don't think we want them, do you?" she asked, reading the expression on his face.

"Well, I think sixty dollars is a pretty steep price," he said. "That leather-bound dictionary of ours cost only fifty cents more than one volume of this Universal History; and look at the difference! I should say that one of these books that they want five dollars for is worth, at the outside, not more than two fifty."

"Then it's just a swindle, isn't it, Fred? What shall we do? Will you go and see the agent? But how can you? He doesn't even have his address printed on here—nothing but the name—'Geo. A. Skinner.' That shows it's a swindle, doesn't it, Fred? If it wasn't, he wouldn't be afraid to print his address on the contract. Oh, dear, first we couldn't find Mrs. Henry, and now we don't know where to look for Mr. Skinner. Did you ever see such a dreadful mess?"

Barker smiled.

"I don't think it will be difficult to find Mr. Skinner," he said. "His name is doubtless in the city directory. But I'm not sure I would better see him. I might lose my temper, and make a bad matter worse. I can write and ask him if he holds a contract signed by you, and if he does, ask him if, in view of the circumstances, he wishes to make it binding."

Daisy shook her head.

"It wouldn't do any good," she said. "They'll bind us to it, because they're a set of swindlers. Mrs. Henry's giving us a false address proves that. No, I'm going to see that agent myself, Fred. I'm the one that got you into this, and I must get you out. I'm going to ask him what he'll give up that contract for, and take the books away. I'm sick of the sight of them. You find out Mr. Skinner's address, and I'll get Mrs. Dodge to go with me and see him. Perhaps when I tell him how dreadfully Mrs. Henry lied he'll let us off without paying anything. If he's

a gentleman with a spark of honesty in him, he will."

"Very well, Daisy. It will do no harm for you to see him; and perhaps you will be able to drive a better bargain than I could."

On the following morning, Daisy and her friend, Mrs. Dodge, visited Skinner's office, which was on the seventeenth floor of a skyscraper in the printing house district.

Mr. Skinner proved to be a small man, with an eye not over-anxious to meet your own in conversation. He was effusively polite when Daisy, with straightforward directness, made known her business. He averred that he was sorry, very sorry, but really he could not release Mrs. Barker from her contract.

"You see," he said, "I have already paid Mrs. Henry her commission for that set of books. We allow solicitors twenty-five per cent. on sales, and if I released you from the contract I should be out the fifteen dollars I have paid her."

"But Mrs. Henry lied. She repeatedly said that I needn't keep the books unless I wanted to. And when I asked for her address so that I could notify her if we didn't want them, she gave a false number—sent me on a fool's errand to a vacant lot! Do you call that honorable?" Daisy's voice quivered with righteous indignation.

"We are not responsible for what our solicitors say," replied Mr. Skinner evasively.

"But you claim to do a reputable business, don't you? If your solicitor lies in order to sell your books, why shouldn't you be responsible? She is your agent, and that ought to make you responsible, it seems to me."

"She works for others, too; she isn't employed by us on a salary," said the adroit Skinner.

"Well, if she makes a sale you get the benefit, so I don't see that that makes any difference," retorted Daisy.

But Mr. Skinner only repeated: "We cannot be responsible for what our solicitors say. You ought to have read the contract and refrained from signing it if you didn't want the books. Right here in the contract"—he had produced the paper which she had signed, and it now lay on his desk, temptingly near Daisy's hand—"right here in the contract is printed a note, 'This contract is not affected by any verbal understanding with the solicitor, and ———'"

"Yes," interrupted Daisy, "and it's in such fine print that no one would think of reading it. Why don't you have it in big print, if you want people to see it?"

This evidently was a poser for Mr. Skinner,

and he did not reply. Perhaps he detected an eager look in Daisy's eyes as they rested on the contract, for he laid his hand on it and said, with a laugh, "One lady who was caught as you are attempted to snatch her contract and tear it up."

Daisy blushed. The same temptation had come to her.

"That is a pretty serious thing to do—destroying a contract you don't want to live up to," continued Mr. Skinner, dropping the paper into a drawer, and locking the drawer impressively. "We made that woman a good deal of trouble. You see, a contract is sacred—the courts recognize that. Why, a case was decided in our favor just the other day. A woman signed five of these contracts at one time, and her husband refused to pay and carried the matter into the courts. As I say, the case was decided in our favor. That was a foregone conclusion. We had another case not long ago, and——"

"You seem to have a good many such cases," interrupted Daisy coldly. "The courts must be a valuable assistant in your business."

Mr. Skinner reddened a little. "Not at all! Not at all! We have very few cases," he said. "Most of our patrons are very much pleased with the books, and would not part with them for twice what they paid."

"Then I'm afraid *all* your patrons are fools," Daisy said, with a laugh and sigh combined.

Mr. Skinner saw the point, and laughed a little himself.

"So you've already paid Mrs. Henry her commission, have you?" she asked.

Her indignation seemed to have suddenly subsided, and she was beginning to show that captivating charm of which Mrs. Daisy Barker when at her best was a past mistress.

"Yes, fifteen dollars," said Mr. Skinner, brightening. He was relieved to note the change in his visitor.

"Well, of course, it wouldn't be fair, then, to make you take the books back. You'd be out fifteen dollars?"

"Yes."

"And that horrid Mrs. Henry will have it. Isn't it dreadful? But, Mr. Skinner"—and Daisy gave him one of her enchanting smiles—"we don't want the books. Can't you take them back, and when Mrs. Henry sells another set tell her that this set wasn't sold, and you'll have to keep the commission on the new set because you lost it on this one? You wouldn't be out anything then."

"But that wouldn't be fair towards Mrs.

Henry," protested Mr. Skinner, a trifle uneasily.

"Well, she doesn't deserve fair treatment," Daisy retorted. "She got the contract by lying."

"We can't help that. She got it, and we had to pay her. We agreed to, and we have to live up to our agreement."

"Whether your solicitor lies or not?"

"Yes; we can't be responsible for them."

"As soon as a solicitor brings you a contract you pay for it, do you?" Daisy asked.

"Yes."

"That's an awfully easy way of earning fifteen dollars, isn't it?" she laughed, turning to include Mrs. Dodge. "I think I'd like to go into the business myself. Oh, Mr. Skinner," she cried, apparently struck by a happy thought, "don't you suppose I could sell some of the books if I tried?"

"Perhaps," he said, smiling at her enthusiasm.

"Would you let me try?"

"Certainly. We don't care who sells them, as long as they're sold."

"And will you pay me the regular commission—fifteen dollars?"

"Yes."

"If I sold two sets, would you release us from that contract, and give me fifteen dollars besides?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I believe I'll try it! It would be a good joke on Fred. I know he thinks I've been a little fool to get into this scrape, though he's such a dear that he won't say so. And if he'd found I'd got out of it, and made fifteen dollars besides, he'd think I wasn't such a goose after all. I'm going to try it, and not let him know a word about it till I've sold them. It'll be great fun!"

So Mr. Skinner gave her some circulars with testimonials, blank contracts, etc., and Daisy departed in high spirits.

When she had gone the shifty-eyed Skinner turned to a man at another desk and laughed. "She swallowed that story about paying Mrs. Henry fifteen dollars without winking," he said.

To her husband Daisy said: "I know he was lying. I could tell by his eyes. He says we'll have to take the books, and I suppose we will. But I'm going to see him again in a few days, and make him change his mind, if I can."

Not a word to her husband did Daisy say about trying to get subscribers; but three days later she again appeared at Mr. Skinner's office.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, sinking into a chair by the agent's desk. "Book canvassing is lots harder than I supposed. I'm awfully discouraged."

"I was afraid you wouldn't find it very easy," Skinner consoled. He had not had the slightest idea she would be able to sell a set of the books.

"It's dreadfully hard," Daisy continued. "Here it is three days and I've sold only one set, and I thought I should be able to sell a set every day. I don't believe I should have sold even one if it hadn't been for the Stephen Harrises. They're neighbors of ours, at 4917 Shore Avenue, you know. Mr. Harris has a lovely position in the First National Bank—teller, or cashier, or something. I'm afraid they took it more than half to oblige me. Mr. Harris was an old beau of mine before he married Sadie Tucker. It's dreadful, isn't it, the way a canvasser has to lie? I had to fib a wee bit before I could sell them a set. I told Stevie—that's what I always call Mr. Harris," Daisy interrupted, blushing prettily—"I told Stevie we had bought a set, and that Fred was delighted with them. It was an awful whopper, wasn't it? But you know you said you didn't care if your solicitors did lie. Really, Mr. Skinner, I think they've got to, in order to sell a set of the 'Universal History of All Ages.'"

"Here's the contract, signed by Stevie him-

self, and now I wonder whether I'd better take fifteen dollars or exchange this contract for the one I signed. Which would you do—take the fifteen dollars, wouldn't you?"

"Ahem!" said Mr. Skinner, confronted with a situation entirely unexpected. "Perhaps it would be better to——" He scratched his head in some perplexity. "If you will come in to-morrow——" he began.

"But you know you said you paid your solicitors as soon as they brought in a signed contract."

"Yes, yes. So we do. But I don't happen to have fifteen dollars with me just now."

"Well," said Daisy, "perhaps this time I'd better exchange the contracts, and if I sell another set I can have the cash."

"Yes, that will be better," agreed Mr. Skinner, and, getting the contract she had signed, he took the Stephen Harris contract in exchange.

Hugging the precious slip of yellow paper to her bosom, Daisy ran to the elevator, with a backward glance as if she feared Mr. Skinner would follow and wrest it from her. But she escaped with it and that evening handed the contract to her husband in triumph.

And the next day the expressman brought back the bundle of books addressed to Mr. Stephen Harris, and with a grin reported to Mr. Skinner that 4917 Shore Avenue was a vacant lot.—*The Argosy*.

MAX MÜLLER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The autobiography of Prof. F. Max Müller begins with his childhood in Dessau and carries the story of a remarkable life on only to the earlier period of his residence at Oxford. It is a matter of regret that he was not permitted to go on with an account of his later years. Professor Max Müller worked on this book up to the very end. Lying in bed, he wrote, and corrected as his son read. On the nineteenth of October he was thus at work; on the twenty-eighth he had entered upon a well-earned rest.

The fragment—for it is scarcely more—is itself of great interest, though had he lived to compose them, the unwritten volumes would have surpassed in interest this beginning.

Dessau, in which, in 1823, the distinguished philologist was born, is the capital of the Duchy of Anhalt-Dessau. His father was librarian of the ducal library and an important figure in the world of letters and culture in Central

Germany. Though Max Müller himself lived to accumulate a library, he always remembered his acquisition of its first volume.

One book I still possess which he (my father) bought for me, and which was to be the first book of my library. It was a small volume of Horace printed by Pickering in 1820. It has now almost vanished among the twelve thousand big volumes that form my library, but I am delighted that I am still able, at seventy-six, to read it without spectacles. I think I remember my father taking my sister and me on his knees, and telling us the most delightful stories, that set us wondering, and laughing, and crying till we could laugh and cry no longer. He had been a fellow-worker with the brothers Grimm, and the stories he told were mostly from their collection, though he knew how to embellish them with anything that could make a child cry and laugh.

He does not describe his father, the poet Wilhelm Müller, as "Son and heir of W. Müller,

Esq.," after the fashion of Burke, but says frankly:

My father's father, whom I never knew, seems not to have been distinguished in any way. He was, however, a useful tradesman and a respected citizen of Dessau, and, as I see, the founder of the first lending library in that small town.

Wilhelm Müller died at the age of thirty-three; the son then went to live with his grandparents, whose severe and melancholy religious ideas made his life a rather unhappy one for a while. His early days at school were likewise passed under severe discipline and amid most comfortless conditions.

I remember the time when I wrote with my breath frozen on my bed-clothes into a thin sheet of ice. We were expected to wash and dress in an attic where the windows were so thickly frozen as to admit hardly any light in the morning, and where, when we tried to break the ice in the jug, there were only a few drops of water left at the bottom with which to wash. No wonder that the ablutions were expeditious. After they were performed we had our speedy breakfast, consisting of a cup of coffee and a semmel, or roll, and then we rushed to school, often through the snow that had not yet been swept away from the pavement. We sat in school from eight to eleven or twelve, rushed home again, had our very simple dinner, and then back to school from two to four. How we lived through it I sometimes wonder, for we were thinly clad and often wet with rain or snow; and yet we enjoyed our life as boys only can enjoy it, and had no time to be ill. One blessing this early roughing has left me for life—a power of enjoying many things which, to most of my friends, are matters of course or of no consequence.

At twelve, the boy was in Leipsic studying at the Nicolai School, an institution of reputation. He tells some amusing stories of his old master in mathematics. Before beginning the lesson he used to rub his spectacles and, looking round the classroom, mutter plaintively: "I see again many boys who are not here to-day."

From the gymnasium, Max Müller proceeded to the University of Leipsic, his mother and sister coming from Dessau to make a home for him. He disliked society, refused to wear evening-dress, and preferred rather to spend his evenings at a student's club smoking and drinking beer. Dueling was then, as it is now, a favorite pastime among the students, and though by nature not a brawler, Müller fought three duels, of two of which he carried marks to the day of his death. Besides dueling, a good deal of practical joking went on:

I remember that on one occasion before the introduction of cabs we hired all the sedan-chairs in

Leipsic, with their yellow-coated porters, and went in procession through the streets, much to the astonishment of the good citizens, and annoyance also, as they were unable to hire any means of conveyance till a peremptory stop was put to our fun. Not content with this exploit, when the first cabs were introduced into Leipsic, thirty or forty being put on the street at first, I and my friends secured the use of all of them for the day, and proceeded out into the country. The inhabitants, who were eagerly looking forward to a drive in one of the new conveyances, were naturally annoyed at finding themselves forestalled, and the result was that a stop was put to such freaks in future by the issue of a police regulation that nobody was allowed to hire more than two cabs at a time.

After leaving the university, Müller spent nine months in Berlin and a little more than a year in Paris, working hard all the time at his translation of the Vedas and continuing his Sanskrit studies. In June, 1846, he visited London in order to consult some Hindoo manuscript at the library of the East India Company. Here he met Baron Bunsen, the Prussian Minister, who succeeded in persuading the directors of the company that the Vedas must be published in England and nowhere else, and, with the support of the company's librarian, Professor Wilson, the necessary funds were finally obtained, after a lapse of a year. Müller had already spent five years upon the work and much remained to be done. He decided to do it at Oxford, where the texts were to be set up and printed by the University Press. The following anecdote in this connection deserves attention:

In providing copy for a work of six volumes, each of about one thousand pages, it was but natural that "lapsus calami" should occur from time to time. What surprised me was that several of these were corrected in the proof-sheets sent to me. At last I asked whether there was any Sanskrit scholar at Oxford who revised my proof-sheets before they were returned. I was told there was not, but that the queries were made by the printer himself. That printer was an extraordinary man. His right arm was slightly paralyzed, and he had therefore been put on difficult, slow work, such as Sanskrit. There are more than three hundred types which a printer must know in composing Sanskrit. Many of the letters in Sanskrit are incompatible—i. e., they cannot follow each other, or, if they do, they have to be modified. Every *d*, for instance, if followed by a *t*, is changed to *t*; every *dh* loses its aspiration, becomes likewise *t*, or changes the next *t* into *dh*. Thus, for "budh" plus *ta*, we have "Buddha"—i. e., awakened. In writing I had sometimes neglected these modifications, but in the proof-sheets these cases were always either queried or corrected. When I asked the printer, who did not, of course,

know a word of Sanskrit, how he came to make these corrections, he said: "Well, sir, my arm gets into a regular swing from one compartment of types to another, and there are certain movements that never occur. So if I suddenly have to take up types which entail a new movement, I feel it, and put a query." An English printer might possibly be startled in the same way if, in English, he had to take up an s immediately following an h. But it was certainly extraordinary that an unusual movement of the muscles of the paralyzed arm should have led to the discovery of a mistake in writing Sanskrit.

In 1848 a piece of work took him to Paris; he was there in March and saw the wild scenes of the Revolution. Escaping to England, he was the first to tell his friend Bunsen, the German Ambassador, and Lord Palmerston, the Premier, the news of Louis Philippe's flight.

When the young scholar at the age of twenty-three went to Oxford to revise his proofs, he probably did not dream that his life would be spent in the English university town. Two years later he was nevertheless Deputy Professor in the university, and in 1854, at the age of twenty-seven, he was made Master of Arts and given the chair of modern English languages.

Some of the anecdotes of the dons of earlier days are entertaining:

It was first told of Dr. Jenkins, master of Balliol, that he once found fault with an under-graduate, because, whenever he looked out of window, he invariably saw the young man loitering about in the quad; to which the under-graduate replied: "How very curious, for whenever I cross the quad, I always see you, sir, looking out of window." He had a quiet humor of his own and delighted in saying things which made others laugh, but never disturbed a muscle of his own face. One of his under-graduates was called Wyndham, and he had to say a few sharp words to him at "hand-shaking," that is, at the end of the term. After saying all he wanted, he finished in Latin: "Et nunc valeas Wyndhamme"—the last two syllables being pronounced with great emphasis. The master's regard for his own dignity was very great. Once, when returning from a solitary walk, he slipped and fell. Two under-graduates, seeing the accident, ran to assist him, and were just laying hands on him to lift him up, when he descried a master of arts coming. "Stop," he cried—"stop; I see a master of arts coming down the street." And he dismissed the under-graduates with many thanks, and was helped on to his legs by the M. A.

In his autobiography, Professor Müller lays much stress on the indifference to worldly success which he professes characterized his working years. He has been charged with vanity, and toward the close of his life he may have fully appreciated the value of the academic

and political honors, the robes and decorations which had come to him. But they did "come" to him, were rewards spontaneously offered, not honors sought and intrigued for. The present writer is able to testify to the fine simplicity, the hospitable and equalizing cordiality of the spirit of Professor Müller, his reverence for the opinions of those who had little right to offer them before him, his eagerness for information from however unpromising sources.

The autobiography contains these words, encouraging to the student exploring new realms of knowledge:

If there was any secret about my success, it was simply due to the fact that I had perfect faith, and went on never doubting even when everything looked gray and black about me. I felt convinced that what I cared for, and what I thought worthy of a whole life of hard work, must in the end be recognized by others, also, as of value, and as worthy of a certain support of the public. Had not Layard gained a hearing for Assyrian bulls? Did not Darwin induce the world to take an interest in worms in the fertilization of orchids? And should the oldest book and the oldest thoughts of the Aryan world remain despised and neglected?

It is not necessary to point out the romantic possibilities of a story whose hero's life began obscurely in a little German duchy, and carried him to the summit of scholarship, to world-wide fame and a Privy Councillor's seat. The present book, being incomplete, is not that story. Its charm is in its betrayal of the inner life of the man whose life was thus outwardly romantic. He has put into the volume so much of himself that every page is a fresh delight—of discovery to those who did not know the man in life, of awakened recollection to those who did. As he was, the book is full of learning and also of genial humor; reminiscent of the transformation of the university since the days when the old city was gray and beautiful, and un-"restored" by the Gaul within the gates; characterized by the simplicity, the sunny thankfulness, the keenness, and yet the childlike sympathy and absence of self-consciousness which endeared him to his friends.

How like the man himself, for example, is this:

I suppose we all remember how the sight of a wound of a fellow creature, nay even of a dog, gives us a sharp twitch in the same part of our own body. That bodily sympathy has never left me; I suffer from it even now as I did seventy years ago. And is there anybody who has not felt his eyes moisten at the sudden happiness of

his friends? All this seems to me to account, to a certain extent at least, for that feeling of identity with so-called strangers, which came to me from my earliest days, and has returned again with renewed strength in my old age.

One other brief passage we desire to quote. Turning the pages of the dog-eared diary kept when he was beginning his life-work, he reflects:

As the spires of a city—of Oxford, for instance—arrange themselves differently as we pass the old place on the railway, so that now one and now the other stands in the center and seems to rise above the heads of the rest, so it is with our friends and acquaintances. Some who seemed giants at one time assume smaller proportions as others come into view towering above them. The whole scenery changes from year to year. Who does not remember the trees in our garden that seemed like giants in our childhood? But when we see them again in our old age they have shrunk, and not from old age only.

When compared with the Indian scholar, who was practically the founder of the science of comparative philology, most men are pigmies, but there is not the slightest indication in his autobiography that Max Müller felt his superiority.

While all disillusionments are pathetic, they measure a man's advancement. This truth Max Müller learned. The man who refused the patronage of a prince and chose to shut himself up alone for years while he was preparing his monumental work, the famous edition of the Rig Veda, left behind him the Dessau boy. He accomplished wonders and became one of the intellectual giants over whose head none could look. Yet when he had lived more than the allotted time, he took up his pen to write about the commonplaces of his life in a way that glorified them and about the glorious achievements of his career in a way that made them commonplaces.

PROSE MASTERPIECES.

By C. C. Molyneux.

I. — More's "Utopia."

A frutefull, pleasaunt, and wittie worke of the best state of a publike weale and of the new yle, called Utopia.

Who has not heard of Utopia, that ideal land of perfection? But, on the other hand, how many of us have ever read the book, or made ourselves acquainted with those wonderful descriptions of a country that existed nowhere but in the imagination of its historian? Nevertheless it is a book well worth the reading; not merely by reason of the wide field for thought that it opens out before us, but also on account of the delightful charm and quaintness of its diction. It was written, as we all know, by Sir Thomas More, and first published in 1516.

"The Island of Utopia," he tells us, "containeth in breadth, in the middle part of it (for there it is broadest), two hundred miles, which breadth continueth through the most part of the land—saving that by little and little it cometh in and waxeth narrower towards both the ends, which, fetching about a circuit or compass of five hundred miles, do fashion the whole land like to the new moon. . . . There be in the island fifty-four large and fair cities agreeing altogether in one tongue, in like manners, institutions, and laws." Later

on he gives us a description of a city street, which is of peculiar interest.

"The *streets* be appointed and set forth very commodious and handsome, both for carriage and also against the winds. The houses be of fair and gorgeous building, and on the street side they stand joined together in a long row through the whole street without any partition or separation. The streets be twenty foot broad. On the back side of the houses, through the whole length of the street, lie large gardens enclosed round about with the back part of the streets. Every house hath two doors, one into the street and a *posterne* door on the back side into the garden." The doors, we are told, are neither locked nor bolted, "and who so will may go in, for there is nothing within the houses that is private or any man's own." Community in all things ruled supreme in Utopia. Then follows a curious statement regarding the ownership of real property which may meet with the approval of some of us, but certainly not of all—"Every tenth year they change their houses by lot."

The Utopians loved their gardens and took the same pride in them as do our own dwellers in town and city. "They set great store by

their gardens. In them they have vineyards, all manner of fruit, herbs and flowers, so *pleasaunt*, so well furnished, and so finely kept that I never saw thing more fruitful, nor better trimmed in any place." We read with some amount of jealousy that the Utopians covered the roofs of their houses with a certain kind of plaster that, "while it was of no cost, was so tempered that no fire could hurt or perish it." Would that we knew the secret of this wonderful and highly desirable protection against fire!

"The city consisteth of families, the family most commonly be made of kindreds. For the women, when they be married at a lawful age, they go into their husbands' houses. But the male children, with all the whole male offspring, continue still in their own family, and be governed of the eldest and ancientest father, unless *he dote for age*." Those of us who happen to have large families will be interested to hear that when a Utopian family became too large a portion of it was drafted over into the custody of some *pater familias* whose family was not so alarming.

DRESS AND JEWELS.

Every city in this wonderful but socialistic country was divided into four parts, and every quarter had its own market-place and storehouse, whence (lucky man) the father of every family could fetch whatever he had need of, and carry it away "without money, without exchange, without any gage, pawn, or pledge." All this sounds—especially to the poor man whose quiver is overfull—very delightful; but we doubt whether the Utopian idea of dress will meet with much approval, for, while it was seemly and comely to the eye and of no let or hindrance to the movement of the body, every one had to wear the same kind of garment (saving that there was a difference between the man's garment and the woman's, between the married and the unmarried), and this one kind of garment "continued for evermore unchanged." With this view as to dress, it is scarcely to be wondered at that even the Utopian ladies had no kind of regard for jewelry. They looked upon gold and precious stones as mere baubles fit only for children. Why should they care about the glitter of a stone, they argued, when there is the glory of the sun, moon, and stars to gaze at? In equal contempt was money held by these high-souled people, and all were taught to despise it to the uttermost, for by so doing "how great an occasion of wickedness and mischief," they said, "is plucked up by the roots." "Who knoweth

not that fraud, theft, ruin, brawling, quarreling, babbling, strife, chiding, contention, murder, treason, poisoning, which by daily punishments are rather revenged than refrained, do die when money dieth?"

OCCUPATIONS AND PLEASURES.

Concerning their sciences, crafts, and occupations, we are told much by their historian. "Husbandry," he tells us, "is a science common to them all in general, both men and women, wherein they be all experts and cunning. . . . Besides husbandry everyone of them learneth one or other several and particular science as his own proper craft. That is most commonly either cloth-working in wool or flax, or masonry, or the smith's craft, or the carpenter's science." Daily lectures on various subjects were given and attended, "by a great multitude of every sort of people." But though work was insisted on, and idleness universally condemned, the Utopians loved, and were permitted to pursue, all pleasures of a harmless nature. Hunting, however, was an amusement strictly forbidden. "What delight can there be," we read, "in hearing the barking and howling of dogs; or what greater pleasure is there to be felt when a dog followeth a hare than when a dog followeth a dog—for one thing is done in both, that is to say, running, if thou hast pleasure therein. But if the hope of slaughter and the expectation of tearing in pieces the beast doth please thee, thou shouldst rather be moved with pity to see a silly, innocent hare, murdered of a dog; the weak of the stronger, the fearful of the fierce, the innocent of the cruel and unmerciful. Therefore, all this exercise of hunting, as a thing unworthy to be used of free men, the Utopians have rejected to their butchers, to the which craft they appoint their bondsmen. For they count hunting the lowest, the vilest, and most abject part of butchery. . . . They (the butchers) kill beasts only for necessity, whereas the hunter seeketh nothing but pleasure of the silly and woful beasts' slaughter and murder." A remarkable passage this, whether we agree with it or disagree; and to those of us who have read Dr. Maudsley's "Responsibility of Mental Disease" is recalled another equally eloquent and impassioned attack upon this favorite pastime of our own countrymen and women.

LAWYERS.

Lawyers were but poorly esteemed among the inhabitants of the ideal island, as the following passage will show: "Furthermore, they utterly exclude and banish all attorneys, proc-

tors, and sergeants at the law, which craftily handle matters and *subtelly* dispute of the laws. For they think it most meet that every man should plead his own matter, and tell the same tale before the judge that he would tell to his own man of law. So shall there be less circumstance of words, and the truth shall sooner come to light, while the judge with a discreet judgment doth weigh the words of him whom no lawyer hath instruct with deceit, and whilst he helpeth and beareth out simple wits against the false and malicious circumventions of crafty children." Clearly the lay litigants—the plaintiffs and defendants who appeared in person—in the Utopian courts of justice received a heartier welcome than they do in ours. What is the reason, we wonder! The marriage laws of the Utopians were very similar to our own, save that unfaithfulness to the marriage vow was not only a ground for divorce, but also an offence for which the offender could be punished. Moreover, a dissolution of the nuptial tie could be obtained on the ground "of the intolerable wayward manners" of either of the parties. Our lady readers will, doubtless, be indignant to hear that by the law of this ideally perfect country the husband had the right to chastise his wife.

Many pages of Sir Thomas More's history are devoted to the subject of "Warfare," and to the views and opinions entertained thereupon by the Utopians. Here is the introduction. At the present moment it will no doubt be read with more than ordinary interest:

"War or battle as a thing very beastly, and yet to no kind of beast in so much use as to man, they do detest and abhor. And contrary to the custom almost of all other nations, they count nothing so much against glory as glory gotten in war. And, therefore, though they do daily practise and exercise themselves in the discipline of war, and not only the men, but also the women upon certain appointed days, lest they should be to seek in the feat of arms, if need should require, yet they never go to battle, but either in the defence of their own country, or to drive out of their friends' land the enemies that have invaded it, or by their power to deliver from the yoke and bondage of tyranny some people that be therewith oppressed. Which thing they do of mere pity and compassion."

It would not be right to conclude this brief review of the Utopia without glancing at that portion of it which deals with the

"RELIGIONS IN UTOPIA."

We are struck at once with the fact that, even in that ideal state, unanimity in religious belief could not be attained.

"There be divers kinds of religion," we are told, "not only in sundry parts of the island, but also in divers places of every city. Some worship for God the sun, some the moon, some others of the planets. There be (they) that give worship to a man that was one of excellent virtue or of famous glory, not only as God, but also as the chiefest and highest God. But the most and the wisest part (rejecting all these) believe that there is a certain Godly Power unknown, everlasting, incomprehensible, inexplicable, far above the capacity and reach of man's wit, dispersed throughout all the world, not in bigness, but in virtue and power. Him they call the Father of all. To Him alone they attribute the beginnings, the encreasings, the proceedings, the changes, and the ends of all things."

If space did but allow we would gladly quote further from this chapter of the Utopia, for there is much therein calculated to interest and impress the reader. There is, however, one other passage that must be quoted, for it is altogether a grand and remarkable one. It is this:

"This is one of the ancientest laws among them, that no man shall be blamed for reasoning in the maintenance of his own religion. For King Utopus, even at the first beginning, hearing that the inhabitants of the land were before his coming thither at continual dissension and strife among themselves for their religions . . . made a decree that it should be lawful for every man to favor and follow what religion he would, and that he might do the best he could to bring others to his opinion, so that he did it peaceably, gently, quietly, and soberly, without haste and contentious rebuking and inveighing against others. If he could not by fair and gentle speech induce them unto his opinion, yet he should use no kind of violence and refrain from displeasing and seditious words."

On Books.

Mark, there. We get no good
By being ungenerous, even to a book,
And calculating profits—so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—
'Tis then we get the right good from a book.

— *The Wife of Robert Browning.*

A WALK WITH AN IMMORTAL.

By Alfred T. Story.

One afternoon late in the sixties a youth was walking along a country road above the town of Blackburn, enjoying at one and the same time the fresh air, the pleasant autumn landscape, and a book. Though it was the beginning of October, the shortening days were still pleasant. There was enough edge to the breeze to make walking agreeable, enough warmth in the sunshine to render an extra coat unnecessary. The trees were still covered with foliage, the swallows had not yet gone.

Sauntering along, book in hand, the youth now read a page, now permitted his eye to wander away to what of life or beauty the declining year afforded. Here it was a flower of the purple scabious, there a cluster of the scarlet berries of the cornel. But anon a rarer sight presented itself—a dwarf bush of alder, thickly covered with snails. Every tiniest leaf had its snail; the larger ones two or three. To see so many of the slimy mollusks in one tree, and every mollusk with his house on his back, was not a thing to be met with every day; and the youth bent over the bush with curious eyes.

So interested was he in the spectacle that he did not notice the approach of a stranger who had been walking a little way behind, and who, seeing him so intent upon something in the hedge-bottom, stopped and inquired:

"What is it you are gazing at so intently there?"

The youth, without removing his eyes, pointed to the alder and its inhabitants. "Look!" said he. "What is the meaning of that?"

"It looks like a snail parliament, doesn't it?" said the stranger, after gazing at the bush for a brief moment.

There was something so novel in the suggestion that the youth looked up at the querist, a man in the prime of life, grizzled, with pointed beard, and a hard felt hat. He wore a blue pilot-coat, tightly buttoned. But the thing of all others to remember was his superb eyes, large, brown, and full of light.

They smiled upon the youth as he added to his first remark, again looking at the mollusk assemblage, "There is evidently a national crisis of some sort, and the snail people have sent up their delegates."

The youth laughed. "A queer parliament-house, though, isn't it?"

"It is, rather; but Parliament does sometimes get up a tree, you know. What do you think brings them there—you seem something of a student?"

"Oh, I can only suppose they have climbed up there for an airing."

"Ay, likely enough—and to get a sight of the sun. We all—every living thing of us—like to see the sun, to bask in the light. That is what has brought you and me out of the smoke of the town this cheery afternoon—is it not?"

The youth acquiesced. "There was nothing so delightful," said he.

"Unless it be a book," observed the light-lover with a smile, glancing at a small volume protruding from the youth's pocket.

"Oh, yes, a pleasant book enhances the enjoyment; but this is hardly a book in that sense," replied the younger wayfarer, drawing forth a dry handbook on some subject. "It is no more a real book than——"

"Than a bat is a bird, eh?" suggested the stranger.

This remark led to a chat about books in general as the two walked along, after having seen all there was to be seen about the snails. The younger companion stated his preferences—history, biography, poetry, natural history.

"Ah, that is the study to inform and enlarge the mind—natural history, the study of nature!" exclaimed the gentleman. "I could be content with that; only my natural history should not exclude man. He, equally with every living thing, is a part of nature."

"Would you leave out poetry?" queried the younger.

"By no means," was the reply. "Natural history is poetry. Listen to that robin; is not that living poetry? All the year's choir is silent except that bird. And what a contented note it is. If we could all preach cheerfulness like that! I should, perhaps, say 'teach,' not 'preach,' for he gives us example rather than precept, and that is the best for instruction." A few steps further on brought the wayfarers to a field over which a number of swallows were darting and circling about with little cries of delight.

"Look," said the gentleman, "there are some more light-lovers."

He stood for a moment or two watching them; then, as a path led through the field

winding up a slight elevation, he said, "It looks pleasanter up there than along the road—if you are for a further stroll. But perhaps you want to be alone to read your book?"

"By no means," replied the youth.

He was already too fascinated with his chance companion to care any more that day for his book. So the two wandered on together over the fields, through a wooded vale, and back by the fields and the road; the elder man talking, asking questions, stopping now to look at the prospect, now to examine some object of interest, the younger full of curiosity, answering oddly to questions asked, causing his companion every now and again to smile quietly, possibly at his *naïveté*, possibly at his enthusiasms.

"So you want to be a writer, eh?" came the question at length.

"It is a dream."

"A dream is not a bad thing—if you put a heft to it."

The youth considered; then, thinking he had grasped his companion's meaning, he said, "Of course, one can do nothing by mere dreaming; I would not care how much hard work it cost or how long it took, if——"

"Good! But in the meantime what about your living? It is up-hill work, this writing business—they say so, at least—and hard to make a living at. There are a good many in London, who, according to all accounts, do not find it a mint."

"But some do fairly well?"

"Fairly—I know one or two who do. But what kind of writing do you wish to be at? Have you tried your hand at anything?"

The youth replied that he had essayed something in the story line, and caused his companion to laugh very heartily by telling him that he could not get his characters to do anything of themselves: they were so wooden that everything had to be done for them.

"You want your puppets, then, to be so full of life that when you have created them they will begin to think and act for themselves, eh? If you can do that you will be as great a magician as Moses. But give me an instance."

This brought out the outline of a village legend which the would-be yarn-spinner was trying to make something of. A young fellow has won the heart of a village belle, and the day of the wedding has arrived. Rising early, he sets off for a lake in the woods for a bath; but after finishing his swim he finds his clothes gone, stolen by envious rivals. It is a lonely, out-of-the-way spot; nobody comes near; and there he lingers, helpless, until the bells

begin to ring—the wedding bells. The legend says he improvised some sort of covering and ran pell-mell into the village, to find the wedding party returning to their homes. But there the bridegroom is—in the woods—Adam-like—too wooden to devise any means of escape out of his dilemma.

"Rather a bad hole for the poor fellow," commented the light-lover. "But you would have thought, being a countryman, that he would have contrived somehow to bark a tree and make himself a sort of wooden shirt—a shield back and front, so to speak. But, as you say, the great art is to be able to make your characters think and act for themselves. The secret will no doubt come in time—if it is in you."

"A big if," cried the youth.

"Yes, rather a formidable one," returned his companion; "but there are other fields for the pen besides that of fiction—and I am not sure but there are higher ones. Anyway, I do not know that that matters if you only get the right key."

"And what is that?"

"To be sure your heart is in the right place and write from that. I know a man who has written a good deal, whose works are rather well thought of, and who attributes all his popularity to the fact that he never set down a word that he would have been ashamed to read to the one he loved and honored the most. That is what I call the right key. It is the key that will unlock the heart of the people in the end—if anything will."

The last words were accompanied by a smile. He added: "Don't be discouraged by a little failure. The higher your aim, you know, the bigger your climb. They used to give a youth seven years to learn to make a pair of boots; if a man learns in three times that to write a book he may consider himself lucky."

"A pretty long apprenticeship!"

"It is, rather. But then the apprentice lives in the meantime."

The youth pondered.

"I knew one man," said the elder, "who did fairly well by writing love poems for lovers who had not the wit to do so for themselves, composing rhymed advertisements, and the like. But it proved rather bad for him, because it caused his sweetheart to throw him over; she said he wrote better verses for other men's loves than for his own."

"Suppose you were in my place now——?" said the would-be writer.

"Ah! I could not suppose that! But"—with a broad smile—"if I had my life to go

over again I think I would risk the three times seven." Then, more seriously, "In any case it is better to aim high and fail than to aim low and hit."

By this time the chance companions had reached the outskirts of the town, or rather of the local park, which overlooks the town on the east. Blackburn is, or was, a smoky and malodorous place, with hideous stacks of reeking chimneys; but for once, under the glamour of an almost unparalleled sunset, it looked absolutely beautiful, the grimmest objects of the scene having the appearance of colossal pillars supporting the roof of some gorgeous hall. It was a sight to enthral, and the light-lover stood and gazed upon it for several minutes in silence, removing his hat as though in reverence. Then for the first time the youth noticed the lines of thought and care upon his brow. He ventured to observe that it was "very beautiful."

"Beautiful, indeed! Wonderful!" murmured the elder. Then, after a pause, "Ah, if we could all go down like that after the day's work!"

There was something like a suggestion of dew in his eyes as he spoke, and he looked away as though to hide it. When he turned to his companion again it was to bid him fare-

well. "When you write," he said, "put something of the spirit that is there into your writings. Try to make people feel that we are living in an eternity that never ends, and that it is worth while endeavoring to be great—like that sunset."

* * * * *

In the evening the youth went to hear a reading at the Town Hall by Charles Dickens, the subject being "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings." The place was full to overflowing, and when Mr. Dickens entered the whole audience rose in mass. He was in evening dress, and fresh as though from a band-box; but there was no mistaking those eyes of his; and his companion of the afternoon, seated right in front of him, felt that he was speaking and acting specially to him the evening through.

Whilst the audience were leaving the hall, Mr. Dickens stood on the steps leading up to the platform shaking hands and conversing with several ladies and gentlemen. As the youth passed him, wondering whether he had been recognized or not, the famous novelist caught sight of him, descended a step lower, held out his hand, and pressing warmly the one extended to him in return, gave him a hearty "Good luck—and God bless you!"

SHAKESPEARE AND THE SEA.

Quite recently it was suggested by the writer of an article in the *Spectator* that Shakespeare was now but little read—that while his works were quoted from as much as ever, the quotations were obtained at second hand, and that it would be hard to find to-day any reader who had waded through all that wonderful collection of plays and poems. This is surely not a carefully made statement. If there were any amount of truth in it, we might well regard such a state of things as only one degree less deplorable than that people should have ceased to read the Bible. For next to the Bible there can be no such collection of writings available wherein may be found food for every mind. Even the sailor, critical as he always is of allusions to the technicalities of his calling that appear in literature, is arrested by the truth of Shakespeare's references to the sea and seafaring, while he cannot but wonder at their copiousness in the work of a thorough landsman. Of course, in this respect it is necessary to remember that Elizabethan England spoke a language which was far more

frequently studded with sea-terms than that which we speak ashore to-day. With all our vast commerce and our utter dependence upon the sea for our very life, its romance, its expressions, take little hold of the immense majority of the people. Therein we differ widely from Americans. In every walk of life from Maine to Mexico, from Philadelphia to San Francisco, the American people salt their speech with terms borrowed from the sailor, as they do also with other terms used by Shakespeare, and often considered by Shakespeare's countrymen of the present day, quite wrongly, to be slang.

In what is, perhaps, the most splendidly picturesque effort of Shakespeare's genius, "The Tempest," he hurls us at the outset into the hurly-burly of a storm at sea, with all the terror-striking details attendant upon the embaying of a ship in such weather. She is a passenger ship, too, and the passengers behave as landsmen might be expected to do in such a situation. The Master (not Captain, be it noted, for there are no Captains in the mer-

chant service) calls the boatswain. Here arises a difficulty for a modern sailor. Where was the mate? We cannot say that the office was not known, although Shakespeare nowhere alludes to such an officer, but this much is certain, that for one person who would understand who was meant by the mate, ten would appreciate the mention of the boatswain's name, and that alone would justify its use in poetry. In this short colloquy between the Master and the boatswain we have the very spirit of sea-service. An immediate reply to the Master's hail, and an inquiry in a phrase now only used by the vulgar, bring the assurance, "Good;" but it is at once followed by, "Speak to the mariners, fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground; bestir, bestir." Having given his orders the Master goes—he has other matters to attend to—and the boatswain heartens up his crew in true nautical fashion, his language being almost identical with that used to-day. His "aside" is true sailor—"Blow till thou burst thy wind, if [we have] room enough." This essentially nautical feeling that, given a good ship and plenty of sea-room, there is nothing to fear, is alluded to again and again in Shakespeare. He has the very spirit of it. Then come the meddlesome passengers, hampering the hard-pressed officer with their questioning and advice!—until, exasperated beyond courtesy, he bursts out: "You mar our labor. Keep your cabins. You do assist the storm." Bidden to remember whom he has on board, he gives them more of his mind, winding up by again addressing his crew with "cheerly, good hearts," and, as a parting shot to his hinderers, "Out of our way, I say."

But the weather grows worse; they must needs strike the topmast and heave-to under the main-course (mainsail), a manœuvre which, usual enough with Elizabethan ships, would never be attempted now. Under the same circumstances the lower main-topsail would be used, the mainsail having been furled long before because of its unwieldy size. Still the passengers annoy, now with abuse, which is answered by an appeal to their reason and an invitation for them to take hold and work. For the need presses. She is on a lee shore, and in spite of the fury of the gale sail must be made. "Set her two courses [mainsail and foresail] off to sea again, lay her off." And now the sailors despair and speak of prayer, their cries met scornfully by the valiant boatswain with "What, must our mouths be cold?" Then follows that wonderful sea-picture beginning Scene 2, which remains unapproach-

able for vigor and truth. A little farther on comes the old sea-superstition of the rats quitting a foredoomed ship, and in Ariel's report a spirited account of what must have been suggested to Shakespeare by stories of the appearance of "corposants," or St. Elmo's fire, usually accompanying a storm of this kind, and in answer to Prospero's question, "Who was so firm?" etc., Ariel bears incidental tribute to the mariners,—"All but mariners plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel," those same mariners who are afterwards found, their vessel safely anchored, asleep under hatches, their dangerous toil at an end.

In the "Twelfth Night" there are many salt-water allusions no less happy, beginning with the bright picture of Antonio presented by the Captain (of a war ship?) breasting the sea upon a floating mast. Again, in Act I., Scene 6, Viola answers Malvolio's uncalled-for rudeness, "Will you hoist sail, Sir?" with the ready idiom, "No, good *swabber*, I am to hull [to heave-to] here a little longer." In Act V., Scene 1, the Duke speaks of Antonio as Captain of a "bawbling vessel—for shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;" in modern terms a small privateer that played such havoc with the enemy's fleet that "very envy and the tongue of loss cried fame and honor on him." Surely Shakespeare must have had Drake in his mind when he wrote this.

Who does not remember Shylock's contemptuous summing up of Antonio's means and their probable loss?—"Ships are but boards, sailors but men, there be land rats and water rats, water thieves and land thieves—I mean pirates; then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks."—Act I., Scene 3. In this same play, too, we have those terrible quicksands, the Goodwins, sketched for us in half a dozen lines: "Where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried."—Act III., Scene 1; and in the last scene of the last act Antonio says his "ships are safely come to *road*," an expression briny as the sea itself.

In the "Comedy of Errors," Act I., Scene 1, we have a phrase that should have been coined by an ancient Greek sailor-poet: "The always-wind-obeying deep," and a little lower down the page a touch of sea-lore that would of itself suffice to stamp the writer as a man of intimate knowledge of nautical ways: "A small spare mast, such as seafaring men provide for storms." Who told Shakespeare of the custom of sailors to carry spare spars for jury masts?

In "Macbeth," the first witch sings of the winds and the compass card, and promises



that her enemy's husband shall suffer all the torments of the tempest-tossed sailor without actual shipwreck. She also shows a pilot's thumb "wrack'd as homeward he did come." Who, in these days of universal reading, needs reminding of the allusion to the ship-boy's sleep in Act III., Scene 1, of "Henry IV.," a contrast of the most powerful and convincing kind, powerful alike in its poetry and its truth to the facts of Nature? Especially noticeable is the line where Shakespeare speaks of the spindrift: "And in the visitation of the winds Who take the ruffian billows by the top, Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them With deaf'ning clamors in the slippery clouds."

"King Henry VI.," Act V., Scene 1, has this line full of knowledge of sea usage: "Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee." Here is a plain allusion to the ancient custom whereby all ships of any other nation, as well as all merchant ships, were compelled to lower their sails in courtesy to British ships of war. The picture given in "Richard III.," Act I., Scene 4, of the sea-bed does not call for so much wonder, for the condition of that secret place of the sea must have had peculiar fascination for such a mind as Shakespeare's. Set in those few lines he has given us a vision of the deeps of the sea that is final.

A wonderful passage is to be found in "Cymbeline," Act III., Scene 1, that seems to have been strangely neglected, where the Queen tells Cymbeline to remember—

The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscalable and roaring waters;
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast.

And again, in the same scene, Cloten speaks of the Romans finding us in our "salt-water girdle."

But no play of Shakespeare's, except "The Tempest," smacks so smartly of the brine as "Pericles," the story of that much-enduring Prince of Tyre, whose nautical mishaps are made to have such a miraculously happy ending. In Act II., Scene 1, enter Pericles, wet, invoking heaven that the sea, having manifested its sovereignty over man, may grant him one last boon—a peaceful death. To him appear three fishermen characteristically engaged in handling their nets, bullying one another and discussing the latest wreck. And here we get a bit of sea-lore that all sailors deeply appreciate. "Third Fish.—Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus,

how he bounced and tumbled? They say they are half fish, half flesh; a plague on them! they ne'er come but I look to be wash'd." Few indeed are the sailors, even in these steamship days, who have not heard that the excited leaping of porpoises presages a storm. The whole scene well deserves quotation, especially the true description of the whale (rorqual) "driving the poor fry before him and at last swallows them all at a mouthful." Space presses, however, and it will be much better for those interested to read for themselves. Act III., Scene 1, brings before us a companion picture to that in the opening of "The Tempest," perhaps even more vivid, where the terrible travail of the elements is agonizingly contrasted with the birth-wail of an infant and the passing of the hapless Princess. Beautiful indeed is the rough but honest heartening offered by the laboring sailors, broken off by the sea-command to—

1st Sailor. Slack the bolins there; thou wilt not,
wilt thou? Blow and split thyself.
2d Sailor. But sea-room, an' the brine and cloudy
billow kiss the moon, I care not.

Bolins, modern "bowlines," were anciently used much more than now. At present they are slight ropes which lead from forward to keep the weather edges (leaches) of the courses rigid in light winds when steering full and bye. But in olden days even topgallant sails had their bolins, and they were among the most important ropes in the ship. Then we have the sea-superstition creating the deepest prejudice against carrying a corpse. And, sympathetic as the mariners are, the dead woman must "overboard straight." Reluctantly we must leave this all too brief sketch of Shakespeare's true British sea-sympathies, for space is already overrun.—*The Spectator*.

A Collectible Pamphlet.

One of the humorous incidents of the French elections is the joke perpetrated by one of the candidates in Auvergne, who is opposing the sitting member. He has distributed thousands of copies of a pamphlet bearing the title "Speeches by M. Chose in the Legislature of 1898-1902." As a rule, deputies' speeches are used against them by their opponents, but in the present instance the member for Auvergne never once opened his mouth, unless it was in the buffet, during the whole Legislature. His parliamentary eloquence is, therefore, represented by a dozen pages of blank paper,

"THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM, JR."

By Valentine Blake.

Wallace Irwin has again done the unexpected. That he should do the unexpected has been rather expected of him since he perpetrated that epoch-making joke, *The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum*. Now, if he had worked along the line of logical sequences, he would have written another slang book, and the world, if pleased, would not have been surprised. His latest ink-ling, *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, Jr.*, is just as whimsical, just as humorous and just as original as the *Love Sonnets*, but otherwise it has nothing in common with the former book. In *The Rubaiyat* the author has shunned slang studiously, has cultivated a hyper-elegant diction and combined real poetry and ingenious nonsense in such a way as to take the reader's breath away. Like FitzGerald's translation, Mr. Irwin's *Rubaiyat* contains one hundred and one stanzas, which, without exaggeration, offer one hundred and one surprises. It is full of the freshness of a young genius, and seldom descends to parody.

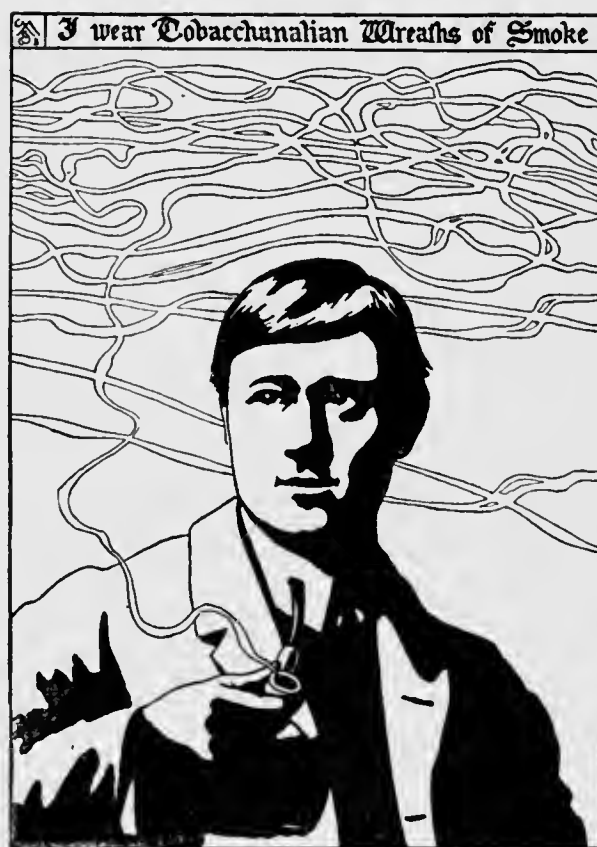
When the Hoodlum's book came before the public it carried a more direct message, perhaps, than many a more serious work ever dared to carry. It showed us convincingly how the long-reverenced sonnet could become an "easy mark" and a "carry-all for brain-fag wrecks," and it will live as a protest against the use of the sonnet form as a vehicle for mediocre thought. *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, Jr.*, too, has brought a clatter of raillery about the heads of the imitators, who will not let FitzGerald's beautiful translation alone. To quote from Mr. Irwin's mock serious introduction:

"Since the publication of Edward FitzGerald's classic translation of the *Rubaiyat* in 1851—or, rather, since its general popularity several years later—poets minor and major have been rendering the sincerest form of flattery to the genius of the Irishman who brought Persia into the best regulated families. Unfortunately, there were scores of imitators who, in order to make the astronomer go round, were obliged to draw him out to the thinness of Balzac's *Magic Skin*. While all this was going on, the present editor was forced to conclude that the burning literary need was not for more translators, but for more Omars to translate; and what was his surprise to note that the work of a later and superior *Omar Khayyam* was lying undiscovered in the wilds of Borneo!"

If FitzGerald's Omar took his inspiration from wine, Irwin's Omar certainly owed much of his poetic frenzy to the narcotic effects of tobacco, for the book abounds in praises of the weed, and many of these lines one cannot help admiring for their real poetic beauty:

"Mark how Havana's sensuous-philtred Mead
Dispels the cackling Hag of Night at Need,
And, foggy-aureoled, the Smoke reveals
The Poppy Flowers that blossom from the Weed."

Between Smoke and Kisses the poet's love was about equally divided. The muse of the younger Omar seems to have been a flirtatious



jade, for the kiss and the cigar seem to wage an equal rivalry in the motif of these rubaiyat. As note the following:

"A Microbe lingers in a Kiss, you say?
Yes, but he nibbles in a pleasant way.
Rather than in the Pipe and Telephone
Better to catch him Kissing and be gay."

The unusual constructions of these rubaiyat are worth studying. As a rule, they start out with the most poetic intentions, sustain a perfect style for two or three lines, then descend suddenly without warning, tumbling the reader

out of the balloon of ideality and landing him with a jar on the rude soil of reality. This is done so skillfully that you forgive the author at once and are ready to take another fall with every new stanza. For example:

"I can forgive the Oaf who nothing knows
And glories in the Bubble that he blows,
And while you wrestle blindly with the World
He whistles on his Fingers and his Toes."

Mr. Irwin whistles on the fingers and toes of his fancy and does other surprising gymnastics which tend to add to the gayety of literature. He is mad with a surprising degree of sanity and a good part of his rubaiyat shows what a healthful form of wisdom nonsense may become. The *Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum* was a bright promise, and the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, Jr.*, is certainly well on the road to fulfillment. The book is aptly illustrated by eight startling freak drawings by Gelett Burgess, and is made complete by a set of slyly pompous notes which are a side-splitting satire on all the schools.

—*Impressions.*

The Real Shakespeare at Last.

The London *Free Lance* has discovered the "real Shakespeare" in the following cryptogram:

Note third letter from the end.

Ti M on
The Winter's T A le
Henry Fou R th
Merchant of Ven I ce
Macb E th

Titus Androni C us
Love's Labor's L O st
Taming of the Sh R ew
The Temp E st
Othe L lo
Ham L et
Much Ado About Noth I ng

Note fourth letter from the end.

Ha M let
Antony and Cleop A tra
Comedy of Er R ors
Henry the F I fth
Oth E llo

Richard the Se C ond
Venus and Ad O nis
Midsummer Night's D R eam
Lucr E tia
Romeo and Ju L iet
Cymbe L ine
Twelfth N I ght

Authors as Diplomats—A List.

Benjamin Franklin, Minister to France.
Washington Irving, Minister to Spain.
Lew Wallace, Minister to Turkey.
George Bancroft, Minister to Germany; Minister to England; Minister to Russia.
Nathaniel Hawthorne, Consul at Liverpool.
John Howard Payne, Consul at Tunis.
W. W. Astor, Minister to Italy.
Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel), Consul at Venice.
James Russell Lowell, Minister to England; Minister to Spain.
Bayard Taylor, Minister to Germany.
John Bigelow, Minister to France.
Arthur Sherburn Hardy, Minister to Persia.
Eugene Schuyler, Minister to Greece.
Bret Harte, Consul at Glasgow.
George Perkins Marsh, Minister to Italy; Minister to Turkey.
John Lothrop Motley, Minister to Austria.
Andrew D. White, Minister to Germany.
J. B. Angell, Minister to China; Minister to Turkey.
George H. Boker, Minister to Turkey.
William Dean Howells, Consul at Venice.
John James Piatt, Consul at Queenstown.
John Hay, Minister to England.
Rasmus B. Anderson, Minister to Denmark.
S. G. W. Benjamin, Minister to Persia.

"John Inglesant."

That Mr. Shorthouse's famous book was rejected by a great publishing house on the advice of James Payn is generally known.

The story of the ultimate acceptance of the novel is also interesting. It was first printed for private circulation, and, of an edition of a hundred, seventy-five were distributed by Mr. Shorthouse among his friends, and the remaining twenty-five were published at Birmingham, in July, 1880, at one guinea each.

It so happened that a friend of the author living at Oxford was amongst the seventy-five favored with a copy, and this, after reading, he sent to Mrs. Humphry Ward, who, as a keen judge of literature, could not fail to be impressed with the marvelous power of the book, and she soon afterwards spoke of it to Mr. Macmillan, who in turn immediately recognized in it the highest literary qualities, and set about to obtain the author's consent to its publication. We have thus the unique spectacle of publisher and critics urging a new writer to allow his work to be presented to the reading public, and so it came about that "John Inglesant" was properly published in two octavo volumes in the spring of 1881.

REMINISCENCES OF A VISIT TO WHITTIER.

In December of 1884 Mr. Edmund Gosse visited the venerable author of "Snow-Bound" at a house called Oak Knoll, in Massachusetts, where he was then staying with friends. Mr. Gosse described his visit in a contribution to *The Bookman*, from which we quote:

"Doubtless, in leafy seasons, Oak Knoll may have its charms, but it was distinctly sinister that December morning. We rang, and after a long pause the front door opened slightly, and a very unprepossessing dog emerged, and shut the door (if I may say so) behind him. We were face to face with this animal, which presented none of the features identified in one's mind with the idea of Mr. Whittier. It sniffed unpleasantly, but we spoke to it most blandly, and it became assured that we were not tramps. The dog sat down, and looked at us; we had nowhere to sit down, but we looked at the dog. Then, after many blandishments but feeling very uncomfortable, I ventured to hold the dog in conversation while I rang again. After another pause the door was slightly opened, and a voice of no agreeable timbre asked what we wanted. We explained, across the dog, that we had come by appointment to see Mr. Whittier. The door was closed a second time, and, if our carriage had still been waiting, we should certainly have driven back to Danvers. But at length a hard-featured woman grudgingly admitted us, and showed us, growling as she did it, into a parlor.

"Our troubles were then over, for Mr. Whittier himself appeared, with all that report had ever told of gentle sweetness and dignified cordial courtesy. He was then seventy-seven years old, and, although he spoke of age and feebleness, he showed few signs of either; he was, in fact, to live eight years more. Perhaps because the room was low, he seemed surprisingly tall; he must, in fact, have been a little less than six feet high. The peculiarity of his face rested in the extraordinary large and luminous black eyes, set in black eyebrows, and fringed with thick black eyelashes curiously curved inward. This bar of vivid black across the countenance was startlingly contrasted with the bushy snow-white beard and hair, offering a sort of contradiction which was surprising and presently pleasing.

"His generosity to those much younger and less gifted than himself is well known, and I shall not dwell on the good-natured things which he proceeded to say to his English visitor. He made no profession, at any time, of being a critic, and his formula was that such and such verse or prose had given him pleasure—"I am grateful to thee for all that enjoyment" was his charming way of being kind. But I will mention what he said about one book, the 'Life of Gray,' because I do not remember that Gray is mentioned in any of the published works of Whittier. He said that he had delighted in that narrative of a life so

quiet and so sequestered that, as he put it, it was almost more 'Quakerly' than that of any famous member of the Society; and he added that he had been greatly moved by the fullness and the significance of a career which to the outside world might have seemed absolutely without movement. 'Thee were very fortunate,' he went on, 'to have that beautiful, restful story left to tell after almost all the histories of great men had been made so fully known to readers.'

"He spoke with great emotion of Emerson—"the noblest human being I have known," and of Longfellow, 'perhaps the sweetest. But you will see Holmes,' he added. I said that it was my great privilege to be seeing Dr. Holmes every day, and that the night before he had sent all sorts of affectionate messages by me to Mr. Whittier. The latter expressed great curiosity to see Holmes's short 'Life of Emerson,' which, in fact, was published five or six days later. With reminiscences of the past, and especially of the great group of the poets his contemporaries, my venerable host kept me long entertained."

Apropos of the poet's magnificent eyes, Mr. Gosse says:

"Mr. Whittier greatly surprised me by confessing that he was quite color-blind. He exemplified his condition by saying that if I came to Amesbury I should be scandalized by one of his carpets. It appeared that he was never permitted, by the guardian goddess of his hearth, to go 'shopping' for himself, but that once, being in Boston, and needing a carpet, he had ventured to go to a store and buy what he thought to be a very nice, quiet article, precisely suited to adorn a Quaker home. When it arrived at Amesbury there was a universal shout of horror, for what had struck Mr. Whittier as a particularly soft combination of browns and grays proved, to normal eyes, to be a loud pattern of bright red roses on a field of the crudest cabbage-green. When he had told me this, it was then easy to observe that the fullness and brilliancy of his wonderful eyes had something which was not entirely normal about them."

Mr. Gosse sketches the personality of the man as he saw it, and offers some suggestions as to Whittier's probable place in literature:

"He struck me as very gay and cheerful, in spite of his occasional references to the passage of time and the vanishing of beloved faces. He even laughed, frequently and with a childlike suddenness, but without a sound. His face had none of the immobility so frequent with very aged persons; on the contrary, waves of mood were always sparkling across his features, and leaving nothing stationary there except the narrow, high, and strangely receding forehead. His language, very fluid and easy, had an agreeable touch of the soil, an occasional rustic note in its elegant col-

loquialism, that seemed very pleasant and appropriate, as if it linked him naturally with the long line of sturdy ancestors of whom he was the final blossoming. In connection with his poetry, I think it would be difficult to form in the imagination a figure more appropriate to Whittier's writing than Whittier himself proved to be in the flesh. . . .

"Mr. Whittier was composing verses all his life, and the difference of quality between those he wrote at twenty and at eighty is remarkably small. He was a poet in the lifetime of Gifford and Crabbe, and he was still a poet when Mr. Rudyard Kipling was already famous. During this vast period of time his style changed very little; it had its ups and downs, its laxities and then its felicities, but it bore very little relation to passing conditions. There rose up beside it Tennyson and Browning, Rossetti and Swinburne, but none of these affected Whittier. His genius, or talent, or knack—whichever we choose to call it—was an absolutely local and native thing. It was like the Indian waters of strange name of which it sang, Winnepesaukee and Merrimac and Katahdin; it streamed forth, untouched by Europe, from among the butternuts and maples of the hard New England landscape. The art in Whittier's verse was primitive. Those who love his poetry most will wish that he had possessed a better ear, that he could have felt that 'mateless'

does not rhyme to 'greatness.' In all his books there is a tendency to excess, to redundancy; he is apt to babble on when he has nothing very inspired to say.

"But when all this is acknowledged, none but a very hasty reader will fail to recognize Whittier's lasting place in the history of literature. He is not rich, nor sonorous, nor a splendid artist; he is even rather rarely exquisite; but he has an individuality of his own that is of durable importance. He is filled with moral enthusiasm as a trumpet is filled with the breath of him who blows it. His Quaker quietism concentrates itself until it breaks into a real passion-storm of humanity, and when Whittier is roused he sings with the thrilling sweetness of a wood-thrush."

The simplicity and earnestness which so often produce in Whittier's work phrases instinct with life and truth suggest to Mr. Gosse a kinship between the Quaker singer and the English didactic poet Crabbe. Whittier's memory, the writer concludes, depends for its protection, "not on the praise of exotic communities, which can never, though they admire, rightly comprehend it, but on the conscience of New England, shy, tenacious, intrepid, to which, more than any other poet has done, Whittier made a direct and constant appeal."

BLUNDERS IN LIBRARIES.

The following "incidents" occurred within the last two years at a free library, one of the most important in the up-town district in the Borough of Manhattan.

The stories are absolutely true.

A lady, who looked as though she might have known better, inquired, with perfect gravity of countenance, for "Hawthorne's House of the Seven Fables." Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Hentzau" was asked for by another member, who had evidently become mentally confused over her list of that author's works. An attractive young woman whose looks and manners plainly indicated social superiority was anxious to obtain "Crawford's 'Via Crucifix.'"

Here is an instance of confusion of the author's name: "Have you 'The Right of Way,' by Parkhurst?" Another of confusion of one author with a contemporary: Two gentlemen enter the library; one of them "takes out" Marie Corelli's "Barabbas" and confidently assures his companion that "This is another story by the author of 'Quo Vadis.'"

A member whose memory possibly had been

impaired by a too strenuous study of very modern historical fiction asked for "'Richard Carvel,' by Mary Johnston."

Perhaps the following are examples of the ruin wrought (as some critics would have us believe) by overindulgence in the romantic novel: "The Pride of Jennico" was once inquired for as "The Pride of Jericho," and again as "The Bride of Jericho." Possibly, however, the two members respectively responsible for these queries may have imagined the book to be a work of a religious character.

A young woman who had heard of "The Puppet Crown," by Harold McGrath, seemed desirous of reading it under the title of "The Puppy Crown." Maybe she was fond of dogs.

An elderly lady, refined of speech, manners, and aspect, approached the librarian's desk and inquired, holding up a volume of Ruskin: "Is this all one story?" She was disappointed when told that the book would not furnish her with a hoped-for feast of fiction. Applying for the librarian's expert assistance in the selection of something "interesting to read," a

well-dressed man was recommended "Via Crucis" or "Tommy and Grizel." He explained, however, that he "had an aversion to 'ghost stories.'" A lady, probably blessed with several olive branches, inquired as to where she could find the shelves containing "the juvenile books," as she wished to "take out" "The Heavenly Twins." She left the library with something else.

A lady preferred the request that the librarian kindly choose a book for her from the shelves, as she (the applicant) "was deaf." Apparently the loss of one sense had made her forgetful of the natural uses of another.

One of the ordinary application blanks in use in free libraries was handed to a man who, as a would-be member, filled it up and then naïvely inquired if "you have just the same kind of blanks for ladies?" There is the case of the agitated lady who, upon a warm day, hurried up to the assistant librarian's desk to ask whether they "had any books?" Seemingly even the stress of hot weather could not sharpen her dulled sense of the wisdom of avoiding superfluous effort—even in the asking of questions. A woman applicant for membership, on being told that she must give as a reference some one whose name could be found in the city directory, put the following question as her answer:

"Oh, it doesn't matter, does it, whether it's any one that I'm acquainted with or not?"

A small boy was discovered diligently searching through a shelf of medical works. When asked what he was looking for, he said: "Perhaps you could tell me where Horatio A. Alger's books are?"

Some people display their oddities in their methods of filling out the application blanks. One person disposed of the line headed, "What occupation," by writing altruistically, "Doing unto others as I would they should do unto me." Another applicant, elderly, and "solid" of aspect, handed in a filled and signed blank, the "occupation" line of which read thus: "No occupation; retired from life." In direct contrast was the juvenile aspirant for membership who applied for a blank by requesting "an occupation slip, please, ma'am."

A lady, very anxious to explain satisfactorily the cause of a book being overdue, said:

"You see, I'm an invalid, and some days I do not leave the house for weeks at a time."

A young girl almost tearfully protested:

"But surely, if I can keep one book fourteen days, I may keep two books twenty-eight days!"

When returning books three weeks overdue the delinquent (a man) observed that "but for your library postal about these books I'd have kept them for a year and blown in my whole income in fines."

Oddly appropriate was the request of a small boy who walked up to the desk carrying a fox terrier in his arms and asked for the "second volume of Kenilworth."

We are now in a group of juvenile anecdotes, including that of the small boy who asked for a "book of fiction" suitable "for a lady about forty years of age." That boy must have lived in a family where feminine traditions were not upheld. Another boy asked for "Remembrances of An Old Maid"—his recollection of the title he had been told to procure—"An Old Maid's Love." He may have been the courier of some one with pathetic memories. A boy returning some novels on his father's behalf repeated the parental injunction thus: "My father says he would like a book like this one, but with the love left out. He wants it all murder." Doubtless there was here a keen sympathy betwixt father and son, accounting for the exactness with which the message was repeated.

A boy who must have been an attentive reader of a certain special department in a popular juvenile magazine, put this inconsequent query at the desk: "Please, may I belong to the story-tellers' club?" He was referred to the editor.

The boy who asked for "a book called 'The Smile Invisible,'" saw one which was not.

A lady once asked "if there was any expense in taking out a book you don't like?" Necessarily, in a free library, an enigmatical query. Her ambiguity of expression, however, may be excused when it is told that she had just "had out" several volumes of Browning. Younger in years, but equal in mysticism, was the woman who wanted to know if the library "took a mortgage" on its books (meaning what is known as a "reserve," where books are held for members who have made special requests for them).

Occasionally the eccentricities of members were startling in their manifestations. A medical student with a stutter broke upon the assistant at the desk with "H-h-h-ave you In-In-Indigestion?" But before the librarian had had time to digest the question, the applicant luckily added: "By Dr. George Smith."

"I should like 'Breakfast and Repartee,'" said another member, who merely desired "Coffee and Repartee."

Being asked by the librarian for his card of

membership a man slapped his pockets and hastily explained that he "had forgotten it in the Infant Department." The young man who asked:

"Do you know how to reserve books?" was not a sly examiner in librarian drill, who

had popped in with the object of posing the unsuspecting assistant. He was merely one of those persons who seem to be so frequent in free libraries—a member whose way of expressing himself was unfortunate.

—*Sunday (N. Y.) Times.*

THE FIRST ENGLISH POET: CAEDMON.

By H. Belcher Thornton.

The little town of Whitby, with its quaint red-tiled houses on one side of the river flowing through its center—depicted in glowing colors by many an artist's brush—with the time-worn ruins of its far-famed abbey looking over all and keeping a solitary watch on the hill top, now boasts of a beautiful monumental cross in memory of Cædmon, the first English poet.

To students of English literature the name Cædmon is familiar; not in many instances, however, has any opportunity been afforded to study or even to read his works. His name is known because it stands out from the mists of antiquity as the font from which has flowed, with the added strength of succeeding bards, the deep, broad river of English song. He was an instance of the saying, *Poeta nascitur non fit*; for, like the prophet Amos, he was but a herdsman before the spirit came upon him. So far from manifesting any poetic power in youth, he was so ignorant that, when present at feasts, when "all agreed for glee's sake to sing in turn, he no sooner saw the harp come towards him than he rose from the board, and turned homewards."

In his despondency he sought the shed where his oxen were resting. As he lay among the cattle, a man appeared in a dream and said, "Cædmon, sing to me." He again pleaded his inability, but the command was repeated as a promise. He asked, "What shall I sing?" and was told,

"THE BEGINNING OF CREATED THINGS."

In the morning Cædmon told his vision to Hilda and the brethren. They recognized the command from the Lord, and gave him a translation of a passage of Scripture, which he paraphrased in verse, and thus the cowerd became a monk, and the silent man a poet.

Hereafter his life was devoted to the praise of the Creator whose gifts were showered around

in rare profusion and loveliness. Truly he looked "from Nature unto Nature's God," and many a lesson of piety and peace he learnt from the works of His hand and set to the rhythmic music of simple verse.

As regards the works of Cædmon, the only MS. known to exist of his poems is one, bearing no date, which was received by Junius from Archbishop Usher and bequeathed to the safe keeping of the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Learned scholars have in vain attempted to interpret the latter portion of this MS., which defies alike their ingenuity and their erudition. It is divided into two very unequal parts, one extending over two hundred and twelve and the other seven pages.

The year 1655 saw the first published edition of Cædmon's poems, which appeared at Amsterdam. By far the most important is that of Benjamin Thorpe, written for the Society of Antiquaries and issued in 1831.

THE POETRY OF CÆDMON

is characterized, in the original, by its alliteration. It is powerfully descriptive rather than imaginative. To give some idea of its nature we have made quotations from a local work published in 1873 by R. T. Gaskin, who has given, in popular form, a metrical rendering of "certain portions of the writings of the good old Anglo-Saxon."

Probably the best instance of his poetic imagery is to be found in the description of the Creation of the world, where—

The light rushed forth o'er all the dark abyss,
And in its joy the sparkling waves did kiss;
Then did th' Eternal, from the new-born light,
Divide her sable sister, gloomy night;
While up to Heaven's high throne, like incense sweet,
The bright rays rose and gathered at His feet.
The thick clouds floated o'er the trembling earth,
When unto Time the circling sun gave birth;
They spread a shade round the declining day.
"Let this be *Night*," Creation's Lord did say.

A powerful conception is that of

THE EXILE OF THE FALLEN ANGEL.

When in His rage, the Mighty One arose,
He bent the pride of His rebellious foes;
The sin-scathed beings of triumph He bereft,
And them without, or sway, or glory left.
Stern in His mood, in His own power He stands,
And in His wrath holds them with mighty hands;
Then in His crushing grasp in pieces broke—
Such is their fate who dare their God provoke.

Shattered their vaunts, their haughty threats brought low,
Their glory dimmed, to drear exile they go;
No joyous laugh breaks loudly forth to tell
Of heartfelt joy; in Hell accursed they dwell:
Of pain and sorrow, now the woe they know,
Tormenting waves of darkness o'er them flow;—
This, this, the meed of their rebellious sin,
Since they had thought the throne of God to win.

Following this picture of vengeance is one of peace, intensified by the sad state of the haughty fallen angels.

Then, as before, when these base wars did cease,
In heaven's high courts, midst all the bless'd was peace;
The glories waxed, and the Eternal Lord
Was by His faithful ministers adored.

The cause of Satan's downfall was "envious pride." He—

Counseled evil; and was first to weave
That web of woe which made his fellows grieve,
By thirsty malice urged.

And even during his torment the poet graphically shows how that ambitious spirit still triumphed and how envy still held sway.

The greatest grief is that the earth-born brood
Shall gain our mansions while this Hell we crowd;
O that these hands might wield their power once more,
That from this place one season I might soar,
With this brave host one winter might be free,
Then who is greatest should decided be.

But now we suffer chastisement in Hell,
And in grim caves, hot and unfathomed, dwell.

THE FALL OF MAN.

The cunning attempt of a fiend to deceive Adam is well delineated.

At once with lies he tries the man to ply—
"Adam, I bring a message from on high—
Far have I traveled, at the Lord's command,
Yet short the time since I did by Him stand.
He bade me say that now for thee 'tis meet,
That of the tree of Life thou straight should'st eat."

The fiend's appeal to the weaknesses and vanity of human nature is apparent in—

"Then shall thy mind with increased wisdom flow,
Thy stately form a new-found beauty show,
If thou dost gratefully th' Eternal serve

With new-found power He will thine arm annerve.
I heard the Lord in glory praise thy deed,
And say no worldly treasures should'st thou need.

Take in thine hand this fruit, bite, taste and eat,
Thy heart with new delights shall sweetly beat,
Thy radiant face with fairer grace shall shine,
And life to thee shall then be all divine."

The wily Evil One, however, misjudged the strength of Adam's faith, and failed to break through the armor of allegiance to his Guardian.

"I know thee not, nor if thou'rt from the skies—
Thy ways may evil be, thy words all lies;—
Thy orders strange, I do not understand,
But I do know what He did me command.
Thou art unlike the angels I have seen,
Thou bringest no token from His hand I ween."

Eve's frail nature is overcome by the incessant appeals of her base deceiver, and she succeeds where the fiend's attempts were vain. Adam "takes from the woman hell and death." Then the fiend delights at his victim's downfall, and taunts him—

"Blithe be thy mind, at peace may be thy breast,
To thee the race of man as slaves shall rest,
My heart again with joyous thought beats high,
My mind is healed, stayed is my sorrow's sigh;
Since dark perdition doth for Adam call,
And God will sorrow for His creatures' fall."

These quotations are sufficient to show the character of Cædmon's work, and give some idea of its mode of treatment. Throughout it abounds in graphic realisms, and seems the outburst of a deep-rooted and sincere religious zeal.

The following is Cædmon's first song, and for that reason cannot fail to be of interest to all literary students. It is "literal and corresponds line for line with the original," and is the translation of Dr. Young—a learned local historian:

Now we must praise
The heavenly Kingdom's Guardian,
The Creator's might,
And the thoughts of His mind;
Glorious Father of works!
How He of every glory,
Eternal Lord!
Established the beginning.
He first framed
For the children of earth
The Heaven for a roof—
Holy Maker!
The Middle region,
Mankind's Guardian,
The Lord Eternal,
Afterwards made
A dwelling for men:
Almighty Ruler!

"THE NEEDLE'S EXCELLENCY."

By Jennett Humphreys.

In the year 1640 a little oblong folio, some 8 inches by 5½ inches, showing the richest and clearest copper-plate designs for point lace and embroideries, was so popular among early Stuart ladies that it had reached its twelfth edition. John Taylor, the Water Poet (1580-1654), was the lucky producer of the book; he prefaced the patterns by three or four pages of descriptive verse and a few sonnets (*more suo*); his employer was James Baler, who sold "at the Signe of the Marigold, in Paules Church-yard"; the title of the little work was "The Needle's Excellency," and it was stated to be "inlarged with diuers newe workes as needle workes purles and others neuer before printed."

It is a fascinating relic; and it has a fascinating frontispiece, whatever the eleven preceding editions may have had. A fair orderly garden is shown in it, with an abundance of neat flower-beds and neat paths for its perspective, and with its foreground occupied by three ladies. One, who is grave and who is labeled "Wisdom," stands with a book between her fingers; the center one sits on a low stool at needlework, comfortably tall-hatted and caped, her work-box on her knees, and her label setting her out as "Industrie"; the third, all liveliness and frolic, named "Follie," holds up her hands in amused amaze at the others' occupations. Looking at the group, in their Tudor-Stuart costumes, they seem a vivid representation of the opening of Scene 3 in Act I. of *Coriolanus*, where Valeria enters upon the other two Roman ladies crying:

What! Are you sewing here! . . . Come,
lay aside your stitchery! I must have you play
the idle huswife with me this afternoon! . . .
You would be another Penelope! . . . I
would your cambrick were as sensible as your
finger that you might leave pricking it for pity!

Valeria, Virgilia, Volumnia were to all intents and purposes Tudor-Stuart ladies, although they figure as Romans. John Taylor spoke of what he saw under his own eyes. Shakespeare saw the same; and Shakespeare had it in his mind when he wrote what has been quoted, when he made Hamlet stride in to Ophelia, "as she was sewing in her closet," when he made Baptista bid Katharine "Go! Ply thy needle!" when he recalled Lavinia's "pretty fingers" which "could have better sewed than Philomel," when he caused Othello to lapse into tender memory of his murdered Desdemona, crying out, "So delicate with her

needle!" and when he allied needlework with others of his heroines, in passages which will flash into memory readily.

Not, however, that the Water Poet's text fails of zest, self-administered. His verses possess it in every line, albeit possibly not for reasons anticipated by him. Thus, his First Sonnet is on Henry VIII.'s divorced "faire Katharine, Daughter to the Castile King," and he narrates how

. her dayes did passe
In working with the Needle curiously,
As in the Towre, and places more beside,
Her excellent Memorials may be seene.

The little domestic scene makes a rare background to the sad story of Katharine told in the history books. Again: Of this poor Katharine's sole child, Mary Tudor, Taylor says, Sonnet II., her

. workes are likewise in the Towre,
In Windsor Castle, and in Hampton Court,
In that most pompous room called Paradise.

Of Elizabeth, Sonnet III., he says,

. howsoever Sorrow came or went,
She made her Needle her companion still,
And in that exercise her time she spent,
As many living yet doe know her skill.
Thus she was still a Captive or else crown'd,
A Needle-woman Royall and renown'd.

Taylor's other Sonnets are not less acceptable. One of the "high-borne Ladies" he praised was "Mary, Countesse of Pembroke," a mistress of "stitchery" as well as the corrector of her brother's "Arcadia," written at her married home. Says Taylor,

She wrought so well in Needle-worke that shee
Nor yet her workes shall ere forgotten bee;

and he states how,

Braue Wilton house in Wiltshire well can show
Her admirable workes in Arras fram'd.

Then he praised "Elizabeth, wife of Lord Robert Dormer, deceased," saying,

And though her reverent selfe with many daye
Of honourable age is loaden deepe,
Yet with her Needle (to her worthy prayse),
She's working often ere the Sunne doth peepe.

It is admirable testimony. Leaving the Sonnets and turning to the general descriptive verse, there is proof how closely Taylor looked at "The Needle's Excellency" displayed

around him. His sub-title is "The Praise of the Needle," and he says,

Yea, till the world be quite dissolu'd and past,
So long at least the Needles use shall last,

because

A Needle (though it be but small and slender),
Yet it is both a maker and a mender.

Also, with halberds, casques, rapiers, and petards, all around him as he plied on the Thames, and collected wine dues there for the Lieutenant of the Tower, he takes to dignifying the needle as a weapon, saying,

And more the Needles honour to advance
It is a Taylor's Javelin, or his Launce.
And for my countries quiet I should like
That woman-kinde should use no other Pike!

What he incidentally says of Tudor-Stuart garments is of great value; a needle being, according to him,

A grave Reformer of old rents decay'd
[It] Stops holes, and seames, and desperate cuts display'd;
And thus without the Needle we may see
We should without our Bibs and Biggins bee,
No Shirts or Smockes our nakednesse to hide,
No garments gay to make us magnifide.
No Shadowes, Shapparoones, Caules, Bands,
Ruffs, Kuffs,
No Kerchiefs, Quoyfes, Chin-clouts, or Marry-Muffes,
No Cros-cloaths, Aprons, Hand-kerchiefs or Falls,
No Table-clothes for Parlours or for Halls,
No Sheettes, no Towels, Napkins, Pillow-beares,
Nor any Garment man or woman weares.

It might be a laundry-list, it goes so searchingly into the linen-press, into the napery, and pieces of personal gear sent, say, to Datchet Mead for bucking and whiting, with a certain Falstaff in their company.

The Water Poet at length, in enumerating his points, says:

Thus is a Needle prov'd an Instrument
Of profit, pleasure, and of Ornament.
Which mighty Queenes haue grac'd in hand to take,
And high-borne Ladies such esteeme did make,
That as their Daughters' Daughters up did grow
The Needles Art they to their Children show.

But his Needle-Women Royall and Renown'd and his Daughters' Daughters need never fear that their craft had but one department, to keep in which would soon bring weariness. Far and wide, into vista after vista, went "The Needle's Excellency," Taylor assured them. They could sew, or stitch, for ornamentation,

for beauty. At their choice, they could produce,

Flowers, Plants, and Fishes, Beasts, Birds, Flyes and Bees,
Hils, Dales, Plaines, Pastures, Skies, Seas, Rivers, Trees.

Moreover, Posies rare, and Anagrams,
Signifique searching sentences from Names,
True History, or various pleasant fiction,
In sundry colours mixt, with Arts commixion.

There's nothing neerer at hand, or farthest sought,
But with the Needle may be shap'd and wrought.

Even the stitches, or methods, by which they could embody their picturesque inclinations were set down by Taylor in long variety. He told of as many as seven kinds of "workes," these being Rais'd, Laid, Frost, Net, Purl, Tent, Cut. The last he distinguished as "rare" and "Italian"; was it the stitch used to make "the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance," which Falstaff swore would suit the brow of Mistress Ford? Fourteen different stitches were also catalogued in verse by Taylor for his high-borne ladies. These were Spanish, Irish, Rosemary, Mowse, Bred, Farne, Finny, Fisher, Queen, New, Chain, Whip, Back, Crosse. It is a pity that, though the names of a few of these still linger, there is no knowing which was Mowse, say, or Queen, or Rosemary, in the apparel to be seen by us as Holbein painted it.

There had to be teachers of the correct execution of these difficult Workes and Stitches. Whilst Taylor was still keeping his tavern in Long-acre, there was struggling into acceptance a Cook-Book writer, Hannah Wolley, who, at the end of a volume issued by her twenty years after Taylor's death, in 1674, "The Queene-Like Closet or Rich Cabinet," sets out how she will likewise "teach to embroider at peoples homes for four shillings the day. . . . If any Person desire to speak with me, they may find me at Mr. Richard Wolleys House in the Old Bailey in Golden Cup Court." In order to attract her clients she persuaded them that "it is more commendable a great deal to wear ones own work than to be made fine with the Art of others," and she added, with printing emphasis, "Any fool may be made fine with cost, but give me those who can be neat and nobly habited with a reasonable charge."

We cannot turn from brocades, gold and silver braid, spangles, thread-papers, "huzzifs," spools, silks, and crewels without a short allusion to Cowper's evidence about them. Writing "The Task," in 1784, he waxes eloquent on what his companions were producing in the

tranquillity of a fireside winter evening. He says:

... the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows; the well-depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils gracefully disposed,
Follow the nimble fingers of the fair.

Again, take what he says of Patchwork. According to him, it was not only a piece of delicate, refined and artistic workmanship, as it was when delicacy and refinement and art were put into it by "ladies of quality" and gentlewomen, but a pretty meaning lay at the back of all the patches. They were snips from the gown cuttings of lady acquaintances, sent to the friend who was industriously mak-

ing them into a whole as emblems of friendship and admiration. Consequently, when Mrs. King, of Pertenhall, gave Cowper "a kind Present of a Patchwork Counterpane of her own making," and he wrote his Poem of Thanks to her, he was urged to cry, with all his courteous and gentle humor,

Should every maiden come
To scramble for the patch that bears
The impress of the robe she wears,
The bell would toll for some!

And oh, what havoc would ensue!
This bright display of every hue
All in a moment fled,

Each pocketing a shred!

—*Literature.*

TAM HTAB.

(An Oriental Tale.)

By F. F. D. Albery.

The dear old gentleman had been with us but a few days when a most remarkable and appalling change came over him. He was known to all his acquaintances as one of the most jovial and lovable of men, deeply devoted, it is true, to his studies, his teaching, and his task of giving the scientific world an occasional benefit in the shape of a published volume of his researches and conclusions in Oriental literature, but always approachable, never lacking in capacity for a good story, and never at a loss for its complement in return. He could sing a good song—and his voice at seventy was still tuneful and resonant. He could keep up his end of the table with great respectability when a bottle of good wine was under discussion, and his own particular toddy, which he mixed with as much unction as he displayed in discussing a quatrain of Omar or a tale of Firdausi, was the delight of all who were fortunate enough to call him friend. For many years he filled a chair in one of the great universities and was a member of every society in the world which was worth belonging to. How he came to be my friend was through a somewhat distant relationship to my wife, of whom he was very fond, and his annual visit at my house was the event of the year for old and young. I believe the children enjoyed his presence even more than the older members of the family, for his inexhaustible resources in anecdote and fable made him at all times their reliable

refuge on rainy days, when the otherwise intolerable indoor confinement was made glorious by his own evident enjoyment of the pleasure he could give.

In personal appearance he emphasized his sweet character. His cleanly shaved face and beautiful white hair were supplemented by the old-fashioned high collar which buttoned behind, and the broad black stock which has never been equaled in the dressing of a true gentleman of the old school, or of any other school, for the matter of that. In short, he seemed to be without fault or blemish of any sort and had filled a life of perfect manhood in every way.

So that when, as I have already said, on the occasion of this particular visit, his whole demeanor changed after he had been with us but a few days, it can be easily understood how concerned I became. At first I thought he was ill, and I ventured to suggest that possibility, but he gravely shook his head in such a conclusive manner that I decided it would be best to wait until the peculiar indisposition—whatever it might be—would wear off. But time brought no change. In fact, while he seemed to be perfectly well, his preoccupation increased. He talked much to himself, would stop suddenly, knit his brow and shake his head despondently, and then move on, taking no note of the people and things around him. He avoided us all, and even the children, his pets, began to shun him as one bewitched.

It went on thus until finally I began to be nervous and resolved to discover the cause of the trouble.

After studying the situation for some time, it occurred to me to watch the old gentleman to see, if possible, whether some extrinsic cause was the seat of trouble. I soon discovered that he paid frequent visits to my bathroom, and, following him one day, I saw him close the door and disappear.

A detective must necessarily do many mean and ungentlemanly things, and, having assumed that rôle, it was quite easy, although repulsive to my nature, to listen at the key-hole. I was not surprised, then, to hear him talking aloud in the strangest gibberish I had ever listened to, and I quickly reached the conclusion that he was committing to memory an Oriental poem to be recited, perhaps, at the next meeting of some society of savants, and I sneaked away thoroughly ashamed of myself for presuming to intrude on his learned privacy. I told my dear wife of my discovery and chagrin, but, with the abominable intuition of a woman, she scouted my idea.

"Why should he go to the bathroom to recite when he can go to his own room, lock himself in, and be absolutely isolated?"

"But, my dear, the children do not hesitate to batter his door down if they want a tale of wonder. His room is their particular and patrimonial domain."

But the little woman only laughed scornfully and wound up the argument with "Pshaw!"

Completely routed and discomfited in my first attempt, I went doggedly back to my task. I listened and peeped, and peeped and listened, till I became hardened and careless, and one fateful day, having become absolutely absorbed in the strange talk within, I forgot to steal quietly away and was unceremoniously bumped into by the dear old Professor as he emerged from his shrine.

"Why, Ned!" stammered he, as much surprised as I was. "What in the world are you doing here?"

The climax had been reached, and it was necessary to explain. It was a relief to do so, and, gently as a man may when he feels mean and degraded, having been caught in an unmanly act, I excused myself on the score

of care for him and anxiety over the thing that troubled him so deeply.

"My dear boy," he began, "I am only too glad it has happened so. I am grievously troubled and am afraid I have made an old nuisance of myself to all of you, and an explanation is in order, as well as an apology to you and Nina and the kids. Come within and you shall know all."

So saying, he led me gently inside the door and pointed solemnly to the floor. There was absolutely nothing there but a small blue rug of cheap manufacture which I had seen there so long that the memory of man would scarcely compass the time when it was not, and, truth to tell, I had been tempted time and again to order it to the rag pile.

"There it is! There it is!" said he.

"Where? What? How?"

"There! There! Those incomprehensible Persian words! I have studied and thought and worried! I have conjugated all the verbs, I have declined all the nouns. I have dug out all the roots, but it is past my comprehension. My knowledge, my learning—I thought I had both—are absolutely at fault. My life work is a failure! I, who am accounted an authority in every Oriental dialect! It is too much! It is humiliating!"

His terrible earnestness quite upset me for a minute and I could only see what he saw, in the middle of the rug, surrounded by a border of white, the mysterious blue words:

TAM HTAB

It lasted only a minute, however, and the truth dawned clearly and suddenly, and the tragedy of days ended in a roar of laughter. I turned the old blue rug over, and there, with colors as well as characters reversed, was the translation of the enigmatical words which had well-nigh broken his sweet old heart and spoiled his visit. It read quite simply, in good Anglo-Saxon:

BATH MAT

* * * * *

He brewed the toddy stronger that night. He fairly yelled with glee whenever it occurred to him, and his emphatic, solemn comment he never tired of repeating:

"A Little Learning is a Dangerous Thing."

ROUSSEAU IN EXILE.

By Francis Gribble.

It is a matter of common knowledge that Rousseau, at a time when he was the most fashionable writer of the period, fled from Paris to avoid arrest on the charge of publishing books "equally opposed to sound faith and good morals," and found a haven at Môtiers in the Val de Travers—the valley into which the Rocher de la Clusette is now expected to fall—where Frederick the Great protected him, and a lady who admired his genius lent him a furnished house. Some of the details of his sojourn in that remote village of the Jura are also tolerably familiar. Every one knows, for instance, that he rambled about the hills in the flowing robes of an Armenian, that he used to sit at the door of his chalet making boot-laces, and that he ultimately fled because he had made the place too hot to hold him. On the whole, however, the story told in the "Confessions" is inadequate and misleading. For the true picture we have to go to other sources. It is not at all the picture of a hunted and miserable man, but of a self-conscious seer, thoroughly well aware that the eyes of Europe were upon him, and exceedingly pleased with his importance. Though he was poor, he was made welcome in the best society. Sentimental pilgrims—James Boswell among them—went to see him in the same reverent spirit in which religious pilgrims went to see the Pope. In the "Confessions" he tells us that he regarded them as an intolerable nuisance; but we know from his correspondence that he did not. In the former work, for instance, he tells us that a certain M. d'Ivernois "had the audacity" to spend some days with him at Goumains, and that he "tried to drive him away" by making it clear that he was bored. It appears from the letters that he actually invited M. d'Ivernois to Goumains, saying, "I await with anxiety the pleasure of embracing you. It would be one good thing the more in my life if I could enjoy that pleasure more frequently."

It was, however, not only by visitors but also by correspondents that homage was paid to the illustrious Pope of Sentimentalism. He received immense numbers of letters, took them all in, in spite of the fact that he had to pay the postage, and spent most of his time in answering them. Many of his replies are preserved in the MS. department of the Neuchâtel Library. They remind one of those "Answers to Correspondents" which are a

feature of certain weekly newspapers. A Swiss writer, who has examined them, sums up their contents as follows:

A very young man who has just married consults him as to the duties of a husband and a father; an abbé of noble family and inclinations towards skepticism does not know how to reconcile his family pride, his doubts, and his career, and appeals to Rousseau to extricate him from his embarrassment. An officer whom Jean Jacques' books have disgusted with the trade of war wishes to turn author, and asks for an opinion on his pastoral poems. A husband begs him to explain to his wife, who loves him too much for his peace of mind, that she must resign herself to a separation necessitated by the claims of his business. A prodigal son demands his good offices in obtaining his father's forgiveness; a dancing-master reproaches him for having spoken too lightly of this serious art.

And so forth; letter writing and walking tours taking up most of the time during which Jean Jacques is popularly supposed to have been a miserable and persecuted man.

This serene life, however, was to end in turbulence and tribulation—for reasons which are still, to a certain extent, wrapped in mystery. The usual theory is that M. Montmollin, pastor of Môtiers, taking offence because he was not invited to become a shareholder in a company projected for the purpose of publishing a uniform revised edition of the philosopher's works, resolved to avenge himself by preaching the philosopher out of the parish, and with that idea delivered a course of sermons which induced his parishioners to break the philosopher's windows. It is at any rate established that Rousseau was denounced from the pulpit, and that his windows were subsequently broken. *Post hoc propter hoc* sounds plausible enough in such a case; but there is an alternative version of the final episode, resting on the authority of an "oldest inhabitant," which represents the window-breaking as a piece of comedy arranged, for purposes of her own, by the philosopher's mistress, Thérèse. Thérèse, we are told, was bored at Môtiers; she thought it was time to move somewhere else; she could not influence her philosopher by argument, so she decided to bring stronger pressure to bear; she felt sure he would go if his windows were broken, so she persuaded the small children of the village to break them. This is how the oldest inhab-

itant related the incident to Pastor Gaberel, somewhere about the year 1830:

Ah! we were naughty children to tease the good M. Rousseau. He was said to be a little cracked; he always had the idea that his enemies were after him, and the boys and girls used to frighten him by hiding behind the trees and calling out to him, "Be careful, M. Rousseau, they're coming to take you to-morrow!" . . . As for the affair of the stones, it was Thérèse who made us carry them up into the gallery in our aprons, and it was we who threw two or three stones at the windows. How we laughed the next day when we saw the magistrate measuring the big stones in the gallery, under the belief that the windows had been broken by them—as if stones the size of your fist could pass through holes the size of walnuts. And M. Rousseau looked so scared that we nearly died with laughing.

The story is not conspicuous for its probability; but none of the stories between which one has to choose are very probable. What is quite certain is that the attitude of the philosopher towards the annoyances inflicted upon him was by no means characterized by philosophic calm. On the contrary, among his unpublished writings are included certain jottings on odd scraps of paper in which he expressed the emotions which they caused him in language that was not only unphilosophical but even undignified. "Send along your idiotic priests with their excommunication," he wrote; "I'll undertake to ram it down their throats and stop their cackle for a long time." And he wrote a good deal more to the same effect, though the utterance quoted suffices as an example.

MUSINGS OF BOOKISH MEN.

It is not given to every literary man to be a lover of books—unless they be his own. In the long roll of distinguished writers, the bibliophile notes here and there some whose personality appeal to him above their fellows because they loved books so well that their gentle passion found expression in song and story. In this select list will be found, among others, the names of Charles Lamb, Montaigne, Shakespeare, who made Prospero to say

"Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me
From my own library with volumes
That I prized beyond my dukedom,"

Hazlitt, Southey, and Hunt. And among more modern writers the names that at once suggest themselves include Austin Dobson, Andrew Lang, Eugene Field, Brander Matthews, Frank Dempster Sherman.

Lamb loved his books, his "ragged veterans," as he termed them. "I have no repugnances," he wrote. "Shaftesbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low. I can read anything which I call a *book*. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such.

"In this catalogue of *books which are no books—biblia-a-biblia*—I reckon Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket Books, Draught Boards, bound and lettered on the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacs, Statutes at Large; the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and generally all those volumes which 'no gentleman's library should be without'; the Histories of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew), and Paley's

Moral Philosophy. With these exceptions, I can read almost anything. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcludng.

"I confess that it moves my spleen to see these *things in books' clothing* perched upon shelves, like false saints, usurpers of true shrines, intruders into the sanctuary, thrusting out the legitimate occupants. To reach down a well-bound semblance of a volume, and hope it some kind-hearted play-book, then, opening what 'seem its leaves,' to come bolt upon a withering Population Essay. To expect a Steele or a Farquhar, and find—Adam Smith. To view a well-arranged assortment of block-headed Encyclopedias (Anglicanas or Metropolitans) set out in an array of russia, or morocco, when a tithe of that good leather would comfortably reclothe my shivering folios, would renovate Paracelsus himself, and enable old Raymond Lully to look like himself again in the world. I never see these impostors but I long to strip them, to warm my ragged veterans in their spoils."

How well Lamb expressed the unspoken feelings of many a bibliophile, poor in purse but rich in a few shelves of books, when he wrote in reminiscent mood:

"Do you remember the brown suit, which you made to hang upon you till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so threadbare, and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night, from Barker's in Covent Garden? Do you remember how you eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the

purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late—and when the old book-seller, with some grumbling, opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures—and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome—and when you presented it to me—and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (collating, you called it), and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till day-break, was there no pleasure in being a poor man?"

Like one who well knew it all from experience, Eugene Field was wont to discourse about book-hunting in that charming, gossipy way that was all his own. Ardent bibliophiles who have read his *Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac* realize the kinship of one whose tastes were like their own. What a fellow feeling steals over them as they read his diagnosis of the strange malady which he called "catalogitis"—in other words, the catalogue habit, a practice to which the confirmed lover of books is likely to become addicted.

"Forthwith and forever after," testifies Field, "the catalogues and price lists and bulletins of publishers and dealers in every part of the world are pelted at him through the unerring processes of the mails. Judge Methuen has been a victim (a pleasant victim) to the catalogue habit for the last forty years, and he has declared that if all the catalogues sent to and read by him in that space of time were gathered together in a heap they would make a pile bigger than Pike's Peak, and a thousand-fold more interesting. I myself have been a famous reader of catalogues, and I can testify that the habit has possessed me of remarkable delusions, the most conspicuous of which is that which produces within me the conviction that a book is as good as mine as soon as I have met with its title in a catalogue, and set an X over against it in pencil.

"I recall that on one occasion I was discussing with Judge Methuen and Dr. O'Rell the attempted escapes of Charles I. from Carisbrooke Castle; a point of difference having arisen, I said: 'Gentlemen, I will refer to Hillier's "Narrative," and I doubt not that my argument will be sustained by that authority.'

"It was vastly easier, however, to cite Hillier than it was to find him. For three

days I searched in my library, and tumbled my books about in that confusion which results from undue eagerness; 'twas all in vain; neither hide nor brush of the desired volume could I discover. It finally occurred to me that I must have lent the book to somebody, and then again I felt sure that it had been stolen."

Two years later Field chanced to open an old catalogue, and the incident was recalled by finding this identical book listed.

"Against this item appeared a cross in my chirography, and I saw at a glance that this was my long-lost Hillier! I had meant to buy it, and had marked it for purchase; but with the determination and that penciled cross the transaction had ended. Yet, having resolved to buy it had served me almost as effectively as though I had actually bought it; I thought—aye, I could have sworn—I *had* bought it, simply because I *meant* to buy it."

What catching enthusiasm in Field's close of this chapter: "Bring in the candles, good servitor, and arrange them at my bed's head; sweet avocation awaits me, for here I have a goodly parcel of catalogues with which to commune. They are messages from Methuen, Sotheran, Libbie, Irvine, Hutt, Davey, Baer, Crawford, Bangs, McClurg, Matthews, Francis, Bouton, Scribner, Benjamin, and a score of other friends in every part of Christendom; they deserve and they shall have my respectful—nay, my enthusiastic attention. Once more I shall seem to be in the old familiar shops where treasures abound, and where patient delving bringeth rich rewards. Egad, what a spendthrift I shall be this night; pence, shillings, thalers, marks, francs, dollars, sovereigns—they are all the same to me!

"Then, after I have comprehended all the treasures within reach, how sweet shall be my dreams of shelves overflowing with the wealth of which my fancy has possessed me!

"Then shall my library be devote
To the magic of Niddy-Noddy,
Including the volumes which Nobody wrote,
And the works of Everybody."

Austin Dobson has a touch of exquisite delicacy when his theme is akin to the love of books. These lines, "To a Missal of the Thirteenth Century," are to be found in his volume entitled *At the Sign of the Lyre*, 1885:

Not as ours the books of old—
Things that steam can stamp and fold;
Not as ours the books of yore—
Rows of type, and nothing more.

Then a book was still a Book,
Where a wistful man might look,

Finding something through the whole,
Beating—like a human soul.

In that growth of day by day,
When to labor was to pray,
Surely something vital passed
To the patient page at last;

Something that one still perceives
Vaguely present in the leaves;
Something from the worker lent;
Something mute—but eloquent!

That's a clever description that Ian Mac-laren deftly introduces in *Kate Carnegie*, in referring to the library of the Rabbi:

"Book-shelves had long ago failed to accommodate Rabbi's treasures, and the floor had been bravely utilized. Islands of books, rugged and perpendicular, rose on every side; long promontories reached out from the shores, varied by bold headlands; and so broken and varied was that floor that the Rabbi was pleased to call it the Ægean Sea, where he had his Lesbos and his Samos. It is absolutely incredible, but it is all the same a simple fact, that he knew every book and its location, having a sense of the feel as well as the shape of his favorites. This was not because he had the faintest approach to

orderliness—for he would take down twenty volumes and never restore them to the same place by any chance. It was a sort of motherly instinct by which he watched over them all, even loved prodigals that wandered over all the study and then set off on adventurous journeys into distant rooms. The restoration of an emigrant to his lawful home was celebrated by a feast in which, by a confusion of circumstances, the book played the part of calf, being read afresh from beginning to end."

Who cannot sympathize with the worthy dominion as he laments that his excellent housekeeper "had an unfortunate tendency to meddle with my books and papers, and to arrange them after an artificial fashion. This she called tidying, and, in its most extreme form, cleaning. With all her excellencies, there was also in her what I have noticed in most women, a certain flavor of guile, and on one occasion, when I was making a brief itinerary through Holland and France in search of comely editions of the fathers, she had the books carried out to the garden and dusted. It was the space of two years before I regained mastery of my library again."

—*American Book-Lore.*

CARE OF BOOKS.

Women seldom know how to use books. This does not mean that they cannot wade through page, chapter, and volume to the benefit of their minds; it refers to their care of books as a feature of household furnishing.

As I have a limited acquaintance with the aristocracy of brains, I know what I am talking about. My pilgrimages through the libraries of blue-stockings have been sources of sorrow to me. Often when I am supposed to be lost in admiration of a vellum-bound treasure I'm wondering how any sane book owner can be so stupid as to bake a case full of costly books in the nook next to the chimney corner. The mistakes of dilettanti—yea, and even the illuminati—are so many that it would be impossible to call attention to all of them.

For instance, there is the library of Senator Jones's family. When I visit them I am always referred to the library as a comfortable place in which to write. Why any one should call that library comfortable is a mystery to me. It seems to exhale the combined rigidity of all of Senator Jones's ancestors. The walls of the room are lined with open bookcases. In these in ordered rows are ranged the law

tomes of the statesman, likewise the neatly bound documents which are part of a public man's perquisites. There are so many of these that space is at a premium, and books are thrust so tightly together that a break may often be detected in a bulging back. When I take out a volume I disturb a colony of prosperous cockroaches, housed and happy near the wall. During my stay I have opportunity to make the acquaintance of plump literary mice who live luxuriously on the calf bindings of the government reports. The coverings of all the books have a soft, greasy coating, quite appreciable to the fingers. The Senator's wife came in one day as I was delicately wiping off a reference book with my pocket handkerchief, and said:

"It's a shame, isn't it? I can't bear to touch the nasty books; and yet the servants dust them carefully when they clean the room. Why do you suppose they feel so slimy?"

I looked up at the gas jets.

"Too much midnight gas burned," I suggested.

"Indeed, we do burn a lot; the Senator entertains his chums here, and when he has a trouble-

some case spends the night looking up authorities. He is a regular owl."

"Why not burn oil?" I suggested. "It's much better for the eyes. That scum on the books is caused by excessive use of gas. I'm not up on the chemistry of the case, but if you'll make a change in your illuminating fluid you'll find a difference in the covers."

A couple of months after I went home I had a letter from the family, and in a postscript I was warmly thanked for my suggestion about the oil lights. The books in current use had been cleaned and now were apparently in perfect condition.

Then there was the bishop's library. His sister was my roommate at boarding-school, and she is now his housekeeper. I see very little of her nowadays, so I was surprised when asked to spend a week with her while the bishop attended a distant conference.

I wrote Agatha that I should expect to spend most of my time among the books, and when I arrived, with her distressingly conscientious candor, she said she hoped that I would not disturb the bishop's references in the library. It seems that he accumulates great piles of volumes about his desk and lets them remain to gather dust until the spirit moves him to weave their data into sermon, lecture, or treatise.

"My brother is very particular about his books," Agatha murmured as she turned the knob of the library door to introduce me to the sanctum.

"Must be," I observed, with the same cool scorn with which I used to crush her assumptions of superiority when we were doomed to share each other's society in that little eight by ten dormitory room at school.

"My dear, he really is," she insisted. "They cost him a small fortune. It is simply marvelous the way he wears out his books."

I hemmed a trifle dryly and Agatha went on.

"I assure you we love books too well to abuse them."

I pointed an accusing finger at the tomes heaped on the floor about his desk and at the church history turned face downward amid accumulating dust. The book-case doors were either wide open or ajar. Altogether it was as untidy a room as I have ever seen.

"What can we do? Brother must have his books conveniently at hand."

"There are such things as movable book shelves," I hinted. "He might neatly arrange on a revolving book-case the books he is using. These on the floor are certain to get soiled. Bindings will be damaged so that a dozen such

ordeals will make the volumes altogether unpresentable. If I were in your place, Agatha, I should make covers of linen for every book that is in common use."

"But what a lot of trouble!" Agatha protested.

"Trouble to be neat? And is not cleanliness next to godliness?" I inquired tartly.

Well, Agatha did give the library an overhauling under my direction. The books looked splendidly in their new covers, for some of them were already frayed and shabby. I convinced her that it was better to order a new book-case than to lay extra books crosswise on the tops of those already on the shelves, because the weight springs the backs besides damaging the edges of the bindings.

Some of the more soiled specimens we cleaned. A basin of warm water in which about a teaspoonful of spirits of ammonia was dissolved was used for the purpose. The fluid we applied with a small, soft sponge wrung out in the water.

When a cover was very dirty, we put a dash of soap on the sponge. Ink stains we removed from costly pages with oxalic acid applied with a camel's-hair brush and wiped away with a soft white rag. Grease spots we eradicated with benzine. Dusty pages we cleansed with a piece of artist's sponge rubber or a bit of soft bread. Turned down corners were smoothed out by holding the page on the ironing board while a hot flatiron was run over the crease. Covers that seemed to be coming off we treated with glue.

When we went to select the new book-case I induced Agatha to try a sectional one. It was necessary at that time to buy only two shelves, but whenever more space is needed other sections may be bought and added to the structure shelf by shelf.

When I left Agatha thanked me effusively; but, alas, for the gratitude of woman, I hear that a week ago Agatha took much credit to herself for her lecture at the college settlement. It was entitled "How to Take Care of Books."—*Washington Star*.

Waller, the Courtier-Poet.

Waller wrote a fine panegyric on Cromwell, when he assumed the Protectorship. Upon the restoration of Charles, Waller wrote another in praise of him, and presented it to the King in person. After his Majesty had read the poem, he told Waller that he wrote a better on Cromwell. "Please, your Majesty," said Waller, like a true courtier, "we poets are always more happy in fiction than in truth."

IN THE COUNTRY OF LAURENCE STERNE.

By L. E. Steele.

There is no better walking to be had within the four seas than across a Yorkshire moor. The air is intoxicating; the sun's heat may be tropical elsewhere; here it is ever tempered by breeze, if not by high wind. One is knee-deep in honey-sweet heather; the grouse rise in numbers at your feet, and sweep down the wind with the speed of an express bullet. While the deep valleys are sweltering under the fierce August sun, here you are striding and swinging along with a sense of glorious freedom, vigorous and exhilarated. If to matters archæological inclined, Yorkshire has the best of everything to offer you in that way, too. Down in those lovely valleys below nestle cathedral and abbey and castle of unique historical interest. And if you want to see all these good things, scent the moorland breezes, or search the country for its treasures, you cannot, in one way, do better than make the somewhat uninteresting watering place of Harrogate your headquarters.

If one may be permitted the paradox, the great attraction in this least attractive of health resorts is the facility with which one can escape from the dead-level of its quasi-fashionable monotony. Day after day you are lured away. Now it is by York, with its Roman and mediæval associations; now by the quieter charms of Ripon; even a glorious day at Durham is possible;—and then by abbeys without number,—Fountains, Bolton, Bylands and Rivaulx, and many more. And of distinctly literary interest there are two spots which must be seen. Well within a twenty-mile radius of Harrogate were the homes of two great romancists,—of Charlotte Brontë and of Laurence Sterne. Haworth lies within an easy day's excursion on the other side, and the country of the great sentimentalist is of easy access on the other.

It was a hot August day on the Yorkshire moors, and a still hotter day on the Yorkshire plains, when the writer reached the little station of Shipton, the first stop made by the northern trains in its run from York to Thirsk. His object was to visit the little hamlets of Sutton-on-the-Forest and Stillington, in whose churches the voice of the eccentric Yorick was first heard as a preacher. Coxwold, the third parish of which Sterne was vicar, and where the larger share of his literary work was done, lies somewhat north of these places, and is not to be accomplished in the same day;—but of Coxwold, anon.

The walk from Shipton to Sutton is one of about six miles, through a country in strong contrast to the glorious moorlands. Here one might be walking through the well cultivated plains of Lincolnshire or the rich Midland counties—shady lanes and level roads; tilled land and fattening cattle; orchards rich with the promise of autumn; bees that

think warm days will never cease
For summer had o'er-brimmed their
clammy cells;

sweet villages of russet brick houses, each with a wealth of plum-trees scaling its walls; and village churches lovingly restored under the watchful care of a higher and nobler race of clergy than that to which our jackanapes parson belonged. These are the characteristics of the district in which fate placed that restless paradox, that sentimental buffoon, but withal, great genius, the Rev. Laurence Sterne.

With Ireland the early years of Sterne were closely associated. In place after place in that land he sojourned, as his father, Lieutenant Roger Sterne, was ordered with his family from one military station to another. He is sometimes claimed as an Irishman. True, he was born in Ireland, and accident compelled a more or less continuous residence in the country for the first ten or eleven years of his life; true, his mother had connections in Ireland, to wit, the Rev. Mr. Fetherston, Rector of Annamoe, Co. Wicklow, where the famous escape of Laurence from the millrace took place; true, even the distinctly Suffolk and Yorkshire family of Sterne had a relation in Mullingar who proved a kind of friend to the poor waifs when military orders allowed Roger Sterne and his family to rest for a time in the neighborhood, and who, as Laurence tells us in his curious autobiography, "took us all to his castle, and kindly entertained us for a year"; but Sterne was born in Ireland, as hundreds of other sons and daughters of regiments are born, of English parents without settlement, and he was, therefore, English of the English. At Clonmell, he first breathed; and Dublin, Drogheda, Mullingar, Wicklow, Carrickfergus and Londonderry, in succession, harbored the boy Laurence. There is one other connection with Ireland. Mrs. Sterne, Laurence's mother, appears to have kept a school, somewhere in that country, so late as 1758, and to have become bankrupt, as so many have since then, in this vocation of school-keeping in Ireland. But Laurence left the land forever in 1723,

a boy of between ten and eleven, and having taken his degree at Cambridge in 1736, was ordained a priest and inducted into the living of this little Yorkshire village of Sutton-on-the-Forest in one and the same year, viz., 1738, where he remained for nearly twenty years, an obscure country clergyman, giving no promise of future greatness, but, as he himself states, finding in "books, painting, fiddling and shooting his chief amusements," to which category he might justly have added "flirting"—a curious summary of the whole duty of a parish clergyman, as understood by one, at least in those days.

If one can manage it, it is well to see Skelton Castle, which is not far from Shipton; because Skelton Castle, as it stood in Sterne's time, and its eccentric owner, John Hall, best known as John Hall Stevenson, and as the author of "Crazy Tales," had much to answer for the process of de-clericalizing Parson Sterne. But Skelton Castle, as Sterne knew it, has been completely metamorphosed. The queer, patch-work, ramshackle edifice, reared on a platform of buttressed terrace above the swamp which surrounded it, with its crazy minarets and pigeon-cotes and crooked weather-cocks, is a thing of the past. Even the noble Norman keep which formed the nucleus of this extraordinary home of Sterne's friend and boon companion was demolished by the successor of Crazy John, amid the tearful protestations of the local clergymen and of all archæologists. There is now but a plain modern house upon the scene of so much interest. Here did John Hall gather round him a herd of clever eccentrics who delighted to call themselves "The Demoniacs' Club." Here, besides Laurence Sterne, known to this unsavory club as the "Blackbird," were to be found from time to time, summoned by the president to wild intellectual revels and fleshly jollifications, the Rev. Robert Lascelles, nicknamed "Panty," after Pantagruel of Rabelaisian memory; an extraordinary creature, one William Hewitt, who starved himself to death by way of amusing his friends; Zachary Moore, perhaps the most respectable of the set; Pringle, an architect, familiarly dubbed "Don Pringello," and three rollicking colonels, Hall, Atkinson, and Lee by name. Of what these members did when they met there is no exact record extant, but from references in Sterne's letters to the life at Crazy Castle, and judging from the standard of conversational morality which probably prevailed by the tone of the outrageous metrical effusions of John Hall, it may be safely asserted that the deeds and words of the members of

"the Demoniacs' Club" were but little removed in point of moral gatherings from the tone which prevailed in such nefarious gatherings as the "Twelve Monks of Medmenham," a club of which John Hall had been a member; Hell-fire Clubs and the like, of which there was quite an epidemic at the close of the eighteenth century.

The passion which he freely admits he entertained for the companionship of these worthies, taken in connection with the above description of his own pursuits at Sutton, forces one to the conclusion that Sterne's real heart lay with pleasures which, to say the least of it, were incompatible with his life as a clergyman. And yet, on the other hand, there are no signs, at least before his fame drew him away to the intoxicating pleasures of London life, of neglect of his clerical duties. His preaching was regular, and, of course, able, as many of the forty-five sermons which exist attest, and he appears, at all events at Sutton, to have taken much interest in the temporal, if not the spiritual, affairs of his parishioners.

The forest in which Sutton is situated is that of Galtres, but like many another similar district in England, is one only in name—for of forest trees there is hardly one. Sutton is a charming little village of one long street, with the customary dominating church and vicarage, to which the visitor is insensibly drawn. The church looks fresh and new, and is partly so in fact, for with the exception of the tower, which strangely stands to one side of the nave, the south wall and the chancel, the fabric was rebuilt in 1777, and of later years has had side aisles added, and other improvements made. But if modern in appearance, it is of very ancient foundation, dating so far back as 1223. The great Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland, owned the neighboring Castle of Sheriff Hutton, and proved true benefactors to this little church. There still exists a document issued by "Walterus, D. G. Eboracensis Archiepiscopus," confirming the endowment of the vicarage, which had been effected by that *nobilis vir dominus Henricus de Neville*, about the middle of the thirteenth century; and his great descendant, Ralph Neville, is said to have subsequently built a portion of the church. Of such remote times there survives no dated relic, the quaint old alms-box carrying us back only as far as 1673. The pulpit, though modified from the three-decker arrangement, it is gratifying to know was Sterne's own, very plain, and of oak. From this pulpit he may have delivered that extraordinary discourse on the text, "It is better to go into the house

of mourning than into the house of feasting," which began with the startling announcement, "*That I deny,*" most probably illustrating the value of his spiritual teaching by proceeding next day to a jovial meeting at Crazy Castle; or that one on "Job's expostulation with his wife," which, substituting "Laurence Sterne" for the patriarch's name, too frequently received practical comment from family incidents in the vicarage, which stands close by. The present house is not the rectory in which Sterne dwelt, for *that*, "a retired thatched house," as he describes it, was burned down in 1764. "I have had," he writes after taking up his residence at Coxwold, "a parsonage house burnt down by the carelessness of my curate's wife. As soon as I can, I must rebuild it, I trow, but I lack the means at present; yet I am never happier than when I have not a shilling in my pocket; for when I have, I can never call it my own." But this intention was never fulfilled. The light-hearted Yorick had a cavalier way of brushing aside obligations, and the following excerpt from the records of Sutton, written by Sterne's immediate successor, tells in no ambiguous terms what was thought of his conduct:

Be it remembered that in the year 1764, during the Incumbency of Mr. Laurence Sterne, the Vicarage House in this place was burnt down, and entirely destroyed. That he continued Vicar till he died in March, 1768, and though he had been frequently admonished and required to rebuild the Vicarage House, he found means to evade the performance of it. That His Grace Robert Lord Archbishop of York, collated Andrew Cheap, M.A., to the said Vicarage, on the 25th March, 1768, and he was inducted into the possession thereof on the Second day of April, 1768. That at the time of his induction he found no materials for building upon the Vicarage, except some pieces of timber, saved from the fire, when the late House was consumed and of very little value. That the said Vicar reported to the Archbishop the ruinous state of the Vicarage, and was advised to accept a composition for dilapidations from the widow and Administratrix of Mr. Sterne, if she should offer a reasonable one. That he was very desirous of settling matters in this way to save the widow the trouble and expense of a suit. That she could not be induced to consent to pay a very small composition, which was proportioned to the indigent circumstances she was supposed to be left in, rather than to the charges of rebuilding the Vicarage House. That the said Vicar did, in due time, institute a suit for dilapidations in the Chancellor's Court at York, in which, after some progress was made, the widow made oath of her insolvency and tendered the sum of Sixty pounds in lieu of dilapidations, and for the charges of the suit. That the Vicar accepted the said sum by

the advice of his Counsel, and soon after, began to prepare for building a Vicarage House, and other necessary erections.

But though the church is altered and Sterne's home is gone, there is one most interesting and most precious relic, the parish register, of which the present rector is the courteous custodian. The information it supplies is interesting, and has been made much use of by the biographers of Sterne; for Sterne adopted the curious and original method of entering records of facts and incidents connected with his private life, which, hardly coming under the category of parish records with their dry details of births, deaths, and marriages, are most precious in this case. At the commencement of his rule, he devotes a page to himself, and tells us how that he was "inducted into ye Vicarage of Sutton Aug. ye 25, 1738, created (*sic*) Master of Arts at Cambridge July 1740, made Prebend of Givendale Jan. 1740, and of North Newbald Jan. 1741," and also chronicles the fact of his marriage in York Minster to "Elizabeth Lumley the 30th day of March 1741 (being Easter Munday)" (*sic*); tells how a daughter Lydia was baptized on October 1st, 1745, and how she died the next day; and how in December, 1747, another Lydia was born to him, that daughter who was the only being that drew out from his heart the true affection, which from beneath all his buffoonery, his sentimentalism, his play-acting, is thus unexpectedly disclosed. She married a Frenchman, a M. Medalle, and to her we owe the preservation of her father's letters, which throw so much light on his career, and to her he addresses his short autobiography. And then this eccentric takes delight in recording how that an unusual hailstone shower marked the year 1745, by falling in the month of May, and that the stones were the size of "pidgeons' eggs." He is also most careful to note the details of his expenditure on the repairs of the vicarage and in the purchase of plants and fruit-trees for the glebe garden. Some pages of this curious parish register read more like a private ledger than anything else. At the close of a series of financial entries occurs this truly Shandean record, "spent in shaping the rooms, plastering, underdrawing, and jobbing, God knows how much!"

In strong contrast to the well-kept church and grounds of Sutton are those of Stillington, the second living, which in a curious way Sterne was able to join in the year 1745 to the work and emoluments of Sutton. It was a parish easy to serve, as the quaint and unattractive village is only two miles northwards. An

ugly and somewhat mildewed church is that of Stillington, rebuilt, with the exception of the chancel, in 1840. The pulpit even is not Sterne's; and the only features which recall his times are monuments in the chancel to the Croft family, who seem to have been the only respectable people in the neighborhood who "kept up" with their eccentric rector, for whom Sterne appears to have had a real affection, and to whom a large number of his letters are addressed; and in these feeling words he writes of them: "At Stillington the family of Crofts showed us every kindness; 'twas most agreeable to be within a mile and a half of an amiable family who were ever cordial." Yet this pleasant and goodly commerce to the north of Sutton could not keep him from Crazy Castle and its questionable attractions on the south. Sterne came by Stillington in this way. His wife, Miss Lumley, had a friend, Lord Fairfax, patron of the living, who had promised that if she married a clergyman in Yorkshire, "when the living became vacant he would make her a compliment of it." Coincidentally with her marriage the living did become vacant, and thus Sterne became a pluralist. However, there appears to have been a little more knowledge on the part of the donor as to *who* the clergyman of Yorkshire was to be than appears on the surface.

Transcending in point of interest and association both of these early clerical haunts is Coxwold, whither he moved in 1760, and where he lived off and on until he died in 1768. Coxwold is deserving of a day to itself, and can best be got at by running by the northern train from York to Pilmoor Junction, and thence back upon the line to New Malton, alighting at the pretty little station of Coxwold; and, if the visitor goes by the early train and begins the day as the writer did, with breakfast at the quaint old "Fauconberg Arms," the inn in which one feels instinctively the sick Lieutenant le Fevre died, notwithstanding my Uncle Toby's determination, he will do well, and will thus get his mind into true Shandean tune.

By Lord Fauconberg, or as Sterne has it, Falconbridge, he was presented to this living, worth some £70 a year in his day. Up from the station rises the fairly steep ascent of the village main street, until you find the hill crowned by the handsome parish church. To the right and left are buildings of an excellence surprising to find in a place so small.

On the right is a range of pretty buildings, old almshouses, "founded by Thomas Earl of Fauconberg, for ten poor aged and impotent men," bearing the date of 1662 and the scutcheon of the Fauconbergs. Further on, on the right, past the cottages smothered in sweet climbing plants, is the fine inn, which is evidently very old, though possibly not quite so old as the landlady would have it to be, who informed the writer that she heard it was built before Newborough Priory, the Wombwells' place hard by; but seeing that Newborough dates from 1125, this could hardly be.

The church, though externally, perhaps, somewhat too decorative for a village kirk, is very charming with its gargoyle octagonal tower. Internally it is very plain, but its attraction lies in this unadorned simplicity, for the nineteenth century has left everything within the nave of the church as Sterne found it and left it in the eighteenth century. There is the commonplace nave with no aisles and no transepts, dating from 1450, down which Sterne's voice rang from reading-desk and pulpit over his clerk's head, whose seat below is untouched, as is the desk and pulpit, by the fell destroyer's hand. The chancel, rebuilt in 1776, and therefore after Sterne's time, is a study in ugliness in itself; very narrow and very long, it is almost choked up by the heavy and gorgeously decorated tombs of the Fauconbergs. One highly colored monument to "William Belasys," who died in 1603, was evidently deemed a *magnum opus* by its constructor, for the sculptor took care to carve upon the base, in prominent lettering, the information that "Thomas Brown did carve this tomb alone of Hesselwood stone." And then in this strange chancel is one of the most extraordinary arrangements for the administering of the Communion we have ever seen. Had the rails been run straight across, the narrowness of the chancel would have admitted of administration to but a few worshippers at a time; but this difficulty is overcome by projecting and prolonging the rails down the chancel in a narrow bay, which enables the clergyman to walk down amongst his kneeling flock, "the few sheep in the wilderness" Sterne apologetically called them, when leaving them to the wolves for a merry week in York or London. In the church porch is a tablet to the memory of one Elizabeth Faucon, which, for prettiness of sentiment, if not as a

favorable specimen of Latinity, is worthy of quotation.

Ecclesiæ de Bainton rectoris et
Hoc Sacrato Discubuit Ætis suæ
con ex Primis Virgo Virginib
Adventu Sponsi Pstolans Atrio
Hoc Sacrato Discubuit Ætis suæ
23 Dni 1651, Oct. 27. Dormiente
Iesu Respice—Surge Te Regne.

But the centre of real interest at Coxwold lies in Shandy Hall, a plain, double-gabled whitewashed house, some hundred yards beyond the village, on the road to Bylands Abbey and Thirsk. An excellent house it must have been, for it has been found practicable to divide it amongst three distinct residents, and each has a comfortable share. In Sterne's time it was a red brick house, with red-tiled roof and pretty little diamond-paned windows. But the restoration effected by Sir George Wombwell has somewhat altered these features. Sterne liked the place; "it is a sweet retirement in comparison of Sutton;" and thus he writes of his residence here:

I am as happy as a prince at Coxwold, and I wish you could see in how princely a manner I live. 'Tis a land of plenty. I sit down alone to venison, fish, and wild-fowl, or a couple of fowls or ducks with curds and strawberries and cream and all the simple plenty which a rich valley (under Hamilton Hills, can produce) with a clean cloth on my table, and a bottle of wine on my right hand to drink your health. I have a hundred hens and chickens about my yard; and not a parishioner catches a hare or rabbit or a trout, but he brings it as an offering to me.

Over the doorway is a tablet thus inscribed—
Shandy Hall.

Here dwelt Laurence Sterne, many years incumbent of Coxwold. Here he wrote *Tristram Shandy* and the *Sentimental Journey*.
Died in London, 1768, aged 55 years

Not strictly correct is this inscription, for two of the nine volumes of "*Tristram*" had already been written and published before he came to dwell at Coxwold. But the last seven volumes and the "*Sentimental Journey*" were written in the little room on the right hand of the hall, into which we drop down by a steep step.

It is hard to get at the truth of Sterne's real feelings from his correspondence,—he was a sad opportunist in the matter of letter-writing. The letters addressed to his friend Croft, of which that quoted above, describing his life at Coxwold, is one, are in strong contrast to the somewhat ribald productions he sends to his friend John Hall Stevenson; but there is one fact only too apparent, that this

description of Arcadian simplicity of life at Coxwold, which he affects to enjoy so much, is not even half the truth. There is another, and a sad side to the picture. When a man forty-seven years of age suddenly leaps from obscurity into fame, and becomes the hero of the literary and fashionable society of London, a cool head and a sound basis of morality and common sense are needful to preserve the nobler qualities of soul intact. Of these antidotes Yorick had none at command; once he had tasted the sweets of adulation, Coxwold became intolerable. "I rejoice," he writes to J. H. Stevenson, "you are in London. Rest you there in peace; here 'tis the devil;" this is the sentiment over and over again expressed in letters to intimates, for whose good opinion he cared not a rush. And when the burden of fame falls upon a physically as well as a morally weakened being, when death has already laid his hand upon the man and makes him know that a few short years of struggle with the surest and deadliest of diseases will end it all, it is little to be wondered at that the ill-balanced mind of Sterne was found wanting. Winters abroad, fashionable dissipation in London and York in the spring, a few summer months' sojourn at Coxwold, with hard literary work, fill up the tale of the last seven years of his life. And the virtually unfrocked parson finally sinks into an unknown grave in a London churchyard, from a deathbed deprived of even the comforting presence of a friend.

What Have You Read?

Have you read "*Audrey*?" Have you read the "*Assassins*?" Have you read this and have you read that? Ten books a week and yet everybody seems to have read them all—everyone but me, says the Busy Man. Nobody ever asks me if I have ever read "*The Virginians*," "*Felix Holt*," or "*Peg Woffington*." Did you see Clyde Fitch's this and did you see Clyde Fitch's that? No, I never did, but I have pondered long and lovingly over "*The Maid's Tragedy*" and "*The Alchemist*." I have seen stacks of the newest and wittiest short stories piled up before me and yet I have turned again and again to an old dog-eared copy of Fitzjames O'Brien's "*Diamond Lens*." Perhaps five years from now I will have read some of the books that just now smell of printer's ink, that is, if they're still on sale. But first I'll read "*Henry Esmond*" and the fifty or so others that seem to have survived the years.

The Winter of English Poetry.

There comes a moment in the life of every nation when it crystallizes, and England crystallized with Cromwell. An iron wind came out of the north, and Milton's magnificence is stern and cold; the feet of the colossus are beginning to freeze; the month is September, and his verse is perceptibly chillier than the warm, live stream of Elizabethan poetry. The frost continued; upon the first thin ice Pope did some excellent figure-skating; and it took fifty years or more to melt this first ice. Then spring came again, or was it a second summer which happened in our literature at the beginning of last century? No more to a nation than to an individual man does spring come again; the most we can hope for is a second summer. The fountain showered as joyfully as before, but there was sleep in the drooping boughs, and the water that surged, babbled and sang and flowed in noisy and deep strains had lost something of its primal freshness; nor was the temperature of the water equable. Keats is like a hot bath, Wordsworth is tepid, Byron steams like a glass of toddy, and Coleridge is drugged with various narcotics. Shelley is the sublime exception, and in the middle of our St. Martin's summer he stands a symbol of eternal youth. The greatness of none of these poets is in dispute; it is the sudden difference which they present that reminds us that the month is October; and the poets that followed them are poets of the period.

There are too many rectory gardens in Tennyson for the delight of any age except the Victorian age, and we cannot think of Rossetti singing in Elizabethan times; a little perhaps in the Italian Renaissance. Swinburne is our last universal poet; Atalanta is dateless; she seems to live in the eternal woods and hills of the morning, with the music of the Pastoral Symphony. The moralizing in "Jenny" is surely as modish as her crinoline, which advertised "dainties through the dirt"; and the Sonnets are gold and enamel, curiously inwrought ornaments, rather than the spontaneous singing coming straight out of the heart of the springtime.

In the seventies many a pretty song passed unheeded, and it was not until the nineties, until Tennyson died and Swinburne's song had grown fainter, that people began to feel the absence of a great poet in London. For eighty years there had been an unbroken line of great poets; and suddenly there was not one; a frosty silence shivered in the ear, and we were all looking through the wintry woods

where the waters stood like a great white stalk in the air. Here and there a few drops trickled through the ice, and these were collected in cups of many various designs, and whoever discovered a little muddy pool raised joyful cries, and the drinkers did not perceive that it was not spring but rain water they were drinking; water stagnant in some worn places, diluted, perhaps, with a few tricklings from the fountain. It was circulated in flasks of old Italian design, and in common tin flasks that the soldiers use. It suited a coarsened palate, and that this should happen in England, where poetry is a national art, is as strange as if music were to die out of the German ear, and Bayreuth were to mistake the disconnected scrapings of a Hungarian band for a prelude by Bach.—*George Moore.*

Book Reviewers.

Sat two girls in a street-car. They were bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked. They were not over eighteen nor under sixteen. They were passing their opinions on literary products and authors, past and present. Fragments of these opinions floated through the car when its wheels became quiet to let off or take on a passenger. Here are a few samples of what they said:

"Don't you like Kipling?"

"Oh, I think he's too dear for anything! What was that he wrote about plain—plain—?"

"Plain Sails from the Riels?"

"Yes, it reminds me so much of that new book—'High and Fly'——"

"You mean 'High and Dry,' don't you?"

"Oh, yes, to be sure! How stupid of me! Let me see—who was it wrote it?"

"Washington Irving."

"So it was; I believe he was a bachelor."

"How do you like Shakespeare?"

"Oh, isn't he a stunning writer!"

"Perfectly divine! What have you read of his?"

"Oh, I've never read anything by Shakespeare, have you?"

"Of course not, but I think he's great just the same. By the way, how do you like Laura Jean Libbey?"

"Say, isn't she simply exquisite!"

"Too good to talk about!"

"Doesn't she describe love to perfection!"

"Oh, I could die reading her books!"

At this point the car stopped opposite the State House and the two literary critics passed out, still gurgling over the merits of their respective favorites.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Books and Their Cooking.

By R. Gray Williams.

In spite of the unprecedented sales of popular novels and the enormous circulation of popular periodicals in America, the vast body of even the forceful and intelligent citizens of the country care nothing for literature. We love to talk about the pleasures and solace of books. I have recently read a little collection of what we might call book-wooling extracts. It is very beautiful, very inspiring to hear what gentle and great readers and writers have said in praise of books, but I cannot think that all the world loves a book-lover any more than all the world loves books. "My days among the great dead are passed," cries Southey; "around me I behold where'er these casual eyes are cast the mighty men of old." All very real to Southey, doubtless, but as Andrew Lang remarks, in the words of Huckleberry Finn, "the public take no stock in dead people." And as he says somewhere else, some women are apt to regard with suspicion him who talks about books; it looks like he knew no people to talk about.

The cheapening of books and the natural multiplication of books and periodicals have brought the instruments of information within the means of the poorest. In the cities the building of public libraries have made books easier to obtain than anything else. And yet neither books nor papers nor libraries teach people to read or inspire them to think. If the thirsty Tantalus had been immersed in a deep pool of coolest water his last state would have been worse than his first. Most people are not thirsty for books, and yet we compel them to plunge in the broad and deep bookish waters. They dare not learn to drink lest they drown; those who aspire to drink deep usually sink in confusion and dismay.

As a nation we are suffering from mental indigestion. We know nothing of book manners. We behave at our book feasts very much like the little dirty Ruggles children did in "Bird's Christmas Carol." We gormandize books and devour papers, then we rush off to business with our minds deadened by an unassimilated and conglomerate mass. We never eat the same book twice; we crave variety and insist upon highly spiced literary delicacies. We do not care to have nutritive mental food; all we demand is something pleasant that will pass the time and turn our thoughts from the absorbing cares of business.

The book restaurants and kitchens are always open. They are wonderfully well equip-

ped to supply the enormous demand. There are the book hotels where you may find any dish you may desire and eat while you wait. Then there are the great cooks who turn out books, done to a turn, which they will send direct to your home. One of the most popular chefs is Mr. Winston Churchill. Mr. Irving Bacheller is another who prepares a rather plain dish that is relished after one has eaten scores of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's marshmallows. Mr. Davis is very popular with society women and *matinée* girls who like his bonbons. Women are also employed in the great bake-houses of books. Miss Mary Johnston, of Virginia, has recently compounded a palatable delicacy out of the herbs of her Southern fields and the leaves of her native trees. The calls for this confection—the "Audrey" brand—have been marvelously many.

Each of these famous cookeries employs a number of skilled writers who make out menu cards that are published in papers. These cards are works of art, and I, not infrequently, find more pleasure in reading than in realizing the virtues of the renowned cooks. There are certain groups of men who claim to be connoisseurs of the best bakery and make a business of tasting each new dish that comes out and then write about it in the paper that employs them. They have eaten so much that they have no taste any more. Like the drunkard, they have deadened their ability to discriminate by over-indulgence. But the public doesn't care very much, as the literary tasters and drunkards amuse them with stories of how the great cooks work, of how they live, of whom they love, and whom they marry.—*Things and Thoughts.*

Jerrold's Rebuke to a Rude Intruder.

Douglas Jerrold and some friends were dining once at a tavern, and had a private room; but after dinner, the landlord, on the plea that the house was partly under repair, requested permission that a stranger might take a chop in the apartment, at a separate table. The company gave the required permission; and the stranger, a man of commonplace aspect, was brought in, ate his chop, in silence, and then fell asleep—snoring so loudly and discordantly that the conversation could with difficulty be prosecuted. Some gentleman of the party made a noise, and the stranger starting out of his nap, called out to Jerrold, "I know you, Mr. Jerrold, I know you; but you shall not make a butt of me!" "Then don't bring your hog's head in here!" was the instant answer of the wit.

The Barrister and the Book.

Lord Alverstone tells the following story, although it is not complimentary to the profession of which he is so great an ornament:

"In a commonplace post-office prosecution tried at Hertford Assizes, before Mr. Justice Bramwell, Mr. Anthony Trollope was called to describe the ordinary method of procedure in the chief post-office, of which he was a supervisor.

"An Irish barrister happened to be appearing for the defendant, and he asked, 'What are you?'

"'An official in the post-office,' replied Mr. Trollope.

"'Anything else?' queried counsel.

"'Yes, an author.'

"'What was the name of your last book?'

"'Barchester Towers.'

"'Now, tell me, was there a word of truth in that book?'

"'Really, I can't say; it was a work of fiction.'

"'I don't care what it was, sir; tell me, was there a word of truth in it?'

"'Well, I don't suppose there was,' said the author.

"Whereupon the excited Irishman turned triumphantly to the jury, and asked them how they could possibly convict anyone on the evidence of a man who confessed that he had written a book which did not contain a word of truth."

Grocery and Good Bindings.

Mr. Cobden Sanderson, the English book-binder, tells of a client that he has in the mountains of North Carolina for whom he has done the choicest work ever turned out from his bindery. A dozen years or more ago he received a letter from this man, enclosing a certain sum of money, with a copy of a valuable first edition of a choice book, asking him to put on it the best binding he could for the money. The commission was executed, and next year came another letter, with about the same sum of money and another book. The same thing occurred year after year, till Mr. Sanderson's curiosity was aroused to such a pitch that he wrote to his client to find out something about him. It turned out that he is the keeper of a little grocery store in the wilds of Carolina. Having nobody dependent upon him, he makes up his account at the end of each year, reserves the small sum necessary to keep him for the coming year, and with the surplus buys a book and sends it to the famous London bind-

er. Ever since he learned this, Mr. Cobden Sanderson has put his best thought and his best work on the books of the North Carolina groceryman, and has sent him bindings of the sort that he would make for the finest collections and museums—of a value, in fact, many times the amount of the modest profits of a year's store-keeping that are sent him; and Mr. Cobden Sanderson says that if he ever goes to America one of the first things he will do will be to make a visit to his unknown friend in the North Carolina mountains, to his library and his grocery store.—*Birmingham Weekly Post*.

Dickens in Camp.

By Bret Harte.

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth.

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew.
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew;

And then, while round them shadows gathered
faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader
Was youngest of them all—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp with "Nell" on English
meadows
Wandered, and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares drop from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire;
And he who wrought that spell?—
Ah, lowering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave, where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly—
This spray of Western pine!

INTERESTING LIST OF RARE AND VALUABLE BOOKS RECENTLY SOLD IN NEW YORK.

The following are the principal items from the sixth and last portion of the library of the late Thomas Jefferson McKee, sold at Anderson's Auction Room on May 12 and 13, with the prices realized:

Americana.

- 4455 BAYARD (NICHOLAS). AN ACCOUNT OF THE COMMITMENT, ARRAIGNMENT, TRYAL and CONDEMNATION OF NICHOLAS BAYARD, ESQ., for HIGH TREASON, in Endeavoring to Subvert the Government of the Province of New York in America, by his signing and procuring others to sign Scandalous Libels, etc. Printed at New York by order of his Excellency the Lord Cornbury, and reprinted at London, 1703. Folio, full crimson crushed levant morocco, by Francis Bedford. \$110.
- 4465 BONOIL (JOHN). HIS MAJESTIES GRACIOUS LETTER, commanding the present setting up of silke works, and planting of vines in Virginia. . . . Also a treatise of the art of making silke. . . . Together with instructions how to plant and dresse vines, and to make wine. London: Printed by Felix Kyngston, 1622. 4to, full crimson crushed levant morocco. 4 full-page woodcut representations of silk culture. \$260.
- 4482 [COLDEN (CADWALLADER).] THE HISTORY OF THE FIVE INDIAN NATIONS depending on the Province of New York in America. Printed and sold by William Bradford in New York, 1727. 12mo, in the original sheepskin binding, resewn (the wooden boards shown on inside covers, through specially cut panels). Remarkably fine copy of this excessively rare work, of which only a half dozen copies can be traced. Record price. \$860.
- 4495 DUER (WILLIAM A.). REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD YORKER. By the late WM. A. DUER, LL. D., President of Columbia College, etc. New York: Printed for W. L. Andrews, 1867. 4to, cloth, uncut, pp. 102. Large paper. 35 copies printed. Presentation copy. \$90.
- 4506 FRANKLIN (BENJAMIN). A CATALOGUE OF CHOICE AND VALUABLE BOOKS, which will begin to be sold for ready money only, by Benj. Franklin, at the Post-office in Philadelphia, on Wednesday, the 11th day of April, 1744, at nine o'clock in the morning; and, for dispatch, the lowest price is marked in each book. [Philadelphia: B. Franklin, 1744.] 16mo, bound in full polished calf, by Francis Bedford, pp. 16. No other copy of this extremely interesting work is known to exist. This is the Brinley copy, which sold in 1880 for \$60. \$345.
- 4530 [HORSMANDEN (DANIEL).] A JOURNAL OF THE PROCEEDINGS in the DETECTION OF THE CONSPIRACY formed by SOME WHITE PEOPLE, in Conjunction with NEGRO and other SLAVES, for BURNING THE CITY OF NEW YORK in AMERICA, and MURDERING THE INHABITANTS. By the Recorder of the City of New York. New York: Printed by James Parker, at the new Printing-Office, 1744. 4to, original calf, exceedingly rare. \$190.
- 4534 HUDSON (HENRY). DESCRIPTIO AC DELINEATIO GEOGRAPHICA DETECTIONIS FRETI. SIVE, FRANSITUS AD OCCASUM SUPRÀ TERRAS AMERICANAS, IN CHINAM ATQ. etc. Amstelodami: Ex Officina Hesselij Gerardi, Anno 1613. 4to, Second Latin Edition (HESSEL GERRITSZ, author and compiler), bound in full olive crushed levant morocco, by R. Petit. 3 maps and 3 woodcuts. The account of the voyage of Henry Hudson in 1609, in which he discovered Hudson River, given in some copies of the first edition of this tract (1612), is here rewritten and somewhat enlarged, and thus made the leading article of the tract. \$110.
- 4538 INDIAN WARS OF NEW ENGLAND. A collection of four folio tracts relating to the Indian Wars in New England. In one volume. London: 1676. Bound in full crimson levant morocco. \$330.
- 4551 KEITH (GEORGE). TRUTH AND INNOCENCY DEFENDED AGAINST CALUMNY AND DEFAMATION. (Philadelphia: Printed by William Bradford, 1692.) 4to, bound in full crimson morocco, uncut, by W. Pratt. \$130.
- 4579 MORTON (NATHANIEL). NEW ENGLAND'S MEMORIAL; or, a Brief Relation of the Most Memorable and Remarkable Passages of the Providence of God. Cambridge: Printed by S(amuel) G(reen) and M(armaduke) J(ohnson), for John Usher, of Boston, 1669. 4to, first edition, bound in full crimson crushed levant morocco, by W. Pratt. "Concerning the extreme rarity of this first edition of this important writ, it will be sufficient to remark that we know of but three perfect copies in the United States."—Sabin. \$320.
- 4580 MORTON (THOMAS). NEW ENGLISH CANAAN, containing an Abstract of New England, composed in three Bookes. Printed at Amsterdam, by Jacob Frederick Stam, in the yeare 1637. 4to, beautifully bound in full green crushed levant morocco. \$90.
- 4585 NEW YORK. THE NATURAL, STATISTICAL, and CIVIL HISTORY of the STATE OF NEW YORK. By JAMES MACAULEY. New York: 1829. 3 vols., 8vo., sheep. \$90.

- 4588 NEW YORK CITY. AN ACCOUNT OF THE CONFLAGRATION of the principal part of the First Ward of the City of New York, illustrated with numerous etchings, and a plan, showing the state of the ruins. By C. FOSTER, 183 Broadway. [New York: 1835.] 8vo, half dark blue morocco. Original paper cover bound in. \$65.
- 4673 SMITH (WILLIAM). THE HISTORY OF THE PROVINCE OF NEW YORK, from the First Discovery to the year M.DCC.XXXXII. London: Printed for Thomas Wilcox, M.DCC.LVII. (1757). 4to, half calf. Large folding view of Oswego, N. Y. Rare original edition. \$110.
- 4691 THOMAS (GABRIEL). AN HISTORICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT of the Province and Country of Pensilvania; and of West-New-Jersey in America, etc. By GABRIEL THOMAS, who resided there about fifteen years. London: Printed for, and sold by, A. Baldwin, at the Oxon Arms in Warwick-Lane, 1698. 12mo, bound in full crimson crushed levant morocco, by Francis Bedford. Map of both countries. A truly magnificent copy. Extremely rare. Record price. \$805.
- 4708 WILLIAMS (ROGER). A KEY INTO THE LANGUAGE OF AMERICA; or, an help to the language of the natives in that part of America, called New England. By ROGER WILLIAMS, of Providence, in New England. London: Printed by Gregory Dexter, 1643. 16mo, brown calf. Robert Southey's copy, with his autograph on fly-leaf. Rare. "The first work ever written on the language and customs of the American Indians." \$185.
- 4711 WOOD (WILLIAM). NEW ENGLAND'S PROSPECT. Printed at London by Tho. Cotes, for John Bellamie, etc., 1634. 4to. First edition, bound in full light brown calf, by Francis Bedford. Contains the rare folded map. The earliest topographical account of the Massachusetts Colony, so far as the settlement then extended. A record price. \$620.
- 4714 BIBLE. THE HOLY BIBLE. London: Printed by Mark Baskett, Printer to the King's most Excellent Majesty, and by the assigns of Robert Baskett. M.DCC.LII. (1752). 4to, in the original sheep binding. The only known copy of the original issue of the first Bible ever printed in America in the English language. It is dated London, 1752, but is claimed to be a copy of the long-lost Bible printed in Boston in 1752 by Kneeland and Green. \$2,025.
- 4717 BIBLE. THE HOLY BIBLE. Philadelphia: Printed and sold by R. Aitken, at Pope's Head, in Market Street. M.DCC.LXXXII. Two vols. in one, 12mo, in the original old calf binding, the title in apparent fac-

simile, mounted. The first Bible printed in the English language in this country, bearing an American imprint. Rare. \$166.

Miscellaneous.

- 4782 ANDREWS (WILLIAM LORING). Jean Grolier De Servières, Viscount d'Aguisy. Some account of his life and of his famous library. New York: The De Vinne Press, MDCCCXCII. (1892.) 8vo, cloth, uncut. Illustrated. Only 150 copies printed. \$80.
- 4783 ANDREWS (WILLIAM LORING). "AMONG MY BOOKS." Printed for William Loring Andrews at the De Vinne Press. New York: 1894. 8vo, handsomely bound in full dark brown crushed levant morocco, by Stikeman. Choicely illustrated with portraits, fac-similes, specimens of bindings, etc. Limited to fifty copies, two of which were on vellum. This is No. 2 of the vellum copies. \$251.
- 4866 BURNS (ROBERT). POEMS, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect, by ROBERT BURNS. Kilmarnock: Printed by John Wilson, M.DCC.LXXXVI. (1786.) 8vo. First Edition beautifully bound in full deep claret-colored crimped morocco, by Bradstreet. Only 612 copies were originally printed. A particularly choice copy. [Accompanied by a copy of M'Kie's fac-simile.] \$825.
- 4869 BURNS (ROBERT). POEMS, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect. Philadelphia: Printed for and sold by Peter Stewart and George Hyde, 1788. 12mo, first American edition, bound in full green morocco, pp. 304. Excessively rare. \$200.
- 4870 BURNS (ROBERT). POEMS, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect. New York: Printed by J. and A. M'Lean, 1788. 8vo, half dark brown morocco, uncut, by Stikeman, pp. 306. Portrait, engraved by Scot, of Philadelphia. Fine copy of the second American and first New York edition. \$137.50.
- 4872 BURNS (ROBERT). ALLOWAY KIRK; or, TAM O' SHANTER. A tale. By ROBERT BURNS, the Ayrshire Poet. No place; no date (*circa* 1791). 12mo, first edition, pp. 8, bound in full blue crushed levant morocco, by Bradstreet. \$121.
- 4892 BURNS (ROBERT). THE WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS. With a complete life of the Poet, and an essay on his genius and character. By PROF. WILSON. Glasgow: Blackie & Son, 1852. 2 vols, royal 8vo, handsomely bound in full green morocco. This copy has been extra-illustrated by the insertion of 120 selected engravings, choice landscapes illustrative of the poet's life and writings, and Autograph Letters. It also contains Burns's original manuscript of his poem, "Elegy on the Year 1788" (2 pp.), inlaid; and the original manuscripts of two poems

of the celebrated Clarinda (Mrs. M'Lehose) also appear among the extra-illustrations. \$340.

- 4901 BURY (RICHARD DE). THE PHILOBIBLON OF RICHARD DE BURY, edited from the best manuscripts, and translated into English, with an introduction and notes by Andrew Fleming West, Professor in Princeton College. New York: Printed for the Grolier Club, 1889. 3 vols, 4to, original parchment, with seal of De Bury, gilt tooled on side. One of an edition of 297 copies. \$81.
- 4946 COLERIDGE-LAMB. POEMS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS, by S. T. COLERIDGE, late of Jesus College, Cambridge. (Four (4) of the poems written by Charles Lamb.) London: 1796. 12mo, first edition, boards, uncut. \$76.
- 4983 DICKENS (CHARLES). THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF DAVID COPPERFIELD. London: 1850. First edition. 8vo, half calf, marbled edges. Illustrations by H. K. Browne ("Phiz"). Presentation inscription, "J. L. Rickards, Esquire, from Charles Dickens."

The following is the text of a letter which accompanies this volume:

TAVISTOCK HOUSE,
Thirty first May, 1854.

"Dear Sir:

"I wish to preserve between us, some
"little outward and visible remembrance
"of your generous Mexican adventure—
"the adventure for which I was uncon-
"sciously responsible. Will you do me the
"favor to accept my own copy of a book
"for which I have a particular affection?
"In the assurance that you will like it none
"the worse for coming from my study
"shelves, I beg you to accept it with my
"thanks and good wishes.

"Faithfully yours,
"CHARLES DICKENS."

J. L. Rickards, Esquire. \$625.

- 5054 FRANKLIN IMPRINT. M. T. CICERO'S *Cato Major*, or his DISCOURSE OF OLD AGE. With Explanatory Notes. Philadelphia: Printed and sold by B. Franklin, MDCCXLIV. (1744.) 8vo, bound in full sprinkled calf, by Zaehnsdorf. \$102.50.
- 5057 FRANKLIN (BENJAMIN). NEW EXPERIMENTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON ELECTRICITY made at PHILADELPHIA in AMERICA by BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, ESQ. London: 1754-60. Parts I. and III. (No. II. missing.) Wrappers, uncut. Part I., third edition; Part III., first edition. These volumes formerly belonged to Benedict Arnold, and his autograph appears on the top margin of each. \$135.
- 5062 GERM (THE). ART AND POETRY: being thoughts towards Nature. Conducted principally by Artists. Nos. 1-4, January, February, March and May, 1850 (all published). London: 1850. Bound in 1 vol. 8vo, full blue morocco. Original wrappers preserved at the end. Contributions by W. M. Rossetti (Editor), D. G. Rossetti, Arthur Hugh Clough, Coventry Patmore, Christina Rossetti, and others. \$340.
- 5067 GOLDSMITH (OLIVER). THE TRAVELLER; OR, A Prospect of Society. London: Printed for J. Newbery, etc., MDCCCLXV. (1765.) 4to, first edition, full polished calf. \$111.
- 5070 GOLDSMITH (OLIVER). THE DESERTED VILLAGE, a Poem. By DR. GOLDSMITH. London: Printed for W. Griffin, MDCCCLXX. 4to, first edition, full polished calf. Fine copy. \$95.
- 5080 [GRAY (THOMAS).] AN ELEGY WROTE IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD. London: Printed for R. Dodsley, 1751. 4to, first edition, beautifully bound in full claret crushed levant morocco, by Riviére. Record price. \$740.
- 5085 GRAY (THOMAS). ODES. By MR. GRAY. Printed at Strawberry-Hill, for R. and J. Dodsley in Pall-Mall, MDCCCLVII. 4to, first edition, full olive crushed levant morocco, by Bradstreet. The first book printed at Horace Walpole's famous Strawberry-Hill Press. \$52.
- 5101 HALLAM (ARTHUR HENRY). POEMS, by A. H. HALLAM, ESQ. No place, no date. (London: 1830.) 12mo, first edition, boards, uncut, pp. 174. Presentation inscription from the author to A. W. Kinglake on inside cover. Extremely rare. \$200.
- 5179 KEATS (JOHN). POEMS. By JOHN KEATS. London: Printed for C. & J. Ollier, 1817. 12mo, first edition, full blue crushed levant morocco. \$202.
- 5180 KEATS (JOHN). ENDYMION: A POETIC ROMANCE. By JOHN KEATS. London: Printed for Taylor and Hessey, 1818. 8vo, first edition, handsomely bound in full claret levant morocco, by Tout. \$145.
- 5181 KEATS (JOHN). LAMIA, ISABELLA, THE EVE OF ST. AGNES, AND OTHER POEMS. By JOHN KEATS. London: Printed for Taylor and Hessey, 1820. 12mo, first edition, full olive crushed levant morocco, uncut, by Bradstreet. \$225.
- 5182 KEATS (JOHN). THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST AND EARL OF DORSET, containing "*Gorboduc*," etc. London: 1820. 12mo, half morocco, uncut, by A. Chatelin. From the library of the poet, and bears on top margin of title-page, in his own handwriting, "John Keats, 1820." \$460.
- 5197 [KEMPIS (THOMAS A).] "THE IMITATION OF CHRIST." [Editio princeps: s. l. et a. sed August. Vindel. circa 1471.] Folio, black

- letter, 76 unnumbered leaves; 35 lines to a full page; sumptuously bound in black levant morocco, by Francis Bedford. First edition. \$1,600.
- 5199 KEMPIS (THOMAS A). THOMÆ A KEMPIS, CANONICI REGVLARIS ORD. S. AVGVSTINI DE IMITATIONE CHRISTI. *Libri Quatuor. LVGDVNI Apud Joh: et Dan: Elsevirios.* [No date.] [1653.] Small 12mo, 257 pp., bound in full black morocco, beautiful engraved title. Bookplate of Sir Edward Smyth, with autograph. \$165.
- 5213 LAMB (CHARLES). A TALE OF ROSAMUND GRAY, and OLD BLIND MARGARET. By CHARLES LAMB. London: Printed for Lee and Hurst, 1798. 12mo, first edition, bound in full polished calf, by Francis Bedford. Extremely rare. \$230.
- 5214 LAMB-LLOYD. BLANK VERSE, by CHARLES LLOYD and CHARLES LAMB. London: 1798. 12mo, first edition, boards, uncut (rebacked), pp. 95. Rare in this condition. \$70.
- 5216 LAMB (CHARLES). TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. Designed for the use of young persons. By CHARLES LAMB. London: 1807. 2 vols., first edition, original calf. Embellished with copper-plates. Signature of Arch. Gordon on top margin of each title-page. Extremely rare. \$240.
- 5218 LAMB (CHARLES). SPECIMENS OF ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS, who lived about the Time of Shakspeare. With Notes by CHARLES LAMB. London: 1808. 12mo, first edition, sprinkled calf, full-length portrait. Rev. John Mitford's copy, with autograph. Pasted on a fly-leaf is a note from Charles Lamb to Mr. Mitford, signed "Yours truly, but poorly, C. L." With the postscript, "Damn Murray and all his tribe." \$142.
- 5225 LAMB (CHARLES). RYMER (THOMAS). A SHORT VIEW OF TRAGEDY. * * * With some reflections on Shakespear, and other Practitioners for the Stage. London: 1693. 12mo, old calf. On a fly-leaf appears (in Lamb's handwriting): Barron Field, Inner Temple, The gift of Charles Lamb. \$125.
- 5228 LAMB (CHARLES). ELIA. Essays which have appeared under that signature in the *London Magazine*. First series (second edition); also second series (first edition). Philadelphia: 1828. 2 vols, 12mo, yellow boards, uncut. \$100.
- 5268 LIVY. EX XIII. T. LIVII DECADIBVS. PRIMA, TERTIA, QVARTA, in qua præter fragmenta III, & X libri, quæ in Germania nuper reperta, hic etiam continentur, multa adulterina expunximus, multa uera, recepimus, quæ in alijs non habentur. Epitome singulorum librorum XIII Decadum. Historia omnium XIII Decadum in compendium redacta ab L. Floro. Polibij lib. v de rebus Romanis latinitate donati a Nicolao Perottò. Index copiosissimus rerum omnium memorabilium. Venetiis in aedibvs Aldi, et Andreae Soceri, mense Decembri, M. D. XVIII-XXXIII. (1518-1533.) 5 vols., small 8vo, elegantly bound in bright crimson crushed levant morocco, by Trautz-Bauzonnet. The first, third and fourth volumes each contain at the end the genuine autograph signature of Jean Grolier, the distinguished bibliophile of the sixteenth century. In each of the volumes containing the autograph, the initial letters of the text have been beautifully colored and heightened in gold and silver. \$950.
- 5308 MOORE (THOMAS). A GUIDE TO THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY, by REV. G. N. WRIGHT, London: 1822; A GUIDE TO THE COUNTY OF WICKLOW, by REV. G. N. WRIGHT, London: 1822. Two works in one volume, 12mo, beautifully bound in full green crimped morocco, map and engraved illustrations. Bears the inscription on a fly-leaf in the Poet's handwriting: "Given to Bessy on my return from Killarney in 1823.—THOMAS MOORE." \$95.
- 5338 PEMBROKE (MARY, COUNTESS OF). The TRAGEDIE | of | ANTONIE. | Doone into English by the | Countesse of | Pembroke. | Imprinted at London for William | Ponsonby. 1595. 16mo, first edition, bound in full crimson crushed levant morocco, by Bradstreet. An excessively rare item. \$150.
- 5349 POE (EDGAR ALLAN). TALES OF THE GROTESQUE AND ARABESQUE. By EDGAR A. POE. Philadelphia: 1840. 2 vols., first edition, cloth. Rare. \$70.
- 5359 POPE (ALEXANDER). AN ESSAY ON MAN, Being the First Book of Ethic Epistles. To Henry St. John L. Bolingbroke. London: MDCCXXXIV. Small folio, first uniform published edition, half russia. Presentation copy, with inscription from the author. \$256.
- 5402 RUSKIN (JOHN). POEMS. (By) J. R. [No place.] [London.] Collected, 1850. 12mo, first edition, brown cloth, rough top edges (not gilded), pp. 283. Beautiful copy. Printed for private circulation. Excessively rare. Record price. \$340.
- 5430 SHELLEY (PERCY B.). THE HISTORY OF ROMANCES. Written in Latin by HUETIUS. Made English by Mr. Stephen Lewis. London: 1715. 12mo, half morocco, pp. 149. From the Poet's own library, and bears on top margin of title-page the signature: "Percy B. Shelley. 1816." \$180.
- 5432 SHELLEY (PERCY B.). ZASTROZZI: A Romance. By P. B. S. London: Printed by G. Wilkie and J. Robinson, 1810. 8vo, first

- edition, full crimson crushed levant morocco, by Francis Bedford. \$230.
- 5433 SHELLEY (PERCY B.). ST. IRVINE; or, THE ROSICRUCIAN: A Romance. By a Gentleman of the University of Oxford. London: Printed for J. J. Stockdale, 1811. 12mo., first edition, boards, uncut. Rare in uncut state. Record price. \$340.
- 5434 SHELLEY (PERCY B.). AN ADDRESS TO THE IRISH PEOPLE. By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Dublin: 1812. 8vo, first edition, stitched, uncut, pp. 22. Extremely rare. Record price. \$710.
- 5435 SHELLEY (PERCY B.). QUEEN MAB: A Philosophical Poem: With Notes. By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. London: 8vo, first edition, beautifully bound in full claret levant morocco, uncut, by Rivière. Unmutilated copy, containing the title-page imprint, that on page 240, and the dedication "To Harriet * * * ." Beautiful copy. Extremely rare. \$500.
- 5436 SHELLEY (PERCY B.). ALASTOR; or, THE SPIRIT OF SOLITUDE, and Other Poems. By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. London: 1816. 12mo, first edition, half calf, 101 pp. \$125.
- 5438 SHELLEY (PERCY B.). A PROPOSAL FOR PUTTING REFORM TO THE VOTE THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM. By the HERMIT OF MARLOW. London: Printed for C. and J. Ollier, 1817. 8vo, first edition, stitched, pp. 15, name of author written on title. Record price. \$625. Mr. Slater, in his "Early Editions," says regarding this item: "Only a very few copies (four at the most) are known to be in existence."
- 5440 SHELLEY (PERCY B.). LAON AND CYTHIA; or, The Revolution of the Golden City: a Vision of the Nineteenth Century. In the Stanza of Spenser. By PERCY B. SHELLEY. London: 1818. 8vo, first edition, full polished calf, uncut, by Francis Bedford. Suppressed, and afterwards issued with numerous emendations of the text as "The Revolt of Islam." \$160.
- 5442 SHELLEY (PERCY B.). THE Cenci: A Tragedy, in five acts. By PERCY B. SHELLEY. Italy: Printed for C. and J. Ollier, London, 1819. 8vo, first edition, half green morocco. \$90.
- 5445 SHELLEY (PERCY B.). ADONAI. By PERCY SHELLEY. Pisa: With the types of Didot, MDCCCXXI. 4to, first edition, handsomely bound in full claret levant morocco, by Rivière. Original blue paper covers bound in. Bears the inscription in Shelley's own handwriting: "To My Dear Friend, Leigh Hunt.—P. B. S." Contains also a presentation inscription from Leigh Hunt to Thomas Love Peacock. \$2,125.
- 5446 SHELLEY (PERCY B.). EPIPSYCHIDION. London: C. and J. Ollier, 1821. 8vo, first edition, full olive crushed levant morocco, by Bradstreet. Presentation copy from Archbishop Richard Chenevix Trench. \$200.
- 5473 SHERIDAN (RICHARD BRINSLEY). THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, a Comedy; as it is performed at the Theatre Royal in Crowe Street. Dublin: Printed in the year M.DCC.LXXXI. 12mo, bound in full olive crushed levant morocco, by Bradstreet. \$150.
- 5493 [STEELE (RICHARD).] THE TATLER. THE LUCUBRATIONS OF ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ. Complete set of the original single-sheet issues. No. 1, April 12, 1709, to No. 271, Jan. 2, 1711, inclusive. London: 1709-1711. \$105.
- 5506 SWINBURNE (ALGERNON CHARLES). THE QUEEN-MOTHER: ROSAMOND. Two plays. London: Basil Montagu Pickering, Piccadilly. 1860. 12mo, first edition, bound in half orange crushed levant morocco, uncut. Presentation copy, with inscription from the author to Pauline Trevelyan. \$170.
- 5521 [TENNYSON (ALFRED).] POEMS, by TWO BROTHERS. London: Printed for W. Simpkin and R. Marshall, etc., MDCCCXXVII. 12mo, first edition, boards, uncut, large paper copy. \$275.
- 5523 TENNYSON (ALFRED). POEMS, Chiefly Lyrical, by ALFRED TENNYSON. London: Effingham Wilson, 1830. 12mo, first edition, bound in full crimson crushed levant morocco, uncut, by Francis Bedford. \$90.
- 5524 TENNYSON (ALFRED). POEMS. By ALFRED TENNYSON. London: Edward Moxon, 1833. 12mo, first edition, boards, uncut. \$85.
- 5546 THACKERAY (WILLIAM MAKEPEACE). THE SPECTATOR. (By Joseph Addison and others.) No. 1, March 1, 1711, to No. 200, Oct. 19, 1711, inclusive, lacking two issues. (No. 195 duplicated.) London: 1711. Folio. From Mr. Thackeray's personal collection, and bears his embossed library stamp on the first issue. Contains also a number of annotations in his handwriting on the margins. \$360.
- 5594 WHITTINGTON (ROBERT). Roberti Whittingtoni lichfeldiensis [grammatices magistri & prothonatis anglie in florentissima Oxoniensi achademia Laureati lucubrationes. Expliciunt Synonima London per wynan | dum de worde impressa. [1517?] Sm. 4to. Black letter. Wynkyn de Worde. Bound in wrinkled red morocco, by Stikeman. \$135.
- 5604 WOFFINGTON (MARGARET). THE WORKS OF MR. HENRY WARD, COMEDIAN. Consisting of dramatick pieces, poems, prologues, epilogues, epigrams, epitaphs, songs, tales, etc. London: 1746. 8vo, sheep, rebacked, pp. 128. The volume is the identical one for which she subscribed, and contains no less than six (6) different autographs, "Woffington," in her own handwriting. \$170.

Alfieri's Hair.

Alfieri, the greatest poet modern Italy produced, delighted in eccentricities, not always of the most amiable kind. One evening, at the house of the Princess Carignan, he was leaning, in one of his silent moods, against a sideboard decorated with a rich tea service of china, when, by a sudden movement of his long, loose tresses, he threw down one of the cups. The lady of the mansion ventured to tell him that he had spoiled the set, and had better have broken them all. The words were no sooner said than Alfieri, without reply or change of countenance, swept off the whole service upon the floor. His hair was fated to bring another of his eccentricities into play. He went one night, alone, to the theatre at Turin; and, there, hanging carelessly with his head backwards over the corner of the box, a lady in the next seat on the other side of the partition, who had on other occasions made attempts to attract his attention, broke out into violent and repeated encomiums on his auburn locks, which were flowing down close to her hand. Alfieri, however, spoke not a word, and continued in his position until he left the theatre. Next morning the lady received a parcel, the contents of which she found to be the tresses which she had so much admired, and which the erratic poet had cut off close to his head. No billet accompanied the gift; but it could not have been more clearly said: "If you like the hair, here it is; but, for Heaven's sake, leave *me* alone!"

Smollett's Hard Fortunes.

Smollett, perhaps one of the most popular authors by profession that ever wrote, furnishes a sad instance of the insufficiency of even the greatest literary favor, in the times in which he wrote, to procure those temporal comforts on which the happiness of life so much depends. "Had some of those," he says, "who were pleased to call themselves my friends, been at any pains to deserve the character, and told me ingenuously what I had to expect in the capacity of an author, when first I professed myself of that venerable fraternity, I should in all probability have spared myself the incredible labor and chagrin I have since undergone." "Of praise and censure both," he writes at another time, "I am sick, indeed, and wish to God that my circumstances would allow me to consign my pen to oblivion." When he had worn himself down in the service of the public or the booksellers, there scarce was left of all

his slender remunerations, at the last stage of life, enough to convey him to a cheap country and a restoring air on the Continent. Gradually perishing in a foreign land, neglected by the public that admired him, deriving no resources from the booksellers who were drawing the large profits of his works, Smollett threw out his injured feelings in the character of Bramble, in "Humphrey Clinker"; the warm generosity of his temper, but not his genius, seeming to fleet away with his breath. And when he died, and his widow, in a foreign land, was raising a plain memorial over his ashes, her love and piety but made the little less; and she perished in unbefriended solitude. "There are, indeed," says D'Israeli, "grateful feelings in the public for a favorite author; but the awful testimony of these feelings, by its gradual process, must appear beyond the grave! They visit the column consecrated by his name—and his features are most loved, most venerated, in the bust!"

Landor and the Georges.

In that interesting little paper, *Notes and Queries*, a paper that is a perpetual joy to me, I find some discussion as to the famous epigram on the four Georges, which has often been incorrectly attributed to Thackeray, doubtless solely from the rough-and-ready recollection that he lectured about those monarchs. The epigram, which, of course, was by Walter Savage Landor, I have always heard rendered as follows:

George the First was reckoned vile,
Viler George the Second;
And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third?
When from earth the Fourth descended,
Heaven be praised the Georges ended.

But Mr. Stephen Wheeler, who is the best living authority on Landor, or at least shares that distinction with Professor Colvin, sends to *Notes and Queries* the following interesting version, written on the fly-leaf of a first edition of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations":

I sing the Georges Four,
For Providence could stand no more.
Some say that far the worst
Of all the Four was George the First.
But still by some 'tis reckon'd
That worser still was George the Second.
No mortal ever said one word
Or good or bad of George the Third.
When George the Fourth from earth descended,
Thank God the line of Georges ended.

A BRIEF AND A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF F. BRET HARTE.

- Born, Albany, N. Y., 1839, August 25.
- 1854—Removed to California. In the following years taught school for a while at Sonora; became a compositor in a printing office; was an express messenger; and tried mining.
- 1857—Returned as compositor to the office of *The Golden Era* and in the following year was assigned a place in its literary department; became a contributor to newspapers and became editor of *The Californian*, in which "Condensed Novels" first appeared.
- 1864—Appointed Secretary to the San Francisco Mint, which office he held until appointed Professor at the University of California in 1870.
- 1868—Became first editor of the *Overland Monthly*.
- 1870—Made Professor of Recent Literature in the University of California.
- 1871—Resigned editorship of *Overland Monthly*. Resigned as Professor in the University of California.
- Removed to the East and became a contributor to *The Atlantic Monthly* and *Lippincott's Magazine*, where many of his stories first appeared.
- 1878-80—United States Consul at Crefeld, Germany.
- 1880-85—United States Consul at Glasgow, Scotland. Since then lived in England, devoting himself to his literary pursuits.
- 1902, May 5—Died at the Red House, Camberly, near Aldershot, England.
-
- FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS, with poem by Frank Bret Harte, 8vo, paper covers. San Francisco, Alta Book and Job Office, 1864.
- The above poem is Harte's first writing to appear in book form.
- OUTCROPPINGS: Being Selections of California Verse, Edited by—[Edited anonymously]. Sq. 12mo, cloth. San Francisco, A. Roman & Co., 1866.
- The preface was written by Bret Harte.
- CONDENSED NOVELS, and Other Papers, with comic illustrations by Frank Bellew, 12mo, cloth. New York, G. W. Carleton & Co., 1867.
- THE LOST GALLEON, and Other Tales (Poems), 12mo, cloth, pp. 109. Privately printed. San Francisco, Towne & Bacon, 1867.
- THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP, and Other Sketches, 12mo, cloth, pp. 239. Boston, James R. Osgood & Co., 1870.
- The above first appeared in the *Overland Monthly* for August, 1868.
- "THE HEATHEN CHINEE," Plain Language from Truthful James. A series of nine original lithographic illustrations on cards, by Joseph Hull, with accompanying text. 8vo. Chicago, The Western News Co., 1870.
- Published originally in the *Overland Monthly* under the title of "Plain Talk from Truthful James."
- "THE HEATHEN CHINEE." Fac-simile of the original manuscript of, as written for the *Overland Monthly*, together with the Corrected Letter-Press, as published in the issue of September, 1870. 8vo, paper, pp. 14, lithograph cover. With portrait of Author. San Francisco, 1871.
- First publication of the above in book form.
- Also 12 copies printed for presentation by the Author. 4to. San Francisco, 1871.
- THE PLIOCENE SKULL. Sketches by E. M. Schaeffer, M. D. Dec. 8, 1870. Sq. 4to, green paper covers. Washington, Peters & Rehn, n. d. [1871.]
- With copyright notice on cover.
- THE PLIOCENE SKULL. Illustrated by E. M. Schaeffer, M. D. 4to, paper, gilt edges, pp. 8, n. p., n. d. [Washington, 1871.] Contains extract from proceedings of the California Academy of Natural Sciences.
- Additional design on cover and without copyright notice.
- EAST AND WEST POEMS. 12mo, cloth, pp. 171. Boston, James R. Osgood & Co., 1871.
- POEMS. 12mo, cloth, pp. 152. Boston, James R. Osgood & Co., 1871.
- "THE HEATHEN CHINEE," with illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr. 12mo, paper, pp. 17. Boston, James R. Osgood & Co., 1871.
- CONDENSED NOVELS, with illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr. 16mo, cloth. Boston, James R. Osgood & Co., 1871. Burlesques of the writings of famous novelists.
- The "Other Papers" of the New York edition of 1867 are omitted in this issue.
- THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP, and Other Sketches. 16mo, cloth. Boston, James R. Osgood & Co., 1871.
- BALLOU POST. [Consisting of original contributions by Henry James, W. D. Howells, Bret Harte and others.] Published at the French Fair [in aid of the destitute people of France], April 11-17, 1871. 6 Nos., 4to. Boston, 1871.
- THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP, and Other Sketches. First illustrated edition. 4to, cloth, pp. 75. Boston, James R. Osgood & Co., 1872.
- POETICAL WORKS, illustrated, sq. 16mo. Boston, James R. Osgood & Co., 1872.
- PROCEEDINGS OF THE THIRD ANNUAL REUNION OF THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC IN BOSTON, May 12, 1871. Poem, "The Old Major Explains," by Bret Harte. 8vo, pp. 22. New York, 1872.
- MRS. SKAGGS'S HUSBANDS, and Other Sketches. 16mo, cloth. Boston, James R. Osgood & Co., 1873.
- M'LISS: An Idyl of Red Mountain. 8vo. New York, 1873.
- COMPLETE WORKS IN PROSE AND POETRY, with an Introductory Essay by J. W. Bellew. Portrait. 8vo. London, 1873.

- AN EPISODE OF FIDDLTOWN, and Other Sketches, with a Memoir. 8vo. London, 1873.
- ECHOES OF THE FOOT-HILLS. 12mo, cloth, pp. 146. Boston, James R. Osgood & Co., 1875.
- TALES OF THE ARGONAUTS, and Other Sketches. 16mo, cloth, pp. 283. Boston, James R. Osgood & Co., 1875.
- GABRIEL CONROY: A Novel. Illustrated. 8vo. Hartford, 1876.
- TWO MEN OF SANDY BAR: A Drama. 18mo, cloth. Boston, James R. Osgood & Co., 1876.
- THANKFUL BLOSSOM: A Romance of the Jerseys, 1779. Illustrated. 18mo, cloth. Boston, James R. Osgood & Co., 1877.
- THE STORY OF A MINE. 18mo, cloth. Boston, James R. Osgood & Co., 1878.
- WEST POINT JIC JACS: A Collection of Military Verse, together with the Special Poem, "Cadet Grey," by Bret Harte. Illustrated, oblong 16mo. New York, 1878.
- THE HOODLUM BAND, and Other Stories. 4to. London, 1878.
- DRIFT FROM TWO SHORES: Short Stories. 18mo, cloth. Boston, Houghton, Osgood & Co., 1878.
- THE TWINS OF TABLE MOUNTAIN, and Other Stories. 18mo, cloth, pp. 249. Boston, Houghton, Osgood & Co., 1879.
- AN HEIRESS OF RED DOG, and Other Tales: Poems. 8vo, cloth. London, Chatto & Windus, 1879.
- JEFF BRIGGS'S LOVE STORY, and Other Sketches. 16mo, cloth. London, Chatto & Windus, 1880.
- THE COMPLETE WORKS: Stories and Condensed Novels. 5 vols., 8vo, cloth. London, Chatto & Windus, 1881.
- First edition of some of the stories.
- THE COMPLETE WORKS: Collected and Revised by the Author. 5 vols., 12mo, cloth. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1882.
- FLIP, and FOUND AT BLAZING STAR. 18mo, cloth. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1882.
- FLIP, and Other Stories. 12mo. London, 1882.
- This edition includes "A Gentleman of La Porte," not included in the Boston issue.
- POETICAL WORKS: Household Edition. Portrait. 12mo, cloth. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1883.
- Newly revised by the Author.
- IN THE CARQUINEZ WOODS. 18mo, cloth. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1884.
- ON THE FRONTIER: Three Stories. 18mo, cloth. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1884.
- CALIFORNIAN STORIES. 8vo. London, 1884.
- BY SHORE AND SEDGE: Three Stories. 18mo, cloth. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1885.
- MARUJA: A Novel. 18mo, cloth. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1885.
- SNOW-BOUND AT EAGLE'S. 18mo, cloth. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1886.
- THE QUEEN OF THE PIRATE ISLE. Illustrated by Kate Greenaway. Small 4to, pictorial boards, gilt edges, pp. 58. London, Chatto & Windus, n. d. [1886.]
- First English edition.
- THE QUEEN OF THE PIRATE ISLE. Illustrated by Kate Greenaway. Engraved and Printed by Edmund Evans. Small 4to, cloth, gilt edges. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1887.
- First American edition.
- A MILLIONAIRE OF ROUGH-AND-READY, and DEVIL'S FORD. 18mo, cloth. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1887.
- DEVIL'S FORD: A Novel. 12mo. London, 1887.
- THE CRUSADE OF THE EXCELSIOR: A Novel. Illustrated. 16mo, cloth. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1887.
- THE ARGONAUTS OF NORTH LIBERTY. 18mo, cloth. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1888.
- A PHYLLIS OF THE SIERRAS, and A DRIFT FROM REDWOOD CAMP. 18mo, cloth. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1888.
- CRESSY. 16mo, cloth. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1889.
- THE HERITAGE OF DEDLOW MARSH, and Other Tales. 16mo, cloth. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1889.
- A WAIF OF THE PLAINS. 18mo, cloth. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1890.
- The story of the "Waif" is continued in the volumes entitled "Susy" and "Clarence."
- A WAIF OF THE PLAINS, with 60 illustrations by Stanley L. Wood. 8vo, cloth. London, Chatto & Windus, 1890.
- A WARD OF THE GOLDEN GATE. 16mo, cloth. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1890.
- A SAPPHO OF GREEN SPRINGS, and Other Stories. 16mo, cloth. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1891.
- First published in *Lippincott's Magazine* for May, 1890.
- COLONEL STARBOTTLE'S CLIENT AND SOME OTHER PEOPLE. 16mo, cloth. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1892.
- A FIRST FAMILY OF TASAJARA. 16mo, cloth. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1892.
- SUSY: A STORY OF THE PLAINS. 16mo, cloth. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1893.
- A Sequel to "A Waif of the Plains."
- SALLY DOWS, and Other Stories. 16mo, cloth. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1893.
- A PROTEGEE OF JACK HAMLIN'S, and Other Stories. 16mo, cloth. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1894.
- THE BELL-RINGER OF ANGEL'S, and Other Stories. 12mo, cloth. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1894.

- MY FIRST BOOK. Portraits and Illustrations. (With Robert Louis Stevenson, Rudyard Kipling and others.) Sq. 8vo. London, 1894.
- CLARENCE: A Sequel to "Susy." 16mo, cloth. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1895.
- IN A HOLLOW OF THE HILLS. 16mo, cloth. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1895.
- BARKER'S LUCK, and Other Stories. 16mo, cloth. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1896.
- THREE PARTNERS; or, The Big Strike on Heavy-Tree Hill. 16mo, cloth. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1897.
- TALES OF TRAIL AND TOWN. 16mo, cloth. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1898.
- STORIES IN LIGHT AND SHADOW. 16mo, cloth. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1898.
- MR. JACK HAMLIN'S MEDIATION, and Other Stories. 16mo, cloth. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1899.
- FROM SANDHILL TO PINE. 16mo, cloth. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1900.
- UNDER THE REDWOODS. 16mo, cloth. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1901.
- OPENINGS IN THE OLD TRAIL. 16mo, cloth. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., April, 1902.
- A new series of "Condensed Novels," or travesties on Kipling, Conan Doyle et al., will be published in the autumn by Chatto & Windus, of London.
- STANDARD LIBRARY EDITION. Illustrated with Etchings and Photogravures. 16 volumes. 8vo. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- RIVERSIDE EDITION. (Not Complete.) With Introduction and Portrait. 6 volumes. Crown 8vo. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Most of Mr. Harte's books have been published simultaneously in New York and in London during the past fifteen or twenty years.

Dryden Drubbed.

"Dryden," says Leigh Hunt, "is identified with the neighborhood of Covent Garden. He presided in the chair at Russell Street (Will's Coffee-house); his plays came out in the theatre at the other end of it; he lived in Gerrard Street, which is not far off; and, alas, for the anti-climax! he was beaten by hired bravos in Rose Street, now called Rose Alley. The outrage perpetrated upon the sacred shoulders of the poet was the work of Lord Rochester,

and originated in a mistake not creditable to that would-be great man and dastardly debauchee." Dryden, it seems, obtained the reputation of being the author of the "Essay on Satire," in which Lord Rochester was severely dealt with, and which was, in reality, written by Lord Mulgrave, afterward the Duke of Buckinghamshire. Rochester meditated on the innocent Dryden a base and cowardly revenge, and thus coolly expressed his intent in one of his letters: "You write me word that I am out of favor with a certain poet, whom I have admired for the disproportion of him and his attributes. He is a rarity which I cannot but be fond of, as one would be of a hog that could fiddle, or a singing owl. If he falls on me at the blunt, which is his very good weapon in wit, I will forgive him if you please, and leave the repartee to Black Will with a cudgel." "In pursuance of this infamous resolution," says Sir Walter Scott, "upon the night of the 18th December, 1679, Dryden was waylaid by hired ruffians, and severely beaten, as he passed through Rose Street, Covent Garden, returning from Will's Coffee-house to his own house in Gerrard Street. A reward of fifty pounds was in vain offered in the *London Gazette* and other newspapers for the discovery of the perpetrators of this outrage. The town was, however, at no loss to pitch upon Rochester as the employer of the bravos; with whom the public suspicion joined the Duchess of Portsmouth, equally concerned in the supposed affront thus revenged."

The Blue-Stocking Club.

Toward the close of the last century there met at Mrs. Montague's a literary assembly, called "The Blue-Stocking Club," in consequence of one of the most admired of the members, Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, always wearing *blue stockings*. The appellation soon became general as a name for pedantic or ridiculous literary ladies. Hannah More wrote a volume in verse, entitled, "The Bas Bleu: or, Conversation." It proceeds on the mistake of a foreigner, who, hearing of the Blue-Stocking Club, translated it literally *Bas Bleu*. Johnson styled this poem a "great performance." The following couplets have been quoted, and remembered, as terse and pointed:

"In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set mankind."

"Small habits well pursued betimes,
May reach the dignity of crimes."

ABOUT RARE BOOKS.

By CHAS. E. GOODSPEED.

Address Before Massachusetts Library Club, April 24, 1902.

The adjective rare is a comparative one; I am reminded of an exhibition of engravings held two years ago in New York by one of our famous book clubs. In looking over the catalogue of this exhibition I find the following notes appended to various titles: rare, very rare, extremely rare, excessively rare, most rare and unique. The compiler of this catalogue evidently chose these terms to indicate with a nicety of distinction the various degrees of rarity which in his opinion should be attached to each print. I give this instance to show what I mean by the difficulty of arriving at any standard in describing the term rare. Henry Stevens says that one of your old-time Boston book collectors was wont to refer to a certain book as "not so unique as my other volume." Now, although often thus carelessly used in a comparative way the word "unique" can rightly mean but one thing. But "rare," as you have seen in the present instance, may be modified so as to have nearly half a dozen meanings. Is it possible, then, to find a practical definition of the term, a rare book? It ought to be, and if I were called upon to give such a definition in a useful sense I should say that a rare book is one which is much desired and hard to get. Much desired and hard to get. That is it. Not a scientific definition, but, I believe, a practical one. The definition, when accepted, raises a point which seems a difficult one to a great many people. The point is this: A book which is rare is not necessarily valuable. Who among us has not had experience with the owner of some 17th century theological treatise or historical tract! And who does not remember how vain were our efforts to convince the distrustful owner that the magic figures at the foot of the title-page showing that his book was printed in the year sixteen hundred and something did not stand as title deeds to an immense bibliographical value! One of the most useful books which I have owned was a 17th century English folio Bible in its original oak covers nearly one-half inch thick. Many times that volume, with its plain marked price, \$2.50, has served to convince the doubting visitor of the fact that age of a book does not necessarily establish its great value. I might have taken for similar illustration a little volume of sermons which I once owned. It was printed a few years ago by some obscure clergyman who

limited the edition to 25 copies, and it brought me when sold the same number of cents. This would have served as good evidence that a rare book is not necessarily valuable on account of its rarity.

If, then, rarity alone does not give value to a book, it is none the less true that rarity when attached to a book otherwise desirable is indeed the cause of value. If a book is for any cause of more than usual interest, a moderate degree of rarity may be sufficient to increase its value to an almost fabulous amount. For example, the "Commemoration Ode" of Lowell in its original form was a thin octavo volume bound in stiff board covers, printed by Lowell for circulation among his friends, and each of the 50 copies was numbered, inscribed and signed by him. Who can fail to see that this book possesses cardinal points of interest? It was written by an author of reputation and popularity from a somewhat personal standpoint upon a subject intimately connected with events which shook the country to its foundation. Added to the element of rarity in this case is the interesting feature of the author's presentation inscription in every copy carrying with it directly something of personal contact and association with the giver. I think you will agree with me that the "Commemoration Ode," born of a noble passion, in tune with the deepest public feeling of the time, and bearing the poet's message with so fine a personal touch, will always be desired by the seeker of rarities in American literature.

The causes of rarity in books are, of course, numerous, but among the more prominent may be mentioned these: small editions—this accounts for the rarity of the 16th, 17th, and 18th volumes of the "New England Historical and Genealogical Register"; lack of popular appreciation by reason of which the books do not circulate but get into the junk stores (especially in the old times when paper stock was dear); too great popularity through which volumes are literally "read to death," as in the case of the early editions of the "New England Primer." There is no known copy of the "New England Primer" extant bearing an earlier date than 37 years after its first publication. It frequently happens that portions of the edition of a book are destroyed by fire.

It is thought that this accounts for the superlative rarity of Poe's first book, the famous

"Tamerlane." Sometimes the author, in a fit of repentance for having written a book, destroys all the copies which he can find, especially if the volume happens to be a juvenile production of which his maturer judgment fails to approve. Whittier is said to have indulged himself in this way by destroying all of the copies of "Moll Pitcher" which he could lay his hands on. Whether or not he would do so to-day, with a market price of \$200 on the little pamphlet, is quite a question. Among all of the causes of rarity, however, I call your especial attention to one, the modern practice of limiting editions. I call it a modern practice because it seems to be followed to-day more largely than it has ever been before. There is a growing tendency upon the part of publishers of works appealing to a particular class of readers to print but a definitely limited edition, and to distribute the total amount which they expect for the book over that edition. I am not here to cry out against or to defend the practice. I only mention it as being a factor in the question of rarity which is sure to be felt in coming years.

Touching the possibilities of the book markets to-day, it is a fair question to ask if there is still a chance of picking up rare books as a "discoverer" at bargain prices. Perhaps we ought not to expect too much in this line. Collectors are keen, our literary and trade journals are disseminating as never before popular information concerning what our English friends of the book trade term desiderata. At the same time I see no reason why a well-informed bookman should not find his prize to-day as he has found it in the past. The books which we are likely to find are those which we are not looking for, and often in places where it would seem least probable that they should appear. We must expect to find the unexpected. One of the rarest books which I have found was a volume of poems, a first edition of Henry Vaughan, the poet. This little prize came to me from a Chicago law firm. Their catalogue price was \$3, from which they made me a small reduction, owing to some imperfections. It turned out, I believe, that but two other copies of the book were known. This was an excessive rarity, and certainly not of the class which we should expect to find in this country. We are much more likely to run across early Mather tracts, New England primers, Revolutionary broadsides, or desirable first editions. A year ago, in a Boston book shop, while tossing over a nickel box of children's books, a little book published by the American Sunday-school Union, without date,

attracted me. Its title was "A Visit to the Celestial City," and it contained some odd lithographic illustrations. The title caught my eye on account of its resemblance to Hawthorne's story, "The Celestial Railroad," and upon investigation I found that it was actually Hawthorne's work brought out in this form for the Sunday-school. The value of this book is about \$25.

It is less than a month ago that in this city, at a public sale, a box of books was sold for a few dollars in which the purchaser discovered the very rare Aitken Bible, Philadelphia, 1782, which O'Callaghan describes as the first complete Bible printed in English in this country, and bearing an American imprint. Unfortunately it had been bound in two volumes—very interesting contemporary tooled morocco the binding was—and only the first half could be found.

Pertinent to this subject is the inquiry as to where these rare volumes may be found. If you can have access to any good miscellaneous collection of books which has been undisturbed for the last forty years you are almost sure to find something of interest. In our old Massachusetts towns many such collections exist to-day, and their shelves will some day bring good prizes to sagacious book-hunters. Occasionally, but not now so often, an undisturbed farm-house garret yields fine returns, and in a general way the constantly moving tide of books, traveling from their owners through shops to new purchasers, will still reward the keener-eyed hunters.

While we are delving in our neighbors' fields, however, we must not neglect our own. Who knows but that our own shelves are entertaining "angels unaware." Of this I had an amusing personal experience recently. A little anonymous juvenile, printed in New York in 1829, bearing the title "Tales from American History," was purchased from me by a gentleman collecting books relating to Columbus. A little later he transferred his interest from Columbus to Washington, and returned the book. It lay upon the shelf unregarded until one day, in trying to relieve the crowded shelves I transferred it to the 25-cent section. Almost the next day the original purchaser discovered its new resting-place. With a smile on his face he inquired, "Do you know what this book brought last year at Bangs'?" I had to confess my ignorance, and he replied, "Ten dollars." I was entirely willing to believe that my little book had a value of which I had not known, but I am yet in the dark as to the reason for its value. There are doubtless many

books, more especially those coming under the general heading of Americana, or American First Editions, reposing on the shelves of our libraries to-day, the value of which is hardly known or appreciated by the owners. The value of the class of books to which belong Longfellow's "French Grammar," printed in Brunswick, Me., 1830; the early Hawthorne "Juveniles," Lowell's "Class Poem" (1838), and Emerson's "Nature," 1836, is becoming familiar to everyone; out-of-the-way books on American history in its more local forms are known to have value, and yet when "A Brief History of Cambridgeport and East Cambridge," "A Christmas and Birthday Gift," by S. S. S., printed in Boston in 1859, is counted as worth \$12.50 in the auction room, or the "Memoirs of Abigail Bailey," by Ethan Smith, minister of the Gospel in Hopkinton, N. H., and published by Samuel T. Armstrong, theological printer and bookseller, No. 50 Cornhill, 1815, is thought worth \$20, a natural surprise may be pardoned. In each of these two instances some curious details of local interest, not elsewhere recorded, added to a rarity due probably to accidental causes, were sufficient to create a premium of twenty times the published price.

The whole subject of values is interesting if not entirely instructive. Sometimes, indeed, the results are quite mystifying to anyone seeking to explain them. Reverting for a moment to Lowell's "Commemoration Ode," of which I have spoken in another connection, there were two copies of this book sold at auction last year, the date of the first sale being Jan. 30, and the second April 23. At the first sale it brought \$220, at the second sale \$410. What are we to infer from this? Is it possible that the book had actually doubled in value in three months? I hardly think this true. Both the Arnold and French sales were notable for their richness in certain lines and attracted unusual audiences, and received unusual prices. I believe that at such sales no true criterion of value is likely to be established. To duplicate the prices obtained it would be necessary to assemble an audience of a similar character, and only a collection of remarkable value would accomplish this. When buyers of unlimited means compete with each other for a coveted volume there is apt to be a reckless smashing of records. Once the appetite of these buyers is satisfied, or their ardor cooled by reflection, prices are apt to resume their normal condition. If a volume appears in auction sales with a reasonable frequency, however, we may safely trust to an average of the prices obtained as representing approximately its value. In the

reference which I have just made to the "Commemoration Ode," I do not mean to say that either the price at the Arnold sale was too low or at the French sale too high; what I do claim, however, is that the prices at such sales are apt to be regulated by the momentary fancies of two or three wealthy buyers. There have been to my knowledge two sales of this book at private hands since the auctions referred to, and in each case the book was sold almost half way between the two auction sales, or at about \$300.

I have said that the prices of rarities are apt to be surprising. The first edition of the first book by R. H. Stoddard, for example, is very rare, and in fact it is claimed that but six copies are known. The last auction sale of a copy brought \$66. Bayard Taylor's "Ximena," Philadelphia, 1844, brought last year at auction \$50. In both cases the prices appear high, considering that neither of the authors is very largely read at the present time. I say it seems as though the prices were high. The collector would tell you, however, that he was justified in paying these prices because the books were not only rare, but also in each case they were the author's first publication. I will leave it to you to reflect upon this phase of the mania for collecting first editions.

I did not mean to go into the subject of collecting, but it is difficult to talk about rare books without taking the collector into account. His hobbies and their gratification have a very definite bearing upon values; in fact, in this special line of modern first editions he has entirely created and sustained the market.

Thirty years ago first editions could be purchased for fewer cents than they now command in dollars, and for the present state of prices the collector is responsible. The discriminating collector of to-day demands first editions of the earliest works of the most esteemed authors in immaculate condition. At the same time it is only fair to say that he is usually willing to pay what might look like extravagant prices to gratify his wants. Broadly speaking, the classes of rare books which are in particular demand are: 1st. What the French term *provenances*, or books which have acquired special interest from association; either volumes bearing presentation inscriptions from authors of prominence or books from their own libraries containing their autographs, and perhaps bearing their annotations.

You will remember how Lamb, after bitterly pouring out his soul against book borrowers who return not, burst into praise of his friend

Coleridge; Coleridge who returned the borrowed volumes "with usury, enriched with annotations tripling their value." The collector of this age is keenly alive to such interesting features. How did it happen that my friend Dr. C., after buying a shabby little volume in Boston for a few cents, could sell it in New York for some hundreds of dollars? Simply because he possessed the collector's instinct, which told him that the name written inside the cover—"John Robinson"—might be (as it was) the autograph of the beloved pastor of the Pilgrim Band. Why did I, myself, once pay a round sum for the 1727 (London) edition of Weston's "Shorthand"—certainly not a rare volume? Only because the words "Nathan Hale's book," neatly written across the top of a page, bore evidence that it once belonged to the martyr spy of the Revolution. This book was originally purchased from a Boston dealer for \$1.50, the buyer, himself, not knowing at the time what a prize he had secured. In a New Bedford store I once found an old "History of America," bearing the autograph and book-plate of the first mayor, Josiah Quincy, of Boston. It also contained his note, certifying that he bought the volume in Philadelphia, at the sale of Franklin's library, and that the annotations in red were "probably in Franklin's hand." The annotations referred to marked the passages of the book which Franklin himself had contributed to the work, it having been published anonymously.

Of modern books of this nature which have passed through my hands I might cite a copy of Emerson's "Nature" (first edition, Boston, 1836), a presentation copy from Henry Thoreau to a class-mate at the time of their graduation, in 1837, bearing a whole page of penciled inscription, including a quotation from Burns; also a presentation copy from Thoreau to his sister of the first edition of "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers"; and Thoreau's own copy of "Walden" (Boston, 1854), with his autograph and penciled notes. I mention these experiences of my own; other dealers of course have similar good fortune. One here recently sold a little volume bearing an inscription to the owner, "From the Church at Plimouth, 1623." The owner was one of the Anne's passengers. Surely a book with such a history has found a fitting resting place in the Plymouth library of the Pilgrim Society.

The buyer of rare books must constantly be upon his guard against imperfect copies. The temptation to purchase them is great, but he had better withstand it. The chances are that he will only do so after expensive experiences.

The great difference of value between a book that is perfect and in choice condition and one that is incomplete or in poor state is a hard lesson for him to learn. Perhaps he may be as fortunate as Mr. —, who once bought for me for a trifle a fragment of Sanders' "History of the Indian Wars" (Montpelier, 1812), after having discovered in the hands of another dealer a second imperfect copy, making a perfect copy of the two. He got a book which would have been cheap at \$50 for less than one-fifth that amount, but not many will have such good fortune. I spoke a few moments ago of the Aitken Bible, of which one-half was found in this city recently. If it was complete I suppose the owner could sell it for \$200. Although half of it is here in good condition it is certainly not worth half that amount. At Mr. French's sale last year one of his treasures, Milton's poems, London, 1645, described as a magnificent copy, brought \$555. I recently purchased a copy lacking the title-page and portrait; these can be very easily supplied in fac-simile, but I presume even then I shall not be able to get more than \$75 for the book. A lady recently brought me a copy of Whittier's "Moll Pitcher"; it lacked a portion of the title-page and the last leaf, and some former owner had plentifully illustrated its margins with pen-and-ink drawings. In this condition the pamphlet, for a perfect copy of which a dealer would gladly have given \$200, was unsalable at any price.

Leaving out of account the buyer of books for the purpose of general reading the sale of rare books may be said to divide itself between collectors and public libraries. The term collector, now in such common use, requires a little definition. By a collector I understand anyone who purchases books with the special idea of illustrating a certain subject by assembling all available material bearing upon that line. I do not concern myself with the ulterior design of the collector. He may gather his books for historical research or he may spend his money lavishly on the most expensive bindings to gratify his artistic taste. I only exclude from the term those who purchase in a miscellaneous way, for the building of a library, or for the purpose of general reading.

I shall not undertake to explain to you the purchasing standpoint of the public library, for that is your own field. It will be sufficient for me to call your attention to the very remarkable increase in the number of collectors, the variety of their interests (to which I have already referred), and to the fact that it is their purchases which largely sustain the business of

a dealer in rare books. The motto of the collector to-day is completeness; whatever his hobby may be his aim is to make his collection complete within its limits. Often an insignificant book or pamphlet obtains importance in his eyes because its lack means a gap in his collection.

I have long, and as yet vainly, sought for a pamphlet, a "Memoir of Dr. George B. Doane," privately printed in 1843. I have not the slightest interest in the subject of the pamphlet, but it contains an engraving of Dr. Doane's monument in Mount Auburn, by that prince of American engravers, John Cheney. As a specimen of Cheney's art the print is worthless, but my collection will not be complete without it, and so I live in hopes that in some lot of pamphlet literature the missing print may one day appear.

If what I have said appears to be a very commonplace view of the situation, I would remind you that there are few dealers who are constantly handling and not many buyers who are purchasing such books as Browning's "Pauline," Ruskin's "Poems" (1850), or similar excessive rarities. I am sometimes asked this question: "How can I tell if a book is rare and desirable should I happen to find it?" To this I can only reply that the knowledge of rarities may come by experience, but to know what is desirable must come by intuition. Either one has or has not the book sense. If it is not natural to him he may attain it to a certain degree of proficiency, but he can never become an adept in the noble sport of book-hunting.—*Reported in Bangor Commercial.*

Families of Literary Men.

A *Quarterly* reviewer, in discussing an objection to the Copyright Bill of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, which was taken by Sir Edward Sugden, gives some curious particulars of the progeny of literary men. "We are not," says the writer, "going to speculate about the causes of the fact; but a fact it is, that men distinguished for extraordinary intellectual power of any sort rarely leave more than a very brief line of progeny behind them. Men of genius have scarcely ever done so; men of imaginative genius, we might say, almost never. With the one exception of the noble Surrey, we cannot, at this moment, point out a representative in the male line, even so far down as the third generation, of any English poet; and we believe the case is the same in France. The blood of beings of that order can seldom be traced far down, even in the female line. With the exception of Surrey and

Spenser, we are not aware of any great English author of at all remote date, from whose body any living person claims to be descended. There is no real English poet prior to the middle of the eighteenth century, and we believe no great author of any sort, except Clarendon and Shaftesbury, of whose blood we have any inheritance amongst us. Chaucer's only son died childless; Shakespeare's line expired in his daughter's only daughter. None of the other dramatists of that age left any progeny; nor Raleigh, nor Bacon, nor Cowley, nor Butler. The grand-daughter of Milton was the last of his blood. Newton, Locke, Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Hume, Gibbon, Cowper, Gray, Walpole, Cavendish (and we might greatly extend the list), never married. Neither Bolingbroke, nor Addison, nor Warburton, nor Johnson, nor Burke, transmitted his blood. One of the arguments against a *perpetuity* in literary property is, that it would be founding another *noblesse*. Neither jealous aristocracy nor envious Jacobinism need be under such alarm. When a human race has produced its 'bright, consummate flower' in this kind, it seems commonly to be near its end."

The Finding of John Evelyn's MS. Diary at Wotton.

The MS. Diary, or "Kalendarium," of the celebrated John Evelyn lay among the family papers at Wotton, in Surrey, from the period of his death, in 1706, until their rare interest and value were discovered in the following singular manner.

The library at Wotton is rich in curious books, with notes in John Evelyn's handwriting, as well as papers on various subjects, and transcripts of letters by the philosopher, who appears never to have employed an amanuensis. The arrangement of these treasures was, many years since, intrusted to the late Mr. Upcott, of the London Institution, who made a complete catalogue of the collection.

One afternoon, as Lady Evelyn and a female companion were seated in one of the fine old apartments of Wotton, making feather tip-pets, her ladyship pleasantly observed to Mr. Upcott, "You may think this featherwork a strange way of passing time; it is, however, my hobby; and I dare say, you, too, Mr. Upcott, have *your hobby*." The librarian replied that his favorite pursuit was the collection of the autographs of eminent persons. Lady Evelyn remarked, that in all probability the MSS. of "Sylva" Evelyn would afford Mr. Upcott some

amusement. His reply may be well imagined. The bell was rung, and a servant desired to bring the papers from the lumber-room of the old mansion, and from one of the baskets so produced was brought to light the manuscript diary of John Evelyn,—one of the most finished specimens of autobiography in the whole compass of English literature.

The publication of the "Diary," with a selection of familiar letters and private correspondence, was intrusted to Mr. William Bray, F. S. A.; and the last sheets of the MS., with a dedication to Lady Evelyn, were actually in the hands of the printer at the hour of her death. The work appeared in 1818, and a volume of Miscellaneous Papers, by Evelyn, was subsequently published, under Mr. Upcott's editorial superintendence.

Wotton House, though situate in the angle of two valleys, is actually on part of Leith Hill, the rise from thence being very gradual. Evelyn's "Diary" contains a pen-and-ink sketch of the mansion as it appeared in 1653.

Book Worth \$300 Bought for a Penny.

A poor man in London has just been fortunate enough to buy for one penny a pamphlet valued at \$300.

He was looking over some old books in a shop in St. John's Wood when a man beside him threw down a tattered bundle, saying: "I don't think they are any good." He picked the packet up, and, finding it contained an old play entitled, "Is She His Wife? or, Something Singular," by Charles Dickens, bought the lot for a penny.

He says it was the last penny he had in the world, and unless he sold his purchase that afternoon he had little prospect of getting any dinner. So, with a shrewd idea that his find was of considerable value, he took it to a dealer in old books, and after some bargaining got \$8 down for this play, together with the promise that he should have half of anything above that amount that his purchase might realize.

Investigation showed that the pamphlet was one of greatest interest to all lovers of Dickens. W. T. Spencer, a well-known authority on Dickens literature, purchased it. He declared that it belonged to an edition that had hitherto been unknown.

On March 6, 1837, "Is She His Wife? or, Something Singular," a comic burletta in one act, by Charles Dickens, was presented at the St. James's Theatre, but the only printed copies known to present-day collectors have been those of the edition issued at Boston in 1877.

In his "Hints to Dickens Collectors," Mr. Dexter says: "This play is supposed to have been published in London in 1837. The work was reprinted by James Osgood & Co., Boston, U. S. A., 32mo, and, unfortunately, the original copy was burned in the fire which destroyed their business premises in 1879.

"Mr. Osgood states that his original was a demi-octavo of thirty pages, without wrappers, but he had entirely forgotten the publisher's name. I have never seen a copy of it, nor do I know anyone in this country who has; it would certainly cause a small sensation in the Dickens world if a copy should turn up by any chance."

A Hard Hit at Pope.

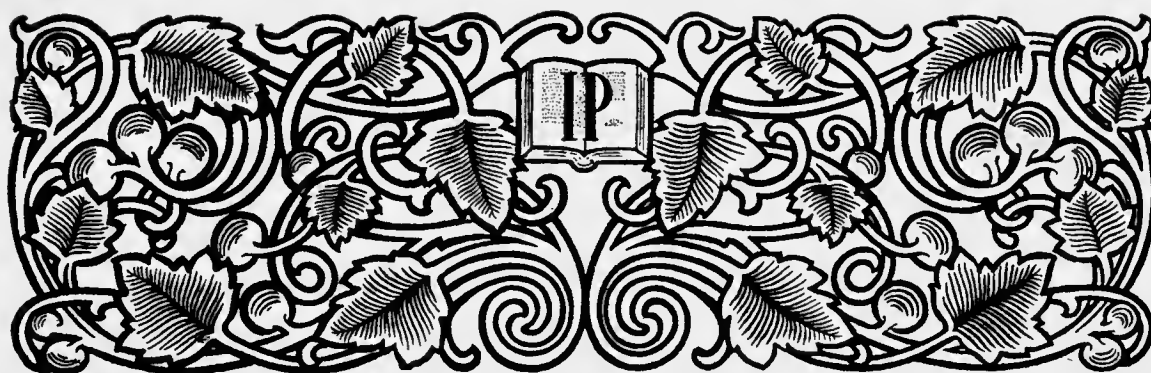
Pope was one evening at Button's Coffee-house, where he and a set of literati had got poring over a Latin manuscript, in which they had found a passage that none of them could comprehend. A young officer, who heard their conference, begged that he might be permitted to look at the passage. "Oh," said Pope, sarcastically, "by all means; pray let the young gentleman look at it." Upon which the officer took up the manuscript, and, considering it awhile, said there only wanted a note of interrogation to make the whole intelligible: which was really the case. "And pray, Master," says Pope with a sneer, "what is a *note of interrogation*?" "A note of interrogation," replied the young fellow, with a look of great contempt, "is a little *crooked thing* that asks questions."

Imaginative Travel.

I have no need of a stately ship,
No fear of a rolling sea;
In chosen books I take my trip
With the goodliest company;
And whether I read of Southern skies
Or the wealth of an Eastern port,
I may see the world through an author's eyes,
May dwell in a camp or court.

Through wonderful sketch-books that belong
To an artist friend of mine
I visit the places of legend and song
So famous along the Rhine;
I breathe the spirit of old romance
As I sail the Northern main;
I tread the vine-clad hills of France,
And look for my castles in Spain.

I seek the land of the Midnight Sun
Or trace the source of the Nile;
I find the cedars of Lebanon,
Or study Crete for a while,—
Whenever I tire of time or tide,
No matter how far I roam,
I have only to lay my book aside
To find myself—at home.



THE IMPERIAL PRESS

ITS CHARACTERISTIC PRODUCTIONS

A well-bound, beautiful book is neither of one type, nor finished so that its highest praise is that "had it been made by a machine it could not have been made better." It is individual; it is instinct with the hand of him who made it; it is pleasant to feel and handle, and to see; it is the original work of an original mind working in freedom simultaneously with hand and heart and brain to produce a thing of use, which all time shall agree ever more and more also to call "a thing of beauty."—ARTS AND CRAFTS ESSAYS.

THE Imperial Press (The Cleveland Printing and Publishing Company) makes books and periodicals; makes a great many of them, and makes them exceedingly well. It makes its books better, indeed, than many book printers do, in some of those essentials which are often considered of such small account that they are ignored, to the lasting detriment of books and discredit of the printers. An important historical work is at present going through this press which shows some typographic features that are unusual and rather remarkable, typical of the original and progressive methods of this company, which will attract attention when the work is published and in the hands of the critics, if any of that guild take intelligent notice of the *format* of the books they dissect. Critics usually omit intelligent mention of the physical features of books; but there will come a day when the form will be recognized as a vital element, and the critic who is not able to appreciate and estimate the fine points of book-making will not be considered competent to write about books.

Originality and
attention to
details.

This company has also the honor to have made one of the most remarkable sets of books ever published in America, and to have acquitted itself in a manner no printing house could have excelled. The work in question is a literal reprint and translation of "The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents," making no less than seventy-one octavo

The Imperial Press — Its Characteristic Productions

A great work
skilfully
executed.

volumes of text and two volumes of analytical index. These documents were in French, Latin and Italian, and were printed in those languages upon one page with an English translation upon the succeeding page. The difficulties attending such a work may be imagined, and every printer will recognize that the apparent difficulties were multiplied by two or three in the actual work of carrying such a great enterprise through its slow and difficult stages to the completed perfection it at length reached. We do not know to what extent the editor of this work advised or dictated regarding its *format*, its type, paper and style; but he may be credited with ample suggestion and leave enough credit for the printers. The *format* must probably be credited to the printer, and it is perfect: a rare virtue in even the *de luxe* books of the great publishers and printers, but an essential of a really artistic book. The type is especially well chosen, and perhaps the most essential feature is the paper and the binding; the former a Dickinson hand-made deckle-edge, of a natural tint, the latter of polished brown buckram. The binding and the paper, therefore, give the book a tint, or a tone, in sympathy with the age-yellowed documents of the contents of which it is composed. All the details of the making of these books conspired toward their appropriateness, their rightness; and much of this sense of sympathetic unison and *rapprochement* is due to the printers — so much that The Imperial Press may justly rest its claim for distinction upon them; so much that I am tempted to devote all my space to this single example of the best of book-printing, somewhat as Agassiz used to compel his students to study a fish until they discovered in its small *corpus sine pectore* the key to all living organisms. In this book there is assuredly the key to the extent and reputation of The Imperial Press. When its first volumes were issued (the seventy-first volume is imprinted 1901), the work attracted considerable attention and some of the best of the critical notices had warm words of praise for the printers. The New York *Tribune* said: "It is a pleasure to record that the book is printed exactly as it should be"; the Hartford *Post* said that "its clean print, good paper, and simple binding is a promise of good workmanship and taste in all departments of manufacture"; the *Literary World*, of Boston, in a three-column leading editorial review, said that "the scheme is a high credit to American scholarship, and the execution bids fair to bring high credit to American workmanship."

The smallest
book.

This concern has the distinction of having produced the smallest book; a tiny but perfect copy of the famous Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Besides the complete Rubaiyat it contains a fifteen-page introduction by Nathan Haskell Dole, and a letter from Secretary of State Hay, to whom it is dedicated. The type-page is about a quarter of the size of a postage stamp. The matter was, of course, set in bold-face (12-point type), reduced by photography, and etched on copper. Only by the strongest microscope can it be read, yet under the glass the presswork is almost perfect. The binding

The Imperial Press—Its Characteristic Productions

is cloth. The appearance of this miniature edition attracted much interest in the world of book-lovers, the book reviewer of the *Cleveland Press* pronouncing it "the most remarkable achievement of its kind," while the *New York World*, in the course of an enthusiastic description, said: "The book is bound in a handsome manner, and is a model of the book-maker's art."

Two other books, small but of much indicative value, I must notice; one is Colonel T. W. Higginson's *Lowell Institute and Western Reserve lectures upon "American Orators and Oratory,"* done into a slim but *distingué* book in octavo form, with brown ribbed-silk binding and a plain white printed label. The type is 10-point old style, leaded, and the paper is heavy laid Ruisdael as white as it can be without showing traces of the bluing. The *format* is exactly correct in this book also, and the pages were evidently imposed in pairs, as is the old and admirable rule. The top margin is a trifle too wide; and this is, I think, all the fault the severest critic could find in this gem of a book. The other small book is one of the publications of the Rowfant Club—same type, Ruisdael wove paper, gray paper covers with white printed side label; *format* has the fault of a page one line too long, but in all other essentials correct. Two typical productions.

Any printing house in America might be proud of having turned out these four books—and they are enough to make a reputation for any house. They are, as one might say, only incidental in the productive history of The Imperial Press, which is producing such work constantly in the ordinary course of its business.

Another branch of the work of The Imperial Press is the printing of periodicals, about which not much can be or need be said. The only opportunity for distinction in this line of work is in the composition of the advertisements, and this is usually estopped by the demands of the advertisers, who are prone to demand things which kill type-effects, and by the publishers who will not, generally, pay enough for composition to secure the best work. Several periodicals of national reputation are manufactured by this concern; and it also executes all kinds of commercial printing. Magazine work
—Its limitations.

As The Cleveland Printing and Publishing Company is one of the very few American printing concerns that have workrooms arranged in buildings erected especially for them, it may be excusable to devote a paragraph to its equipment, despite the fact that such descriptions do not share in the plan of these inserts. The Caxton Building was occupied for business in 1900. Located in the heart of a new business section of Cleveland, it has every modern convenience and appliance to secure economy for its tenants, who are made up of printers and allied industries, such as publishers, engravers, electrotypers, lithographers, binders, etc.—a grouping that is being arranged in a similar building in Boston, and that is attracting general attention because of the convenience and economy it secures for each and all of these allied trades. The grouping
idea

The Imperial Press—Its Characteristic Productions

Home of The
Imperial Press.

"Our own quarters in the Caxton," says President Wilson M. Day of The Imperial Press, "have called at once for over thirty thousand square feet of floor space. First, we occupy for our business offices the store room on the first floor at the northeast corner. This we regard as a model counting-room, with its splendid light, its beautiful counter-work, and its ample vault-room. Underneath is the shipping-room, and in this is a large vault for the storage of electrotypes. Occupying one-half of the third floor, 73 x 80 feet, is our bindery, and on the same floor is our pressroom, 48 feet in width by 144 feet long. The entire fourth floor—12,500 square feet—is taken by the composing-room, including rooms for the superintendent and proofreaders. Every machine in our plant, from presses to stitching machines, is driven by electric motors; overhead shafting has been absolutely done away with."

GEORGE FRENCH.



Reprinted from "The American Printer," New York, May, 1902.

THE TONGUE OF THE WOMAN.

By Margaret Lee.

Continued from "The Home Magazine," which was merged in THE BOOK-LOVER with the May-June issue. The last number of "The Home Magazine" as a separate publication was that dated April, 1902.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

After several years of successful work in the city, the Rev. Morris Clayton, a talented young minister, accepts a call to a country charge. He becomes impressed by the people of Dayville, and attracted by the variety of their circumstances. However, he is opposed to their way of raising money for the church, and excites much opposition and dislike by establishing a new method. He also visits a great deal among the poor and vicious, thus causing one of his parishioners, a Miss Romaine, much uneasiness. Meanwhile his efforts meet with success. He finds very congenial people in the town, and brings Mr. Perry, a wealthy resident, into the church. Mr. Clayton is very much attracted by a young couple that he sees walking and driving about the roads. Finally the girl is hired as maid-of-all-work in the house where he boards, and at a dinner party at the Salisburys he meets the young man, who proves to be the son of his host. Mr. Clayton and Miss Stanton are mutually in love, and he is about to propose to her. Just at this point in his career he is involved in a very disagreeable incident, which results in the fact that he saves young Salisbury's life and assists Tina to reach the house where they both live. Having proposed to Miss Stanton, Mr. Clayton advises her to consider his offer during her absence at the watering places, and she and her parents leave Dayville for a short trip. One evening during a ball at the principal hotel, Sumner Salisbury and his mother have a quarrel about a horse that he wants to drive at night. While this scene is being enacted at the Salisbury home, Mr. Clayton rescues Tina from a burning room and extinguishes the flames. Tina is too exhausted to leave the house, but Mr. Clayton surmises that she was about to join young Salisbury on a moonlight excursion. Later in the evening Mr. Clayton is summoned to the Salisburys'. Mr. Salisbury and Mr. Perry return from New York to find Mrs. Salisbury dead in her room.

CHAPTER XV. (Continued.)

Mrs. Salisbury's death shocked the whole community. The gloom of the silent house spread abroad depression and horror. Dr. Ben at once named heart disease as the cause, and also explained that Mrs. Salisbury had not suffered. This theory was comforting to her family, and the fact that death had claimed her while engaged in prayer was regarded by many as a fitting close to her earthly pilgrimage. The beauties of her life and character were remembered and enlarged upon, and those who loved her fervently prayed that her sudden removal might work a wholesome change in her son.

No one knew what Sumner Salisbury thought or felt. He avoided everybody who had any right to comfort him, and busied himself in his customary occupations. It was reported, and generally believed, that he had refused to enter the room where his mother lay. This decision was variously explained—he was horror-stricken and too much overcome to look at the dead, he was too indifferent, too hardened to care to see her. Mr. Clayton approached him with words of sympathy, but the young man replied in monosyllables, while his restless eyes and embarrassment made the interview distressing to both. When the funeral was over people sat down to consider and discuss its consequences. The festivities which had been decided upon for the wedding were no longer to be anticipated. A quiet ceremony, with the bride wearing a traveling costume, would scarcely cause a ripple of excitement in Dayville. Miss Salisbury would have postponed her marriage, but neither her father nor Mr. Rodman would listen to this proposition.

If the Stantons were not needed in Dayville during September, they thought of changing all their plans and taking a trip to Canada. This altered Mr. Clayton's arrangements, and he had to be contented with his visions. In the face of Miss Salisbury's sorrow his disappointment seemed too trifling to think about, and he set himself to visiting the poor, the sick, and the sad with renewed vigor and devotion. Bricklayers and carpenters were also claiming his attention, and his days grew sweet with labors.

CHAPTER XVI.

One afternoon, late in September, Mr. Clayton was sitting in his study when Mrs. Whitney passed the window, and, to his surprise, knocked at the door. Her absence from her own home at such an unusual hour was strange, and as he admitted her and offered her his one chair, he

secretly wondered what she could possibly want in his study, considering that she could see him, morning, noon, and night, in her own parlor. She was dressed in her Sunday shawl and bonnet, and carried in her gloveless hands a small basket of quinces. As soon as she was seated she grew nervous and evidently did not know how to best communicate her information or introduce her business. Mr. Clayton sat down on a hassock and, naturally, assisted her to unburden her conscience with his offhand "Can I help you?"

"It's all about Tina, Mr. Clayton. I want to speak to you about her, but it would never do for her to know it. I think I'll let her go this week."

"Has she been doing any wrong to you?"

"I don't get much good of her, now; haven't you missed her several times, lately?"

"Yes. But I supposed you had given her a holiday."

"Oh, no. I'm too busy. I've all my preserving and pickling to do, and then my boarders stay on, so that I really need her more than ever. She goes off at night, and I don't see anything of her for a day or two. Then she sneaks in, looking sick and miserable, and tells me she has been at a friend's house and felt too weak to work. That is one story. Another time, she has been home to see her folks; one of them is ill, and she had to stay and help nurse him or her, as the case may be. There isn't a word of truth in her excuses. She has been off to a dance with Sum, and I suppose she gets under the influence of liquor and has to wait till it wears off. She is going to destruction as fast as she can. I feel sorry for her; she is so young; but I don't care to have her in my house. Steve is old enough to understand all these things."

"Do you think she can find another place easily?"

"I know she won't. At this time of year people discharge their help. No. She's in a bad way. You see, ever since his mother's death, Sum has been going on like a crazy man. He drinks steadily. I think Tina gives him her money. She certainly gets rid of it, and her own clothes are in tatters. She gets along without spending on herself. It's a real shame about her! If she goes to the bad Sum Salisbury will have to answer for it! I never speak to anyone, but to you I can talk. Tina is the brightest girl in the place, and the most capable. She can succeed with anything she puts her hands on. She could be of so much use to me now, with all my canning to do. But, she is only a nuisance; because I depend upon her and she slips up. I thought I would speak to you before sending her away."

"You are very good. She thinks a great deal of young Salisbury?"

"She loves the ground he walks on."

"Do you suppose he intends to marry her?"

"No, indeed! He'll never marry her. He is just fooling with her. He's the only fellow she has ever gone with; he is quite proud of the fact and boasts of it! He doesn't mean her any good. Now, that she takes liquor, why the worst is before her. She thinks he is honorable, but he has nothing of his own, so he can't marry her. What fools these girls are! That girl can earn good wages and might be as respectable as any young woman in Dayville but for this wretched entanglement. I can't do anything with her. She is vain of attracting a gentleman, and so it is all hopeless."

"She has some sterling qualities. The night her clothing caught fire, she rose to the emergency. Had she run out of the room, your house would have burned without any doubt."

"I know that. I didn't dream of scolding her about it. Steve says she risked her life stamping out the flames; and she had nothing to lose if the house went. Yes, I know all her good points. I am just upset about her. She doesn't want to leave me, but she can't refuse to go

with Sum when he comes after her. It's the old story. These girls wear out every one's patience and good nature, and then go to the bad. I hear Jane Tober is looking for a place. Perhaps she will be steady for a while. She's had trouble enough heaven knows."

"I have never seen her."

"No; she was ashamed to meet you."

Mrs. Whitney rearranged her quinees, and Mr. Clayton sat meditating on her side of the "help" question.

"Do you think Tina ever goes to church?"

"My, no! She says she does, so as to get the time every Sunday, but she's off in the woods with Sum."

"She isn't strictly truthful?"

"Oh, she can rattle off plausible stories at a minute's notice. She has a talent in that line. She is never flustered, or at a loss for words. I've given up asking her why she stays away, so as not to force her to tell untruths."

"Don't discharge her until I have had an opportunity to remonstrate with her."

"Oh, I wish you would speak to her. If anyone can influence her, it is you."

"Well, I'll seize the first opportunity and try my best to show her the risks she is taking. I presume the girl is practical to a certain extent."

"Oh, you can't tell her anything."

"Perhaps, like many of us, she does not use her knowledge for herself. She hopes to be the exception to a rule."

Mrs. Whitney rose and turned to the door. "I'm taking these quinees to Madeleine. She is so thoughtful. She sent me a great basket of peaches to put up. I never could succeed with peach trees. Miss Salisbury is to be married next Wednesday, I hear."

"Yes; and a cousin of her's will perform the ceremony."

"We're all so disappointed."

Mrs. Whitney departed, still reflecting on the general loss which Dayville had sustained in Mrs. Salisbury's death. Mr. Clayton returned to the contemplation of his sermon, but Tina and her interests interposed and absorbed his thoughts. Here was a living soul that had to be sought and saved. Was it his duty to undertake the work? Did he possess the power to reach this girl's conscience, to awaken, to quicken it? He knew very little about her, but he was inclined to act on what he had noted during the two occasions on which he had been able to serve her. He calmly considered the matter. He had been in Dayville but five months. Before his advent, this girl was a proper object for the efforts of his brother ministers who divided the labor of saving souls in Dayville and the country round about. Perhaps Tina had already been approached by one or all of them, and had scouted their advice. If Mrs. Whitney was truthful, his object was a difficult one. He fully appreciated the obstacles before him; he was not filled with a triumphant sense of success. He simply felt that someone ought to try and save this girl from herself, and circumstances had combined to point to him as the person to whom she would at least listen.

It was natural for him to open the door leading into the church and kneel at the chancel railing. Thus he prayed for strength to clearly perceive his duty and perform it. The results would be God's. When he left the church he turned toward the nearest country road; he wanted to think over the entire question and arrange a series of strong arguments for presentation to Tina's reason. He walked slowly, absorbed in his thoughts, and becoming aware of approaching wheels he stepped aside to let a wagon pass him from behind. Several voices said "Good afternoon, Mr. Clayton," and he raised his hat and returned three bows from Miss Romaine and the Misses Jenkinson. They occupied a hired two-seated carriage, and when the dust had subsided he pursued his way.

No doubt Mrs. Whitney had taken the precaution to leave Tina in charge of the fruit and cans. At that particular season every housekeeper in Dayville was intent upon saving the vegetables and fruits from her garden. In passing by the pleasant homes Mr. Clayton was conscious of the pleasant odors of burning sugar and spiced

vinegar, and in calling, he usually waited while the mistress washed her hands, took off her apron, and gave her maid a caution in the kitchen. He could imagine Tina's small figure in front of the large stove, the pans of boiling pears, or peaches, the cans reaching the proper degree of heat.

The afternoon was unusually charming, no frost had as yet touched the foliage, the air was warm, the little rivulets murmured and gleamed by the roadside, and the apples dropping in the brightly-colored orchards gently broke the stillness. To Mr. Clayton it seemed incredible that amid such surroundings and influences the human passions should find vent through evil channels. While speculating on this anomaly he reached a bend in the road and came face to face with Tina. She nodded brusquely, and would have passed him. Mr. Clayton raised his hat and stood his ground.

"Good afternoon. I was just thinking about you. I wish you would sit down. These flat-topped rocks make pleasant seats. I want to speak to you."

"To me!"

Tina was blushing. Mr. Clayton, the Episcopal minister, had raised his hat to her. She was secretly overwhelmed with wonder and delight. Nobody would believe her word for it. She accepted the proffered rock and began breaking up a cluster of wild flowers that grew near it. Mr. Clayton now perceived the changes in her appearance that Mrs. Whitney had mentioned. Tina was sallow and hollow-eyed, her pretty hair was unkempt, and tucked carelessly behind her ears. Her skirts were fringed with rags, her broken shoes disclosed great holes in her stockings. She struck Mr. Clayton as being a most remarkable product of the age and country to which she belonged. She met his earnest gaze and bore it for a second. Then her eyes drooped.

"Tina, I am going to ask you to excuse me; I am going to treat you as a sensible woman; because I have learned for myself that you can act with wisdom when you wish to do so." Tina gave him a sudden glance and grew decidedly attentive. He saw that he at least interested her, and his voice was as quiet and his manner as dispassionate as if he were discussing a third party with her. "Did you look in the glass to-day?"

"I don't believe I did." Her cheeks slowly reddened.

"You must be very much troubled. People do not neglect their personal appearance until they feel very wretched and friendless."

"That's so."

"I suppose if you saw me going about in rags you would wonder what had happened to me. I can't understand why you should act and look as you do. You are young, strong, efficient, and you have employment. Why don't you take care of yourself, in every way? Why can't you dress neatly and becomingly, and enjoy the recreations that young girls like? Why, Tina, I look at you with perfect amazement. Where is your self-respect? Does anybody ill treat you? Surely you are paid for your work?"

"Oh, yes. I am paid. Do I look so dreadful?"

"I assure you, Tina, I have seen the outcasts of a city, and you, who have never been in a city, somewhat resemble them. It is all wrong. What can you be thinking about? Come, you can think. Suppose you begin at once and ask yourself a few questions. For you and me, as well as for the whole world, God made the lovely things of life! You have the right to happiness equally with any girl in the land. I suppose you hope to marry?"

Tina started and met Mr. Clayton's glance.

"I don't know about that."

"You can know what attracts and holds a man's love—personal beauty, moral worth, ability. The body, the soul, the mind. If you care to win love, you must deserve it."

"I don't suppose anybody would see much in me just now."

Tina looked over her figure with utter disgust.

"So far as I know, Tina, God has given you as much as any woman need ask. The trouble with you is very simply explained. You fell into your own hands before you could possibly realize the value of the trust. You

have not put a just valuation upon yourself. Suppose that from this minute you make up your mind to make the very most of every gift that God has blessed you with. I tell you, there are men the world over who would feel thankful to marry a woman with your appearance and abilities. Is your work at Mrs. Whitney's too hard? Does it tax your strength?"

"I don't know. I often did harder work for less wages. Lately, I don't know what has come over me. I don't feel like myself."

"Well, now, suppose you take yourself under your own care for a few weeks and see what comes of the experiment. Use your money to buy good clothing. Go to bed regularly at nine o'clock every night, and arrange your duties so as not to feel exhausted at any time. This is all possible, I am sure. You have good reasoning powers. What do you think of the plan?"

Tina hesitated, her eyes wandered.

"What good would it do me?"

"What good would it do you? I'll try and show you. In the first place, you would recover your nice appearance; that should be a great deal to a young girl just beginning life. You could find agreeable employment for the evenings. I think Mrs. Whitney has a very cheerful sitting-room next to the kitchen. Have you the use of it?"

"Yes; if I care for it."

"You could sew pretty articles of wearing apparel; you could read interesting books. In a word, you could pass your spare time as all honest, good girls do. Imagine how you could improve your mind. Then, Tina, you would naturally attract honorable love. You could look forward to the possession of a home, a husband's devotion, the smiles of little children. No blessing is withheld from a good woman. But, Tina, you have pictured this future to yourself before to-day."

"It all seems so far away, now," she sighed.

"Is the fault with you? Perhaps you are letting happiness escape you. You have gradually lost sight of facts. Look about you and contrast your conduct with that of other girls. Rouse yourself, and take a sensible view of your own habits. Do you think that an honorable lover would let you do anything that would expose you to the criticism and censure of your fellow beings? A good man is more careful of the reputation of the woman whom he loves than she can possibly be. You should respect yourself and insist upon the respect of others."

Tina uttered a harsh laugh and wrung her hands:

"It's too late now for that."

"That is the point that I will not concede. You shall begin from this moment to exact respect from every person who knows you. I want you to consider the most precious of your gifts, your immortal soul. Instead of letting it grow and develop in the light of God's love, you are starving it, until it shrinks and shrivels with neglect. Do you ever say a prayer? Do you ever offer a thanksgiving?"

"I wouldn't dare. What does God care for me?"

"As much as He cares for any creature that He has made."

"I don't believe it."

"You must believe it. I can prove it to you. Haven't you forgotten to pray of late, and neglected going to church? Haven't you refused to listen to the voice of conscience? Haven't you gradually ceased to realize the mercies and blessings that you are receiving every day? In spite of your utter forgetfulness and indifference, remember what God has done for you. Within a few weeks you were threatened with a frightful danger. You were exposed to terrible suffering, perhaps ending in death. Your escape was simply a miracle. God was watching over you, you escaped uninjured. Tina, there is some great mystery involved here. God has saved you for some wise purpose which the future will reveal to you. Sit down to-night and think over this whole lesson. You were rushing along, careless of yourself, indifferent to public opinion, reckless as to consequences, leaving your Maker out of your life. Suddenly, you were in great peril. God did not forget you. His love, His power, His mercy followed you. Now, return to God.

Be true to yourself. Say your prayers constantly, commune with your Maker. With Him there is no respect of persons."

"Do you believe all this?"

"I do."

"I wish I could."

"I tell you, try. Pray for faith. The answer will come."

"I'll think about it. Now that you have spoken about it, I wonder I didn't take fire and burn up. Only a few years ago a woman was burned to death in this town, and the house was full of people looking at her."

Tina sat with fixed gaze, evidently touched.

"I can assure you that your escape has made an impression upon me that I shall never forget. I suppose I would have spoken of it sooner and tried to make you realize the importance of the matter but for Mrs. Salisbury's death. The shock has made me overlook your concerns."

"And I don't believe I'll ever be able to do what you want me to, although I'd like to feel as I used to before I ever met—"

Mr. Clayton turned away. Tina's flush was painful to him.

"Do you think that his influence is so complete?"

"Oh, yes. He can't bear to be alone since his mother died. He wanders around like a crazy man, and expects me to tag after him. How can I say 'no'?"

"And do you think that you benefit him as much as he injures you?"

"I never thought anything about it."

"Of course not; woman like. Suppose you follow out the question now, this minute. He no doubt suffers keenly, but time will soften the pain; he will find relief in occupation, in amusements. He has his home, his relatives, his social position, if he chooses to claim it. Whenever he cares to assert his right to respect, why, being a man, he has only to conduct himself like a gentleman, and this present course of action will be lost sight of. He will probably conclude to marry, and he will seek a wife among the families that rank with his own people. In the meantime, what will become of you? Have you a home, a circle of friends to receive you with open arms when you are tired of this way of living?"

"I guess not," said Tina, bitterly.

"Then, why sacrifice yourself to no purpose? If this man had any manliness in him, do you suppose he would accept this from you? He is thoroughly selfish. He will be the first to call you a fool for your infatuation. He is not capable of appreciating the feeling that forces you into making this effort to serve him. If he loved you, he would give you his name. Show him that you have some self-respect, and if he needs you, he will marry you. However, Tina, I should advise you not to have anything more to do with him. Cut this folly off short. Avoid seeing him for several weeks, and you will look back at all this self-forgetfulness and be able to call it by its right name, wasted devotion. Promise me to do this."

"I believe I will!" Tina rose, speaking firmly.

"You will never regret the promise. At least, you will gain the opportunity to judge yourself; to consider, while there is yet time to escape, where all this recklessness must end. Agree not to meet this man, and to put into practice what I have suggested. Is it a compact? I will do anything and everything in my power to help you to regain your old self-respect."

"Do you think he'll marry me, if I do as you say?"

"I think he'll wish to marry you; but, Tina, once your reason has a chance to act, I am positive you will not care for such a man as he has proved himself to be. What he won easily he holds very cheap."

"I think you are right."

"By the time he has discovered the value of love, you will have learned that yours is not for him. Well—your promise. You are a true woman, Tina. You have set your heart on winning love. Now, fix your mind on becoming worthy of a good man's respect, and the rest will follow."

"But I do love Sam." Tina wiped off her tears with an apron that was divided by long slits.

"Then, why not show him that you are worthy of his best feelings? For his sake, you should be a good woman, above reproach."

"He doesn't think I'm bad."

Tina drew the hem of her apron through her small fingers and choked down a sob.

"He is perfectly willing that everyone in Dayville should think it and say it. He is a cowardly brute. He hasn't the courage to marry you and stand by his own choice. If you honestly believe that you should be his wife, and if you think that you can help him to become a better man, there is but one course open to you. Come to your senses and refuse to see him until he concludes to treat you as you deserve. You must admit, Tina, that my advice is wholly disinterested. You seem so friendless. Not one attempts to check you; not one feels under any obligation to save you from ruin and disgrace. I am a stranger, and I am willing to befriend you in every way. You might at least promise me to try this experiment for, say, two weeks. You can test your own self control and this man's sincerity."

Tina glanced from Mr. Clayton to a turn in the road where the wagon containing Miss Romaine and her friends was now visible. It passed rapidly while Tina still hesitated, and had Mr. Clayton glanced after it, he would have noticed three bonneted heads stretched to watch him and his companion. However, his eyes were fixed on Tina's pale, irresolute features.

"I don't see how I can get along without seeing Sum every day."

"If you feel convinced that by giving up his society for a short time you will gain the right to enjoy it for the remainder of your life, won't that hope give you the courage to do right? Valuable things, as a rule, cost us something. If you want a thing, you save time by sitting down and wisely considering the best means for obtaining it. You would like to be Mrs. Sumner Salisbury."

Tina started, flushed, and smiled. "Indeed I would."

"Well, Tina, I am a thorough American. I believe in the aristocracy of virtue and intellectuality combined. In my judgment, you are too good a woman for Mr. Salisbury; but, if you condescend to accept his attentions, you must do it as a modest one. The fact that you are in service should make you more circumspect than is usual. If you will quietly take your rights no one will dispute them. Look about and observe other girls of your age. See with what delicacy and respect their lovers treat them. I cannot understand why you should ~~resign~~ all the joys that an honest love creates for your sex. This should be the happiest period of your young life. Instead of wandering about in rags, wretched and discouraged, you should be joyous and rich in hope. Your proper pride in an honest love would make your features lovely. Your heart would be light; you would sing merrily, your work would give you no trouble, you would take a pleasure in performing duties. If you cannot conquer such a condition for yourself, then believe me, you are simply throwing away your love. No man who loved you would let you look as you do. A mirror will prove to you that I am right. I can say no more. If after reflecting upon my words, you feel inclined to let me assist you, why you have only to let me know your decision. But you must agree to the plan that I have set before you." Mr. Clayton was turning away when Tina suddenly raised her head.

"I'll do it! I'll not have a thing to do with him until he promises to treat me right. I guess he must think I'm a little fool."

"If he allows himself to think—"

"Well, he'll have to come to his senses if he expects to see me again. I'll go back and try if the syrup is clear. I'm sure it is well cooked by this time. He said he'd be here, but he has just drank till he's stupid."

"You are brave to take upon yourself the reformation of such a man. Your mistake has been in letting him attempt to drag you down to his own level. You will find it much pleasanter to climb and win him into following you. Tina, I thank you for your attention."

"I don't know what to say," Tina said, much confused. "I'll tell you what to do. Get back to Mrs. Whitney's and devote yourself to your duties. I shall take the greatest pleasure in watching your efforts to regain the old peace of mind that you are longing for. I shall pray for you. Will you not pray for yourself?"

CHAPTER XVII.

Miss Salisbury's quiet wedding and the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Rodman for Washington had been fully discussed throughout Dayville. The foundations of the library and their unusual solidity were the topics of general interest when the Stantons returned from their Canadian trip. Aunt Anne had confided to Mr. Clayton the precise date of their arrival, and on the following morning he hastened to learn his fate in Helen's eyes. The October fragrance was in the misty atmosphere, the falling leaves formed a soft, rustling carpet for his eager feet. When he reached the gate, the house looked uninhabited, so perfect was the silence, but as he gained the porch, Helen came quickly from one of the windows that opened upon it. She was radiant and voiceless, and as he held her hands they read their whole future in one glance.

"Your aunt was so good."

"Yes; isn't she? No one is down but myself. Are you sure you have had breakfast?"

"I won't say I ate anything."

"How nice! We can have it together. It feels like years since I left you! Wasn't it dreadful about Mrs. Salisbury? We saw Addie in New York. Mr. Rodman is charming; so quiet and gentle with her. Is Pa Perry well? I suppose he will come to see us this morning?"

"I wonder he didn't get here first. I think he would have been ahead of me if he had suspected my intentions."

"Oh, no. He will be perfectly satisfied. He thinks so much of you. I am not so sure of papa's delight."

"I very much doubt that fathers enjoy parting with their daughters. Of course, common sense comes to the rescue, but you can easily see their side. I suppose if a man has ample means, he is still more disposed to keep his child in the midst of luxuries."

"I think pa has his own project about me. He introduced a gentleman in Saratoga, and I felt quite certain that he would like to have me care for him?"

"How did you act?"

"I received his visits and enjoyed them. You know, you would not bind me, and this was an opportunity to see how much I really liked you. Not that I doubted my feeling for you; but you seemed to think that it needed some test. This Mr. Remsen is very well off." Helen put her hand in Mr. Clayton's. "Pa invited him here for a visit, so as I could not say that I was engaged to you, I said nothing. Do you feel very bad?" She laughed.

"Very; but your father must understand the situation at once. I don't think we'll have any farther trial of affection."

"I hope not," she sighed.

"I have a curious old ring here; it belonged to one of my grandfathers. Strangely enough, his wife's name was Helen, and I am called after *him*. This ring separates and makes two incomplete ones. Now, these are engagement rings; yours has 'Morris' engraved upon it, as you see; mine has 'Helen.' On our wedding day we will join them for your wedding ring, if you like the idea."

"I do." She spoke softly, her eyes filled, her cheeks flushed. "I think it is the loveliest idea I ever heard of." She kissed the rings, and as she offered them to her lover, her tears fell on them. "What does that mean?"

"You have set them with diamonds. There, I'll kiss them away. We will believe that only happy tears will ever fall from your sweet eyes. You must put mine on with a wish, and now, I'll put on yours. Imagine we've made the same wish. Guess."

"No; you'll want to guess mine, and you'll be sure—" She colored and suddenly rose from the bench. "I hear some one coming."

"The whole world may come, so far as we are concerned."

"Yes, but——"

She withdrew her hands and disappeared through the window. Mr. Clayton discreetly rang and was ushered into the library where Mr. Stanton somewhat impatiently awaited his wife before going to breakfast. Another ring announced Mr. Perry; then the boys came in with energy and appetites, and finally, the rustle of skirts was followed by the entrance of Mrs. Stanton in her most effective morning dress.

"And where is Helen?" asked Mr. Perry, with his comprehensive glance.

"I bet she's in the dining-room," said Dick. "I'm going to ring the bell, anyhow!"

Helen was demurely dropping pieces of sugar into the cups "to assist Aunt Anne," and Mr. Perry took his seat beside her, and let his admiring gaze rest upon her.

"You look as if you had enjoyed your trip. Are you glad to see me again? I know you care nothing for Dayville," Helen laughed merrily. "Heart-whole?" he whispered.

"As whole as when I went away," she said softly.

"Good girl! How you must love me!"

"Indeed I do. Don't you want to give me a drive this morning, provided your ancient charger is able to pull us?"

"Helen is quite sure of one good string to her bow," said Aunt Anne, observing Mr. Perry's flush of delight.

"Doesn't the coffee taste nice out of our own cups?" asked Mrs. Stanton, with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Isn't a home lovely?" cried Helen. "If you want to feel sure of it, you have only to live in hotels for a few weeks. Goodness!"

"Why don't you stay home then?" demanded Jack. "I bet Dick and me have had more fun this summer than you had."

"Correct your grammar, 'Dick and I.' You see, Jack, Canada won't pass like a panorama before us, if we sit on the porch. But I'm very glad that you think you and Dick had the better time, because I often wished you were beside me, and I felt decidedly mean and selfish. I wanted you to enjoy the lovely scenery."

"I tell you what it is, boys, Helen is right. Next summer, if all goes well, you shall take the trip."

"Can we take our fishing tackle, Pa?" asked Dick.

"Yes. Might as well."

"Go 'long, whose going to lug such traps in and out of trains and boats?" cried Jack.

"Now wait till next summer, Jack," said Mrs. Stanton. "You and Dick can discuss the matter then. Listen to what Mr. Clayton is saying about the new library. We are to have a corner-stone. I want to hear all the particulars."

"I should think people would have engagement breakfasts," said Helen, ingeniously breaking a long pause and attracting all eyes and ears. "It is so nice to have everybody you love around you."

"Just look at Helen's cheeks," said Jack.

Helen suddenly went to her mother and put her arms about the astonished lady's neck. Then Mr. Clayton stood up.

"God bless my soul," said Mr. Perry.

Helen's joy thrilled every heart. No one thought of doing anything but kissing her and pressing Mr. Clayton's hands. At last the lovers escaped and the others looked at each other and wondered aloud how they could have been so blind.

"Great Cæsar!" cried Mr. Perry, glancing toward the lawn. "Here comes Miss Jane! Now, then, for some diplomacy. If she suspects anything, Helen will have no rest from her curiosity. The child must have a few days of grace. We must keep the engagement a profound secret until she and Clayton wish to announce it."

"A profound secret in Dayville! That would be a marvel," said Mrs. Stanton. "I suppose by tea-time the gossips will have settled the wedding day. We are at the mercy of the servants."

"Well, let us get into the parlor and bluff the business

for this morning, anyhow. Jack, go and tell your sister that Miss Romaine is here."

Late that evening when Mr. and Mrs. Stanton were alone the practical side of the engagement came up for discussion.

"My dear, how is this young fellow going to support a wife on fifty dollars a month? Why, it wouldn't keep Helen in gimcracks."

"I suppose you'll have to put your hand in your pocket, love. So long as the young people like each other, they might as well be happy and spend some of the money. You and I can't take it with us."

"They might occupy this house. If Clayton is going to stay in Dayville, we can come on a visit, you know." Mr. Stanton grew meditative.

"Oh, no," Mrs. Stanton sighed. "Helen is too young to be burdened with such a large establishment. The child would worry herself sick if everything didn't go just as we would like to have it. Get them a moderate place, and let them enjoy themselves. To tell the truth, dear, I don't think they will be here very long. Mr. Clayton preaches so well, entirely too well for the people here to appreciate him. One of these days he will be heard of in the city and get a nice call. I never dreamed of Helen marrying a clergyman."

"And a poor one at that."

"In purse, yes. Mr. Perry thinks the world of him, and Mr. Perry can leave his money as he pleases."

"The money question is only one. I suppose Helen is competent to make her own choice. Still——"

"Well, I'm going to be satisfied, and find all the pleasure I can in thinking about Mr. Clayton. He couldn't be nicer, personally; the boys like him; so does Aunt Anne."

"My dear, he's too nice. You've just hit the trouble. I never know what to say to him. He is always absorbed in a subject that does not interest me, that I know little or nothing about, and can't grasp. Of course, that's all right. His profession calls for an amount of information and education that I could not use even if I had it. I'm a business man."

"And Mr. Clayton might argue in the same way about you. But, if you are both sincere, you can respect each other, and you can join hands in what concerns Helen and her interests. You would have preferred a business man with whom you could discuss stocks and real estate, but Helen wasn't thinking of such tangible things."

"She thinks she can live on love and kisses."

"No, Helen knows that it requires money to live even moderately. She has great faith in her own ability to be contented with what Mr. Clayton can give her. She looked so lovely when we were talking it over that she quite convinced me of her powers. You see, she has always had everything that money could buy. The novelty has worn off. She is not like a girl who has had nothing and craves everything. They are the most charming of couples. The outside world has so little to do with their scheme of happiness."

Mrs. Stanton brushed away a few tears, her husband put his hand in hers, he spoke huskily.

"So, dear, you feel that you can trust your daughter to this stranger. He couldn't ask anything greater."

"I know—or at least, I'm sure I will know it one of these days."

"There—there—now, don't give way. We mustn't be selfish; and it had to come. If you are satisfied, dear, why, I'll do my best to feel so, too."

"We'll have to turn lovers again, dear."

CHAPTER XVIII

In Dayville no sensible persons aspired to secrecy, so far as their comings and goings were concerned. One could not cross a street without being seen and consequently exciting speculations in the mind of the observer. A surmise rapidly grew into an accepted fact, and as the weeks flew for some and fagged for others it was generally supposed that Mr. Clayton was paying attention to Miss Stanton. Some smiled at the absurdity of such a conclusion. Mr. Clayton was a busy man, undertak-

ing so many duties in addition to those that properly belonged to him, that his frequent visits to the Stantons might be explained in more ways than one. About this time he was also a very happy man. Difficulties seemed to smooth themselves in his path. The Stantons had postponed their return to their city home indefinitely. "The autumn was so lovely," Mrs. Stanton explained, "and the children wanted to enjoy autumn sports in the country." So the boys sent for their books and promised to study them systematically. Helen agreed to help them with their English. Mr. Perry undertook their mathematics, declaring that he "at least looked like a professor," and Mr. Clayton could teach them more Latin in one hour than they had ever been able to master in a week. The lads being thus fortunately provided for, the family found endless enjoyment in the fall days. Mr. Stanton looked about for a good investment in real estate, and Mr. Clayton no longer spent his leisure hours in the solitude of his study or "the Whitney's best." One evening he sat considering his manifold blessings. The alteration in Tina had been so rapid and thorough that he thought of it with trembling, lest it should vanish with equal celerity. She was regaining her freshness of coloring, her elasticity of motion. She wore clean, neat clothing, her small feet were noticeable for their pretty, well-fitting shoes. She had discovered and confiscated a new method of dressing her hair in imitation of Miss Stanton. The style was very becoming to Tina, adding to her height and also increasing the perplexity occasioned by her whole appearance. Hitherto he had not noticed her in church. She was probably waiting until she could dress appropriately.

From Tina, Mr. Clayton's thoughts wandered to an old farmer who lived on the mountain some miles from Dayville. Rumor had him very ill, and it occurred to Mr. Clayton that he would get a buckboard at the livery stable and drive that very night to visit the sick man. Happiness makes us anxious for the well being of others. Mr. Clayton's heart was overflowing with love for his kind. It would be a long, tiresome drive, but his engagements would prevent him taking it on the following two days, and if he postponed it to the third, he might be too late. There would be a moon; he had his happy thoughts for company; he would start at once.

The livery stable was some distance from Mrs. Whitney's house, and Mr. Clayton turned out of the wide street into one of the numerous lanes that divided the gardens of the town. He thus made a short cut to the stable. He walked quickly along the uneven foot-path, his light overcoat thrown over his arm. The lane was narrow, the trees still bore some of their foliage, and the shrubbery on both sides was dense from interlacement.

Suddenly he came upon Mr. Sumner Salisbury seated in an attitude of indolent ease on the top of a barrel. Salisbury was smoking a pipe and he returned Mr. Clayton's salutation without removing it from his mouth. Mr. Clayton's impulse was to forget this interruption and regain his pleasant meditations. The effort was a vain one. Not only did his thoughts turn to Tina, but a curious sensation knocked at his heart, and signalled danger to her ahead.

All at once he remembered that, during the afternoon, he had seen the lad who had brought him the news of Mrs. Salisbury's death pass the window of his room, carrying a note. He now connected this lad with Salisbury. Could the note have been for Tina? He had concluded to conquer truth in Tina by showing perfect confidence in her word. Up to this night he had every reason to believe that she had kept her promise to him. He counted the days; three weeks had elapsed since their meeting on the road. He quickened his steps, assisted the stableman, took the reins and turned the horse toward Mrs. Whitney's house.

His intuition was perfect. Near the angle of the lane he saw Tina approaching it. The moon shone full on her figure. She wore neither hat nor wrap, and she walked

slowly as if conscience was holding council with her and impeding her light steps. She was too absorbed to see or hear the wagon, and at the sound of her name, she started and let fall her purse which jingled as it touched the ground.

Mr. Clayton alighted, handed her the purse, and tried to catch her eyes. She seemed wholly unable to raise them to his face.

"Tina, what are you going to do?"

She wrung her hands and glanced nervously about her. There was an expression of dread in her eyes.

"Oh, I'm nearly crazy! I don't know what to do! Sum says he'll murder me and himself if I don't come to him."

"After he has spent your money, I presume."

"Yes; he wants money."

"Tina, this fight is not won, but it is not going to be lost so easily. Get up here, and we'll consider the best thing to do."

He helped her to the seat, took his own, started the horse, and was silent until the town was a mile behind them. Then he let the horse walk, and fixed his eyes on Tina. She held up her head, the look of fear had vanished. "You are really afraid of this man's violence, Tina?"

"When he's drunk, he might do something desperate, and he's mad with me, anyhow, because I haven't seen him to speak to him since that day you spoke to me on the road." She met Mr. Clayton's eyes and hers were steady.

"I thought you would be a brave woman. Now, tell me something; don't speak until you think over the question. Was I right in what I said to you?" He waited for several minutes. Tina struggled with her emotions, choking down her sobs and wiping away her tears with the back of her hand.

"I'd just like to get away from here and never see Sum Salisbury again."

Her voice was deep with concentrated misery and decision.

"Well, now, how are we to manage this? In the first place, let me put this coat about you, and here is a silk handkerchief. Tie it on your head. There, now, you can't take cold."

"But you?"

"Oh, I'm warmly dressed. I was going quite a distance; the coat was a precaution. You see, Tina, we are not victims of chance in this world. I heard that Mr. Forster was very ill, and I concluded to seize opportunity and pay him a visit."

"Oh, he's always complaining; but he may be worse than usual."

"I think you are in more danger than he can possibly be. Now, where can you take refuge?"

"Forster's place is miles from here," Tina said slowly. "The quickest way to go there is to take the train to the nearest station. No one ever drives there, the road is so bad."

"How far is he from the railroad station?"

"Three miles. There isn't any train at this hour, I know."

Tina grew absorbed. The horse walked and Mr. Clayton considered the situation. Tina suddenly astonished him, speaking as if in spite of herself. "I could go there. Forster married my father's cousin; and they have no children. They got angry with me because I took up with Sum, and I haven't seen them for months, but—if I wanted to stay there—now—they would be willing. I could help take care of cousin. Sum would never think of looking there for me. He knows I quarreled with them."

"No doubt, under the circumstances, you would be very welcome."

"Oh, I was always welcome to a home with them; but they're old, and it's so lonesome out on the hill. But I'd like to go there now."

"You shall have your wish."

(To be Continued.)

CORINNA'S COURTSHIP.

By Mary Wakeman Botsford.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Conclusion.)

"It all sounds like a fairy tale, and I am very much ashamed of my part in it." This is what Corinna wrote home to her little mother, Mrs. John Chester Brown, from the *Apache Queen*, a day or two before that adventurous craft reached Tempe on her return voyage down Salt River. "I am tired of hunting big game and running into all kinds of deadly perils. I am willing to settle down into a hum-drum, stay-at-home, 'comfy' sort of person. Can't you see me in the chimney corner with my ball of yarn and a new 'stitch'? Little Mammy, I am grave and serious for once. I might have lost my own life on this last expedition and sacrificed those dear to me and dependent on me. I am sorry, so sorry! For it seems to me as if I should never be able to make up to dear Miss Pyncheon for the horrors of that desert journey and the agony she endured when she believed that my life was in peril. Susanne and Wilson have been so faithful. And they never reproach me for the dangers into which I led them. Wilson, as you know, is loyalty itself to his mistress. His wife is almost as loyal. Are you glad that I escaped, and that we all found our way safely to the Hustler Mine, that I was none the worse for my dose of chloroform administered to me by Walter Percy John Belsay, only son of Belsay, Earl of Drochmarty? It isn't everyone who can be chloroformed by an Earl's son, is it? He is coming to New York, Mammy. Perhaps you will see him. Perhaps——" Just here Corinna let her pen fall and the sentence trail off into blank paper, while her eyes wandered to the sunny sands which she could see outside the *Queen's* cabin windows. The journey to the Hustler Mine had been a long and painful one, but somehow it had come to an end. The money, safely transported, had gone where it was intended to go. The owners of the mine had complimented Reynolds highly on his courage and persistence in the conveyance of the money to its proper destination. The party had rested comfortably at the mine for a week, had done some shooting, and Belsay had captured a fine moth or two and a net full of butterflies.

"Perhaps——" Belsay was coming along the deck. At the companionway he stopped and looked down into the little cabin.

He looked very young and very handsome in his corduroy knickerbockers and golf stockings and bright waistcoat. His cap was pushed back from his forehead. His fair hair was rumpled and his blue eyes were clouded. He had been hunting for Corinna, who had basely deserted him a half hour before.

"Oh," he cried, brightening as his eyes fell on her slender little figure seated at the cabin table, "you're here, are you? Aren't you almost through with that letter?" Corinna shook her head dolefully. "I've only just begun," she said.

"Oh, come. It's too lovely to stay below deck. See, the sun will be setting in a few minutes. Besides, here comes Mrs. Crowder to set the tea table. With a table-setting and a sun-setting you surely will have to let the writing go for to-day. Come along. I want to talk to you."

"You're always wanting to," Corinna observed as she came up the companionway.

"Wanting to do what?" Belsay asked. He was tucking Corinna comfortably into her steamer chair on the rear deck. Captain Crowder was in the bow. Miss Pyncheon had gone to her stateroom for forty winks before supper, and Reynolds was off somewhere in another part of the boat. By another day the *Queen* would have reached the end of her journey. The men of the Hustler Mine had heard of a disturbance down the river and had gone to meet the *Queen*; had found the little boat deserted, but abundant signs of the struggle which had taken place aboard her. They had set out after the Indians and their captives and found them all in camp a day's ride from the river. They had routed the Indians and carried Captain

Crowder, his wife and the mutinous and piratical passengers off to the mine, afterward conveying the Mexicans and Swedes to a place from which they could be transported to serve their term of punishment for their offence.

Captain Crowder and the men at the mine were just organizing a relief party to go in search of Reynolds and those with him, when Belsay and Reynolds, with Walker, Wilson, Miss Pyncheon, Corinna and Susanne, pulled into the Hustler Camp at nightfall, almost exhausted but safe and sound, bringing the money along with them.

"I am always wanting to do a great many things which you do not permit," Belsay said after a pause. He had drawn his chair up beside Corinna's, and the two were seated close beside each other. Her hand was lying on the arm of her chair. Belsay quietly but firmly possessed himself of it. "There is nothing which you may not ask me to do," Corinna said, very slowly. "I owe you my life, and the lives of those who were, in a way, committed to my care. But for you——" she shuddered.

"It was just a chance and I took it," Belsay observed cheerfully, drawing Corinna's hand within his arm and placing his other hand upon it.

"I was so down on your butterfly nets and your bottles of chloroform and ether!" Corinna went on, contritely. "I thought you were worse than foolish to be out in the desert armed with such foolish weapons. 'Of what use would they be in case of an attack by the Indians?' you asked me, and I remember how scornfully I looked at them and then turned to my rifle which I had just been cleaning. 'If you get into any trouble with big game or Indians, put your trust in me and my 'Marlin'; I'll protect you,' I said. Oh, I was so stupid, so vain, so silly. Can you ever forgive me?"

Corinna's eyes were full of tears as she lifted them to Belsay's. As for Belsay, his heart was pounding away under his bright waistcoat like some imprisoned living thing trying to escape. The sight of the brave Corinna, who had come through perils enough to kill any ordinary girl, in tears now, when all danger was past, completely upset him.

"My darling, my love, Corinna, Corinna, don't cry. Dearest Corinna!" But Corinna's head was lying against Belsay's shoulder and the tears were rolling silently over her face down upon Belsay's gorgeous waistcoat. "Why, dearest, this is worse than the moment when I flung that butterfly net over your head and you buried your face in the sponge wet with chloroform, and saw your dear head sink lower and lower, and the beautiful color steal out of your face, and your eyes close! It seemed to me then that I was literally taking your precious life, I who would have so gladly died for you!"

"I was vain and wicked," Corinna sobbed. "And I d-don't w-want to illustrate any alphabet with stuffed animals, and I d-don't w-want to stalk a bubble or shoot a Tasmanian d-devil! I don't want to kill anything more. I want to be like other girls, and s-stay at home and, and mend things and make cake and sweep and dust——" The rest of the sentence was lost in the bright waistcoat.

"You'll have to mend things, I fancy," Belsay said solemnly. He lifted Corinna's face between his hands and looked down into her eyes. "Did you know that you had broken something in Tempe, something very useful and hitherto of great service to me? You were standing in the doorway of Rattlesnake Jim's hotel. I was just off the train. You looked at me. Your face was framed by the adobe doorway. You smiled, once, and then you turned your face away so that I saw only the curve of this enchanting cheek" he touched her cheek caressingly, "and the tip of this admirable little ear and the upward curl of this delicious eyelash. My heartstrings snapped at that moment. The strain of the picture was too much for them. And my heart has been broken ever since. Corinna, are you good at mending things? Will you make my heart whole again? Love me, Corinna. Be my wife. You shall do anything you please. We will go to Tas-

mania or Tartary, as you once said you longed to do. We will 'journey from day's dawn to day's end under the open sky, stopped on the threshold of new trails only by the bars of the sunset.' These are your very words. See how I remember them. I remember everything you have ever said to me."

Corinna's head drooped lower and lower. Belsay's heart stood still. Was it possible that she was thinking of Sir Julien Hamerton? He had never asked her about him. They had not spoken of him since that fateful day on the *Queen* when the Mexicans had practically made them all prisoners.

"Corinna, speak to me! Are you trying to tell me that I am too late? That Hamerton has the first place in your heart? Hamerton is worth a dozen of me, darling. If he has won you, he comes nearer to deserving you than any man I know. Tell me, Corinna; don't be afraid."

"I do not love Sir Julian." The words came in a whisper, but Belsay heard them.

"Then you do love me?" he cried triumphantly. "And you will marry me, Corinna?"

Perhaps this was not logic, but it appealed to Corinna. "I am afraid I cannot make you happy," she faltered. "I am afraid I am not calculated to make any man happy. But, indeed, I will try," she added, lifting her face to Belsay's. "I want to do only the things that will please you. I don't want any will but yours. I will even try not to be afraid of your spiders and tarantulas, and I will, perhaps, get used in time to being—being in the same room in the dark with a—with a—but," she concluded tremulously.

Was this Corinna? Was this the girl who had flouted the idea of being in love with a man? Oh, slighted Love, behold your victory!

"You blessed child!" Belsay laughed in pure joy, and drew Corinna to him. "How my dear dad will love you," he whispered. "And what sport we shall have with the deer and the grouse and the pheasants! How old Sandy, the keeper, will adore you, and ah, Corinna, what hours we shall spend on Loch Drummond in the shadows of my Scotch hills! Tell me, Corinna, you will love everything?"

"Everything that you love," Corinna declared, and here of her own accord she put her lips shyly to Belsay's cheek. Belsay covered her face with kisses until her face rivaled the sunset clouds for color. "Everything that you love, dearest, dearest Walter!"

It was a complete surrender. So Mrs. Brown said when Corinna came back to New York and her mother's Washington Square home. So Mr. John Chester Brown said, with many a twinkle of the eye and much sly enjoyment of poor Corinna's bewildered state of mind. So Miss Pyncheon said, as she recounted the perils of the trip up Salt River to the people at home. So Corinna said to herself as she stood beside Belsay before the palm-decked altar and repeated the words which made her his forever.

"But, my dear Walter, she is no Amazon," the old Earl cried delightedly as the father and son smoked together on the terrace at Drochmarty Castle. Among the vines and flowers Corinna moved contentedly, listening happily to her husband's voice as it came to her on the breath of the roses across the terrace. "She's no Amazon, Walter! To-night I found her standing on the drawing-room sofa with her skirts tucked up. Duncun was beating the sofa cushions wildly with a poker. 'Her ladyship fancied she saw a mouse,' my lord, he declared, as grave as a parson. 'It has given her ladyship quite a fright.' Tell me that slip of a girl has shot tigers and lions? Fiddlesticks! She's a girl after my own heart," the Earl declared comfortably.

"Then she hasn't got over hunting big game," Belsay returned quietly. "If she captures your heart as well as mine, dear dad, her happiness and mine will be complete. Are you happy, Corinna?"

Corinna stood beside Belsay, one hand clasping one of his, the other lying lightly in the old Earl's. "I have never dreamed that I could be so happy," she said. "Love is the only thing in the world." And here we may safely leave Corinna

{THE END}

Chateaubriand's Tomb.

Now that Chateaubriand's *Memoires d'Outre Tombe* are before English readers, it is interesting to remember that this great writer, unlike Byron, to whom he perhaps gave much, rests in a tomb which in some degree answers to his career, and inspires the pilgrim. It is placed on a small island facing the west in the bay at St. Malo. Flaubert, in his *Par les Champs et par les Grèves*, describes this resting-place of genius in impassioned language which Mr. J. C. Tarver has translated as follows: "There he will sleep, his head turned to the west, in the tomb built on a cliff; his immortality will be like his life, deserted of all and surrounded by storms. The waves with the centuries will long murmur round this great monument; they will spring to his feet in the tempests, or in the summer mornings, when the white sails are spread and the swallows come from beyond the seas, long and gentle; they will bring him the voluptuous melancholy of distances, and the caress of the open air. And the days thus slipping by, while the billows of his native beach shall be forever singing between his birthplace and his tomb, the heart of René, cold at last, will slowly crumble into nothingness to the endless rhythm of that eternal music." There is a curious Ruskinian quality about this passage.

Apropos of authors' graves, no greater contrast could be presented to Chateaubriand's stately resting-place than the nameless and unknown grave of Tom Paine, of whose first grave at New Rochelle the New York *Tribune* gives some interesting particulars and drawings. The body of Paine was lifted from his grave by William Cobbett and taken to England with the desire that it might find repose in, of all places, Westminster Abbey. The subsequent adventures of the corpse would make a grim story could they be unravelled. It is said that a remote English churchyard received the remains; another story places the final burial in France. Cobbett meant well, but his proceedings were very indiscreet and they brought upon him Byron's epigram:

In digging up your bones, Tom Paine,
Will Cobbett has done well;
You visit him on earth again;
He'll visit you in Hell.

It is said that the original burial-place is now believed to be haunted by Paine's ghost, and that not very long ago a young man was terrified to hear a voice exclaiming three times, "Where is my grave? I have lost my grave."



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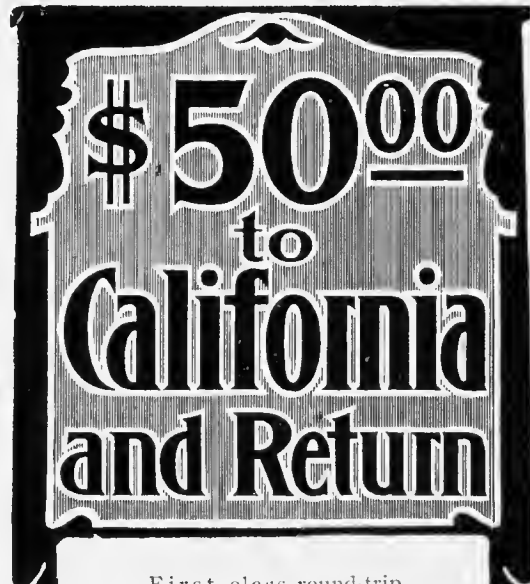
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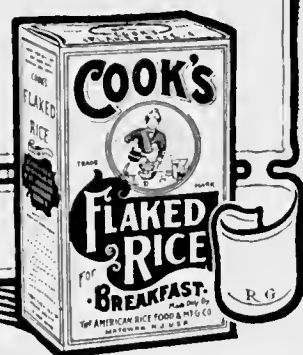


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